SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII NOVEMBER, 1907 NO. 5

THE SPANISH GALLEON AND PIECES-OF-EIGHT

By John C. Fitzpatrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

THE history of the Spanish galleon is still unwritten. There are stories in plenty based upon fragments of that wild tale, but the full connected record of the type of craft that for over three hundred years exercised such important influence in shaping the history of the world has been strangely neglected. To attempt more than a hasty outline of her work, her voyages, ports, cargoes, how and why they were collected, and to touch lightly upon the more important incidents of three centuries of the most thrilling of the records of the sea is all that can be fairly attempted here; but so absorbing is the story that even this hasty survey is well worth while.

We have a fairly good idea of the galleon type from pictures, more or less accurate, but for the rest our knowledge is fragmentary and often unreal. Few people know the piece-of-eight as the legitimate ancestor of our dollar, and that we are indebted to it for our dollar-mark; fewer know what it was like and why it was so called, and few are sure of their knowledge of the Spanish Main and the Great South Sea and where those regions were. Longfellow's curious mistake as to the Main in "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is an evidence of the general misconception; the old sailor "who had sailed the Spanish Main" possessed a qualification that would hardly commend him to a navigator, for the Main, being land and not water, can no more be sailed than the State of Colorado. The interchangeable sea terms "on" and "off" may plead an excuse for our jumbled notions, but the workings of imagination, evident in most tales of the treasure ships, are unreasonable when the bald truth is so amply exciting and blood-stirring.

Primarily the galleon was but a peaceful merchant ship, but by the irony of fate she became, almost from her inception, a centre of the fiercest fighting. Square rigged and high of stem and stern, broad of bow and low of waist, with massive bulwarks and forecastle, and poop three and four decks high, she possessed a picturesque appearance, but little of sensible naval architecture. The stem was clumsy, broad and blunt, and smashed heavily through the waves to the great detriment of speed; this and the towering stern presented such a surface to the wind that the difficulties of steering were quite formidable, and six or eight men at the wheel were not unusual. The method in this apparent madness of marine construction was the landlubber's instinct, still strong in men of the sea of those days, to reduce all naval manœuvres to the stand-up-and-knock-down tactics of the land fight on a common platform; to carry the enemy by boarding was the quintessence of naval strategy, and stems and sterns were built high and well that into them the crew might retreat when neces-

Copyright, 1907, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

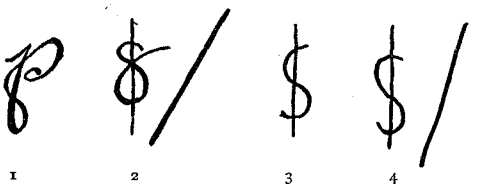
sary and the enemy gain the galleon's deck only to find the ship far from captured and the hardest work still before him; he could not handle the craft from the waist, and was exposed to a plunging fire from front and rear until both citadels were taken. The bow with its curious rigging of bowsprit and jibboom, presented an open, unfinished appearance, and though more or less carved and ornamented, the bulk of the decoration was reserved for the wonderful and elaborate stern, which was the pride of the ship and from which she was judged. To defend her precious cargo she carried in many instances an armament nearly equal to that of a first-rate. For a long time she remained the standard of marine construction; then as the chase for her grew fiercer and the hunt keener, experiment succeeded experiment in the effort to develop speed. In these trials the Anglo-Saxon pushed steadily to the front and gradually evolved the type that later became that masterpiece of sailing construction, the fleet-footing, hard-fighting frigate which turned the scale forever against the heavy, bulldog-like ship of the line, which may fairly be considered the descendant of the galleon.

To understand fully the treasure ship's work it is necessary to go back almost to Columbus. To Spain, by right of discovery, belonged the West Indies; the northern coast of South America, Panama, Mexico, Central America and Peru, she held by right of conquest. The Spanish Main (land), *Tierra Fierme*, so called to distinguish it from the island possessions, referred to that part of South America reaching from the Lesser Antilles to the Gulf of Darien, or the entire coast-line of what is now Venezuela and Colombia. The Caribbean was called the North Sea, and the Pacific Ocean, only to be reached by travelling due south over Central America or Panama, thus became irrevocably fixed in the minds of the day as the Great South Sea. Spain held all this vast region in firm grasp and squeezed from it the riches with ruthless might, and old Spanish maps of the sixteenth century pay almost as much attention to the places where gold was to be found as they do to bays, rivers, and coast-lines. From the *Conquistador's* loot the Crown of Spain sequestered the share which formed the first of those treasure cargoes that rendered the galleon famous. In the beginning this was Spain's income tax, then came tribute money extorted from the natives, and later taxes, grinding and heavy, which, from one-fifth of the net produce of all the mines to an excise on every commodity, helped swell the value of those rich consignments that at regular intervals crossed the Atlantic. In the five centuries following the conquest of Peru there went to Spain enough silver to make a bridge across the Atlantic one and a half yards wide and two inches thick, and after the death of Queen Isabella, when the natives were forced to work the mines, each year saw the shipment of 500,000 ounces of gold alone to the mother country. But this statement takes no account of the millions seized *en route* by the English, French, and Dutch and the freebooters and buccaneers of all nations. There were but few precious stones in the majority of these treasure cargoes; excepting vast quantities of pearls of great size and beauty from the South Sea mollusks, such gems as formed part of the galleon's freight reached the West Indies in the Acapulco ship. The jewel cargoes almost entirely went from the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope.

The galleons (the name is a corruption of galley and is from the Greek, but the origin is lost) were variously designated. There were "register ships," privileged merchantmen, so called from being registered at Cadiz; "avisos," despatch and mail ships with regular monthly sailing between ports, which seldom carried treasure, but were eagerly sought for the information in their mail-bags of galleon movements; the "azogues" were the quicksilver ships that carried from Spain the mercury necessary for smelting and refining in the mines of Mexico and Peru; the "flota" was the fleet which sailed from Cadiz to Cartagena, in what is now Colombia; and the Spaniards called all ships "galleons" which sailed annually to Vera Cruz in Mexico. The English called them variously "treasure ships" and "plate fleets" from the fact that much of the treasure carried was in the form of rough metal plate and pig. A comparison of the value of the cargoes carried by the flota and galleons is interesting. Of gold, to the 3,000,000 crowns carried by the galleons, the flota carried but 1,000,000; of silver, the galleons carried 20,000 crowns, the flota 10,000; of jewels, so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called, the galleons carried usually about 20,000 crowns' worth of pearls, 300,000 crowns' worth of emeralds, 20,000 or 30,000 crowns' worth of amethysts and other less valuable stones (these figures include, however, the East Indian ships), the flota carried none; of wools, the galleon cargoes approximated 40,000 or 50,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; of quinquina, the galleons 20,000 or 30,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; of Campeachy woods the galleons 60,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; and of skins and leather, the galleons about 70,000 crowns' worth and the flota a like quantity. The register ships from Buenos Ayres usually carried a cargo of skins and leather valued at 200,000 crowns and 600,000 crowns' worth of indigo. This difference in value did not last for long after the treasure ships began to be the prey of all mankind; then the cargoes were shipped indiscriminately, provided only the vessels were strong and fast or in large fleets. The metallic part of the freight brought back to Spain consisted of bar-silver, plate, rough ingots, pig, and the different Spanish coins minted at the mines of the New World; the doubloon, so called from its being double the value of the pistole, which in turn derived its name from being smaller than the crown while still resembling it, precisely as the smaller firearm is called pistol to distinguish it from the gun, being a remarkably good commentary upon the trend of thought of those days; the crown, which took its name from the royal emblem conspicuous upon its reverse; the *real*, or royal, the subsidiary coin, and the piece-of-eight, the coin of almost universal circulation in the colonies, which occupied the same position in the trade life of New Spain as our American dollar does with us now, and from which indeed our dollar is to a certain extent descended, was so called from being equal in value to eight reals.* Our dollar-mark developed from the sign used to designate the piece-of-eight in financial documents. On old Spanish manuscripts we find the symbol (see 1) preceding amounts, which is but the florescent Spanish capital letter P, which conveniently performed duty for the former mark of P8. Another way of writing it was /8/ (see 2), and throughout our Southern States, which were necessarily more closely allied to the West Indies in intercourse than the others, the habit of making an eight thus (see 3) clung for years. The development from (see 4) to placing the second line over the spiral was but the usual step toward simplicity and convenience. The piece-of-eight was minted sparingly in Spain, but in great numbers at the mints established in Mexico and Peru about the year 1537. It was at first irregular, resembling a carelessly made trunk-check in shape and size, and bore on its face the royal arms of Spain, with usually a quaint figure 8 displayed beside them. On the reverse the Pillars of Hercules guarded two globes, the Old and the New Worlds, resting upon the sea and surmounted by the crown of Castile, signifying dominion over them. At first the date only appeared on the piece; later, when the shape became circular and true, the edges were milled and the name of the reigning sovereign with the customary Latin inscriptions were added.



The first galleons sailed from Cadiz in January of each year, so as to arrive at Porto Bello about the middle of April and join the flota at the Havana about June 15th. The Viceroy of Peru was to take care to have the plate at Panama by March of each year in readiness for the fleet, and from fifteen to twenty days were consumed in transferring the treasure from port to port and collecting it for the European fleet, which sometimes consumed a full two years in the voyage out and back; but in the beginning, however often or seldom a fleet left Spain, another never set sail until the first, or its remnants, returned.

The two ports in Spain from which the treasure fleets sailed were Cadiz and Seville. From these two cities were shipped

*The word dollar is not of Spanish origin. The silver coin minted toward the close of the fifteenth century from the mines of Joachimsthal (Joachim's Dale) in Bohemia, became known throughout Europe as Joachimsthalers, and then thalers for short. When the word reached Spain it had become dollars and was annexed to the piece-of-eight as being almost, if not quite, equal in value to the thaler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the vast quantities of European supplies and commodities for which the Mexican, Central and South American settlers exchanged their gold and silver, and from them each year sailed the great *Tierra Fierme* fleet of armed merchantmen, convoyed by the powerful escort established in 1561 by the great Admiral Menendez de Aviles. A most interesting note of the route of the galleons is given on a quaint map of the islands of America in the North Sea, made about the year 1715 by the famous old geographer, Herman Moll. In mid-ocean a brave little galleon sails over the seas toward the mouth of the Orinoco River and a dotted line skirts the coast of Venezuela (then Caraccas) bearing the inscription: "The Tract of the Gallions from Old Spain." Off the mouth of the River de la Hacha, just west of what is now Point Gallinas, is a neatly drawn anchor, with the note: "Here one of the Flota drops anchor to give notice to La Hache that the Gallions are come, and immediately Expresses are sent over Land to Cartagena, Lima, Panama, etc., to hasten ye King's Treasure." From the anchor the dotted line sweeps on up the coast and opposite Cartagena are the words: "At Cartagena the Gallions usually stay sixty days and thence go to Portobel, where they lye 30 days, and then return again to Cartagena, from whence, after some stay, they sail for the Havana to meet there ye Flota, which is a number of Ships that go to Vera Cruz to take ye effects of that Country." It was at Porto Bello that the great galleon fair was held each year. On the arrival of the treasure fleet a schedule of prices was fixed upon by the President of Panama, the admiral of the galleons, and the merchants who had come from every part of the South Sea. Each ship sent ashore its sails and made with them a stately *marquée* decorated with ensigns and the blazon of its patron saint. The mule trains laden with the king's treasure arrived and the shipment of specie and commercial business, both official and private, went briskly forward. After the fair the galleons proceeded to Cartagena and thence to Havana. These routes are carefully marked by Moll, and from Havana a course between Florida and the Bahamas is noted as "The best Passage of all the Islands. The Gallions and Flota usually Joyning at the Havana, the whole Armada Sails for Spain through this Gulf."

The treasure from Peru was stored at Nombre de Dios and the *Tierra Fierme* fleet stopped at that place for it. In the South Seas the plate was carried from Callao and Guayaquil to Panama, and thence shipped across the isthmus by pack-mules. Farther up the southern coast of Central America is Acapulco, the port to which the treasure ships from Manila came each year, laden with the spoils of the East, and of all the galleons the Acapulco ship was reputed the greatest prize. This treasure was sent overland variously to Vera Cruz and Nombre de Dios and sometimes shipped down the coast to Panama, and thence conveyed across to Darien or Porto Bello as occasion demanded. In the beginning the galleons had only to guard against the natural perils of the sea, but that such vast wealth with its resulting influence could be enjoyed without exciting jealousy was impossible. A *casus belli* was a simple matter where the permanent friction of Spain's restrictive trade policy existed, and a blow against the treasure fleets usually preceded any official declaration of hostilities. The Dutch first and then the French played such havoc at the Azores with the returning plate ships that from 1588 a strong escort known as the Indian Guard met both the West and East Indian ships at those islands and convoyed them to Spain; the French then improved upon the Dutchman's method by sending a fleet to the New World in 1533 which sacked Cartagena and several other places on the Spanish Main, though all that was done by both French and Dutch was hardly more than sporadic, and until the English mariner marked the plate fleet for his prey the Spaniard hardly noticed his losses at the hands of others; but from the day Sir Francis Drake sailed into the Caribbean the galleon's security vanished, and her wake across the seas was fouled with drifting spars, shattered hulks, and blazing wreckage. After a bold attempt upon Nombre de Dios, which he called "The Treasure of the World," Drake withdrew to a secluded spot and entered upon a system of predatory warfare that drove the Spaniard to distraction. How many galleons fell victims to his daring there is no means of knowing; the *San Felipe* and the *Cacafuego*, the Glory of the South Seas, are but two of many charged up against him by the Spaniard, who lost near-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly $2,000,000 in these captures alone, and how thoroughly he swept the seas we can only judge by the terror and panic the mere mention of the name *El Draque* inspired. Drake next sailed through the Straits of Magellan and burned and plundered his way up the west coast of South America, and in the frenzy aroused by this attack Spain put forth great efforts to fortify the straits, but from fraud and mismanagement the attempt failed. The reckless daredevil courage of the British sailor of this period has never been surpassed. Captain Whiddon's attack upon a galleon fleet of twenty-four sail and the immortal fight of the little *Revenge* when, alone and unsupported, she accounted for seventeen out of a fleet of fifty-three heavy galleons before the waves closed over her deck, have been seldom paralleled and never surpassed. Near where this fight took place, Frobisher shortly after, with a small fleet, sighted the galleon *Madre de Dios,* the largest and richest of the East India ships, of the proportions and armament of a man-of-war of the first rate, and the stubborn conflict which ensued lasted from early morn until sunset. When the Spaniard was carried by simultaneous boarding from two of the British ships the aspect of her deck was frightful; the blood was dripping from her scuppers, and dismembered bodies were piled and scattered about. So big was she that it required from twelve to fourteen men to steer her, and again and again had she been raked until she was little better than a floating charnel-house. The cargo so desperately defended consisted of rare Turkish carpets, ebony, ivory, and precious stones, that valued up to $1,250,000. In 1597 the English secured a base at the Azores for operations against the galleons, and Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Essex, with the help of a Dutch fleet, stormed and took Fayal but a week or so before the arrival of one of the largest and richest galleon fleets that ever sailed from the Spanish Main. The pilot, insisting on the disadvantageousness of the harbor, Essex sailed for St. Michael's, but barely had his topsails sunk below the horizon when the plate fleet swept into Fayal. Warned of the danger, it bore away immediately for Teciera Island, which it reached in safety, though Essex did manage to cut off three stragglers. One of these was "a Great Ship" belonging to the Governor of Havana, one a king's frigate, and one a private galleon which is noted as having been very rich. But these were crumbs, and that the pilot lived to a ripe old age in peace and comfort is a matter of conjecture, as history saith naught further concerning him. Never a year went by that the thunder of the British cannon did not awaken the echoes off the coast of the blue Azores, and frequently, in order to save the galleons, his Catholic Majesty was compelled to countermand the orders for sailing and hold the fleet in the New World until more opportune and safer times, even though such a course invariably meant distress, failures, and bankruptcies in Spain.

The period of the commonwealth witnessed some of the heaviest losses to the galleon trade. Stayner and Blake between them in that short time dealt staggering blows. Stayner, while blockading Cadiz with six ships, fell afoul of a West India fleet of eight sail; the Spanish vice-admiral and another ship were literally torn to pieces, two others, badly shattered, took fire and burned, one was captured, and one other was chased ashore. In the captured ship was found $2,000,000 in silver, and Stayner's modest account of the action only mentions in a commonplace way that his own ship and the prize were "sorely wounded in masts and hull." In the spring of 1656 Blake, taking desperate chances, sailed into Teneriffe Bay and completely destroyed a galleon fleet lying in fancied security under the guns of the harbor forts.

All these plunderings and burnings had at least a semblance of legitimacy, in that war between England and Spain was usually raging at the time, but the near-sighted and brutal policy of Spain finally raised against the galleon fleets their fiercest and bitterest enemy, an enemy who regarded neither the compacts of peace nor the rules of war, whose strength was as the tiger's and whose venom was the snake's. The smuggling trade, roused by Spain's narrow provincial policy, had brought to the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea small trading vessels from Europe, manned by bold and hardy seamen who cruised in and out among the islands, trading with the scattered settlements which bought joyfully of their low-priced European goods minus all the taxes and duties of Spanish merchandise. The traders obtained a meat supply of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wild cattle abounding in the interior of Hispaniola (San Domingo) and the other islands. Later, from using this meat only for their own consumption, they began to gather cargoes of it for an inter-island trade, and as this venture developed, the seamen organized hunting parties and went into the interior to procure enough to fill their vessels. On these expeditions, which sometimes lasted for months, their chief article of diet was beef, dried over a wood-fire or *boucane*, as the French called it, and from this circumstance these men came to be called *la boucane*, and later *boucaniers* and buccaneers. This meat industry was objected to by Spain, and she forthwith set about destroying these trading vessels wherever found and not being overparticular as to the fate of their crews. Naturally men bold enough to cross the Atlantic and carry on a smuggling trade in the face of Spain's guns and cedulas did not submit tamely to the destruction of their vessels, and many and bitter were the fights that ensued with the *guarda costas*. Bad blood was quickly engendered, and from being obliged to fight they soon became glad and willing and anxious to fight. Finding them such a thorn in her side, and one that was forever smarting, Spain did a foolish thing; she sent expeditions into the islands and deliberately killed off all the cattle, thinking that by destroying the smugglers' source of supply they would be forced to leave. The move was a fatal one. With the cattle went occupation and even subsistence, and the necessity of another method of making a living became imperative. These men, wild, rough, and smarting under the lash of Spain, needed but a hint. They got it. One Peter, afterward called the Great by his compeers, was drifting with twenty-eight men in a small open boat off Hispaniola as the Spanish treasure fleet bore slowly past in a light breeze. It was a desperate boat's crew which acknowledged Peter as skipper; half starved, with their water gone, and prevented from obtaining a fresh supply at any of the usual watering-places, they were ripe for anything. The vice-admiral of the galleon noticed the small boat, but had scorned to give it more than a glance, and never a second thought, and had Peter but known it he could have rowed down to the flag-ship in broad daylight and been hoisted on board with great civility and politeness, but he was the first pirate, and many of the tricks of the trade practised later by his successors were then unthought of. So he waited until darkness to slip softly alongside the vice-admiral, and boring holes in his boat so there could be no retreat, he swarmed up and over the rail of the galleon with his twenty-eight men like frenzied monkeys and thrust, stabbed, cut, and shot his way into possession of the ship. The rage and chagrin of the don at thus losing his galleon, great as it was, was insufficient for the occasion, for Spain at that moment had lost more than a ship.

The news of Peter's exploit was not long in spreading through the islands; the ease of the method was alluring—hard knocks were nothing to the rough cattle-hunting seamen of the Antilles—here was their opportunity, a short cut to riches and a fine revenge on Spain. Peter swung open the flood-gates, and inside of a month two great plate ships were cut out in Campeachy harbor, and the pirate of the Spanish Main was making his bloody mark broad upon the swelling sides of the galleons of proud Castile. Of the confused times that followed, the fierce raids, the bold single exploits, and England and France's secret connivance with the buccaneers, there is little of a connected nature. All up and down the Main and across the Caribbean the fighting raged, and we catch glimpses only here and there through the drifting smoke of the shattered and hunted galleon.

In 1666, Van Horn, a Dutchman of more than ordinary ability, who had been regularly commissioned by France to act against Spain, but openly disowned by the former after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, escaped by his ready wit and inimitable *sang froid* from the very quarter-deck of the French man-of-war sent to seize him; then mustering a small force of hardy wretches with a few vessels, and his quarrel with France as stock in trade, sailed into Porto Rico, and by his address and skilful manner of presenting his case actually prevailed upon the Spanish governor to accept him as an escort and protection against France for the galleon fleet then about to sail. This was another of the plate fleets that failed to reach Cadiz. The notorious John Coxen and William Dampier, at the head of 350 choice French and English spirits, crossed the Isthmus of Darien on foot in 1680, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put to sea on the south coast in such native canoes as they could find. A little handicap like this was soon overcome, however, and their presence in the South Sea was marked by the derangement of the sailing schedules of many galleons. They captured the Lima ships and the Callao galleon, laden with a great quantity of wine and brandy and $750,000 in pig silver, and after desperate fighting and two repulses, took the galleon port of Guayaquil by storm, where they found over $100,000 in coined money, besides jewels and plate. Of the exploits of the most famous of the pirates during the period of their greatest activity, there is much of romance but little of an accurate nature as to precise fact and historic detail, though the sum total of their depredations was so severely felt. Blackbeard, Flint, and others of that wild crew did more damage to the galleons than their knighted compatriot Sir Henry Morgan, of unsavory fame and the best known of all the buccaneers, who was as much a land pirate as one of the sea, the half of his plunderings being of towns. The Treaty of Ryswick sounded the death-knell of the Brethren of the Coast, and from the year 1700 on the pirate rapidly drifted off the seas, though his place was measurably filled, if the Spanish correspondence of the period can be trusted, by the English privateersman, who in many cases was but the same old pirate sailing under a duly signed and sealed commission. The effect of the treaty on the safety of the galleons was inappreciable. To this the secret instructions of British admirals time and again bear witness, for often do they direct their naval commanders to intercept the galleons and "*persuade* them by every means in your power to accept convoy to some English port. We being well satisfied that the King of Spain but waits the arrival of these aids to commence hostilities upon our subjects." For instructions issued in piping times of peace this shows only too well how much a life of the hunted the galleon led.

One of the most picturesque and at the same time desperate and bloody struggles for a galleon fleet took place in Vigo Bay, Spain, in 1702. Guarded by French ships of war, and the long, narrow bay protected by a heavy boom of casks and masts, bound with chains and cables, across the harbor mouth, one of the largest French ships at each end, and the shore batteries in excellent shape, the treasure ships, seventeen in number, were moored at the extreme end of the inner bay, completely out of reach so long as the boom held. There were twenty-five huge French ships of war to aid its holding, but the combination of Spanish flag, French fleur-de-lis, and pieces-of-eight furnished such incentive to the hearty Briton as forbade hesitation. Sir George Rooke and Captain Hardy, with thirty-seven heavy Dutch and English ships of the line, disembarked troops and stormed the fortifications from the land side while the fleet led by his Majesty's ship *Torbay* with every sail drawing dashed at the boom. The tangle she caused delayed matters somewhat, and the gallant *Torbay* sustained alone for a time the raking fire of the two French seventies and the entire defending fleet. When she was shattered into worthlessness Vice-Admiral Hopsonn transferred his flag under a hail of shot to another ship and forced his way into harbor. The fighting was terrific, and every French and Spanish ship in the bay was taken, burned, or sunk in one short half-hour. The treasure captured was enormous. This galleon fleet was the richest that had ever reached Europe from the West Indies, and though some of the plate had been taken ashore and much was sunk and lost in the fight, the estimated amount captured was 13,000,000 pieces-of-eight. Early in this century Admiral Wager, one of the most competent officers the British navy ever possessed, cruising off the Spanish Main to intercept the Porto Bello fleet, though deserted by his consorts, attacked and destroyed the galleon *San Jose*, one of the best in the Spanish navy, after over an hour's stubborn conflict with four Spanish ships of the line and two heavy French vessels. Over 3,000,000 pieces-of-eight went down in the *San Jose*. About this time there sailed from Bristol, in England, two privateers, that were to gain world renown—the *Duke* and the *Dutchess*, commanded by the famous Woodes Rogers and Stephen Courtney. Of prominent personages on these vessels there were quite a number: William Dampier, who has been mentioned before, pirate, navigator, and one of the few Englishmen of that day who had circled the globe, was pilot of the *Duke;* the surgeon of the squadron was Thomas Dover, whose name lives yet in his Dover's powder prescription; and down off

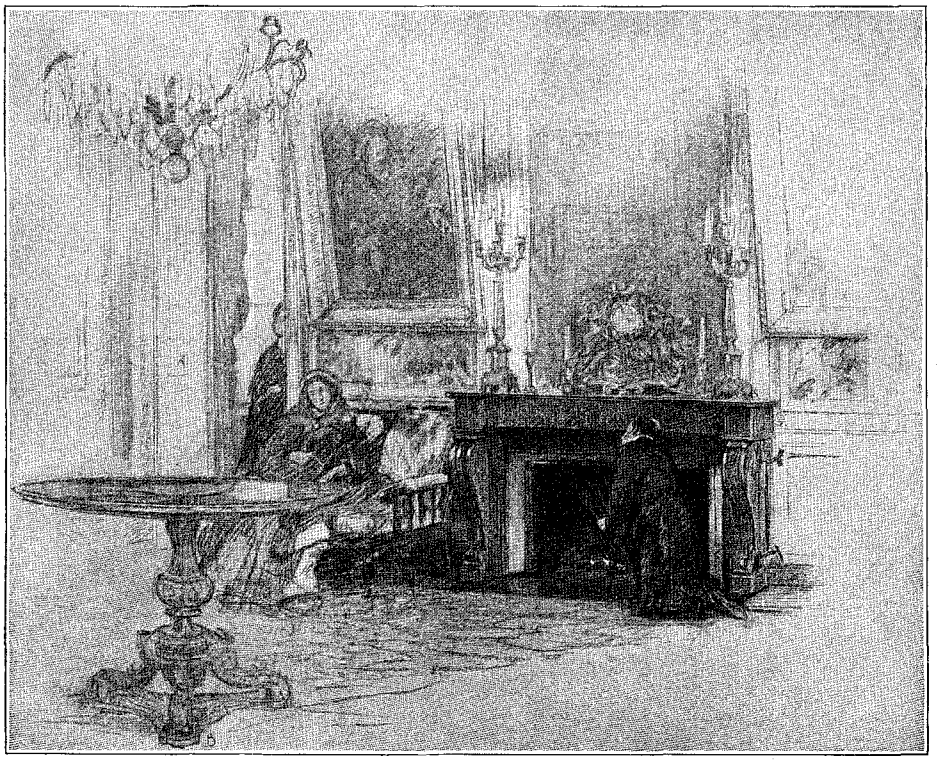
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the west coast of South America the expedition rescued no less a personage than Alexander Selkirk, better known as Robinson Crusoe. The two ships sailed from Bristol in August, 1708, passed through the Straits of Magellan, touched at the Philippines, and returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope in October, 1711. Their avowed object and prey was the galleon, and for this they were fitted out by the Bristol merchants, who formed a stock company and sent these certificates to sea to collect both principal and interest of their investment from the Spanish king. Right royally did they perform the service. Their passage through the South Sea and across the Pacific was a succession of captures, plunderings and burnings. They stormed and took the unfortunate town of Guayaquil, and among other ships the strong Acapulco galleon, and one from the Philippines, and the profits of the cruise were such as to cause lawsuits and legal squabbling for years after. That the British public looked upon Spanish gold as legitimate gain is well exemplified by a communication of the times from a wealthy Londoner to the Admiralty, naïvely suggesting an expedition against Manila, despite the fact that England was not then at war with Spain. He was thoroughly satisfied that at least 6,000,000 pieces-of-eight would be found there, and ended his communication with the very practical proof of his conviction by agreeing to subscribe £20,000 toward fitting out such an expedition. Another communication in 1730 presents a good picture of the wealth drawn from the Spanish colonies by the Guipuscoa or Biscay Company, which monopolized the coast trade of Caracas. This company had fortified ports on the Spanish main garrisoned by its own officers and soldiers, had its own flag and uniform, its own system or *guarda costas*, its own ships of war, besides those of commerce, mounting from forty to fifty guns each, and at one time possessed a fleet of fourteen war-ships. In comparison with the times this is probably the most gigantic trust the world has ever seen, and shortly before this year Admiral Haddock captured two of the Biscay ships and found them fully as rich as the royal galleons.

Over £25,000,000 sterling was received in Europe in a few years from the South Seas. In 1716 over £4,000,000 in bullion alone was carried in half a dozen ships from Mexico, Peru, and China. It was about this time that Spain, weakened by her protracted wars, began to adopt quite generally the expedient of bringing home her treasure from the West at irregular intervals in single fast-sailing galleons, well armed and unescorted in the hope that under experienced navigators they would evade the dangers they could not resist. The practically finishing blow dealt the galleons was given in 1740 by a British fleet of eight ships under Commodore George Anson, who, following almost in the track of the *Duke* and *Dutchess* of thirty years before, spread ruin and consternation in the South Seas. He plundered, burned, and sacked the coasts of Chile and Peru, surprised the town of Piata by night, and captured a great quantity of treasure. Spain acknowledged this loss as over 1,500,000 pieces-of-eight. He broke up the galleon trade and captured one of the last of the Manila argosies. Though the East India ships were such rich prizes, their geographical position rendered them measurably secure until they reached the Azores, and the majority of the galleons were lost to Spain in the battle smoke that for over two centuries darkened the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea.

For three hundred years this wild, exciting chase went on, but Central America, Mexico, and Peru, rich as they were, could not stand forever the terrible drain imposed upon them by the merciless don. There was no husbanding of resources, no thought of frugal administration of the rich present that the future might yield still greater riches; instead, the iron hand of Castile bore ever heavier, crushed out the civilizations, ruined the industries, and wrung the very life-blood from the land itself. The galleon fleets grew smaller and smaller, the worth of their cargoes steadily deteriorated, and Spain, after her days of wealth and debauchery, found herself swiftly dropping from her place of power among the nations. The last galleon spread her sails to the breeze and swung slowly out into the Atlantic as the roar of cannon on the mainland of North America announced the beginning of the Revolution; the splash of her anchor off the mole of Cadiz was the closing note of that wild song of romance and wealth that had begun for Spain over three hundred years before.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Then he lighted a fire.—Page 526.

CHÂTEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

SECOND PAPER—COUNTRY VISITS

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

WE didn't pay many visits; but sometimes when the weather was fine and there was no hunting, and W. gone upon an expedition to some outlying village, Mme. A. and I would start off for one of the neighboring châteaux. We went one day to the château de C., where there was a large family party assembled, four generations—the old grandmother, her son and daughter, both married, the daughter's daughter, also married, and her children. It was a pretty drive, about an hour all through the forest. The house is quite modern, not at all pretty, a square white building, with very few trees near it, the lawn and one or two flower-beds not particularly well kept. The grounds ran straight down to the Villers-Cotterets, where M. M. has good shooting. The gates were open, the *concierge* said the ladies were there. (They didn't have to be summoned by a bell. That is one of the habits of this part of the country. There is almost always a large bell at the stable or *communs*, and when visitors arrive and the family are out in the grounds, not too far off, they are summoned by the bell, which tells them that visitors are waiting at the house. I was astounded one day at Bourneville, when we were in the woods at some little distance from the château, when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we heard the big bell, and my companion, a niece of Mme. A., instantly turned back, saying, "That means there are visits; we must go back.") We found all the ladies sitting working in a corner *salon* with big windows opening on the park. The old grandmother was knitting, but she was so straight and slight, with bright black eyes, that it wouldn't have seemed at all strange to see her bending over an embroidery frame like all the others. The other three ladies were each seated at an embroidery frame in the embrasures of the windows. I was much impressed, particularly with the large pieces of work that they were undertaking, a portière, covers for the billiard-table, bed, etc. It quite recalled what one had always read of feudal France, when the *seigneur* would be off with his retainers hunting or fighting, and the *châtelaine*, left alone in the château, spent her time in her "bower" surrounded by her maidens, all working at the wonderful tapestries one sees still in some of the old churches and convents. I was never much given to work, but I made a mental resolve that I, too, would set up a frame in one of the big drawing-rooms at home, and had visions of yards of pale-blue satin, all covered with wonderful flowers and animals, unrolling themselves under my skilful fingers—but I must confess that it remained a vision. I never got further than little crochet petticoats, which clothed every child in the village. To make the picture complete there should have been a page in velvet cap and doublet, stretched on the floor at the feet of his mistress, trying to distract her with songs and ballads. The master of the house, M. M., was there, having come in from shooting. He had been reading aloud to the ladies—Alfred de Musset, I think. That part of the picture I could never realize, as there is nothing W. loathes like reading aloud, except, perhaps, being read to.

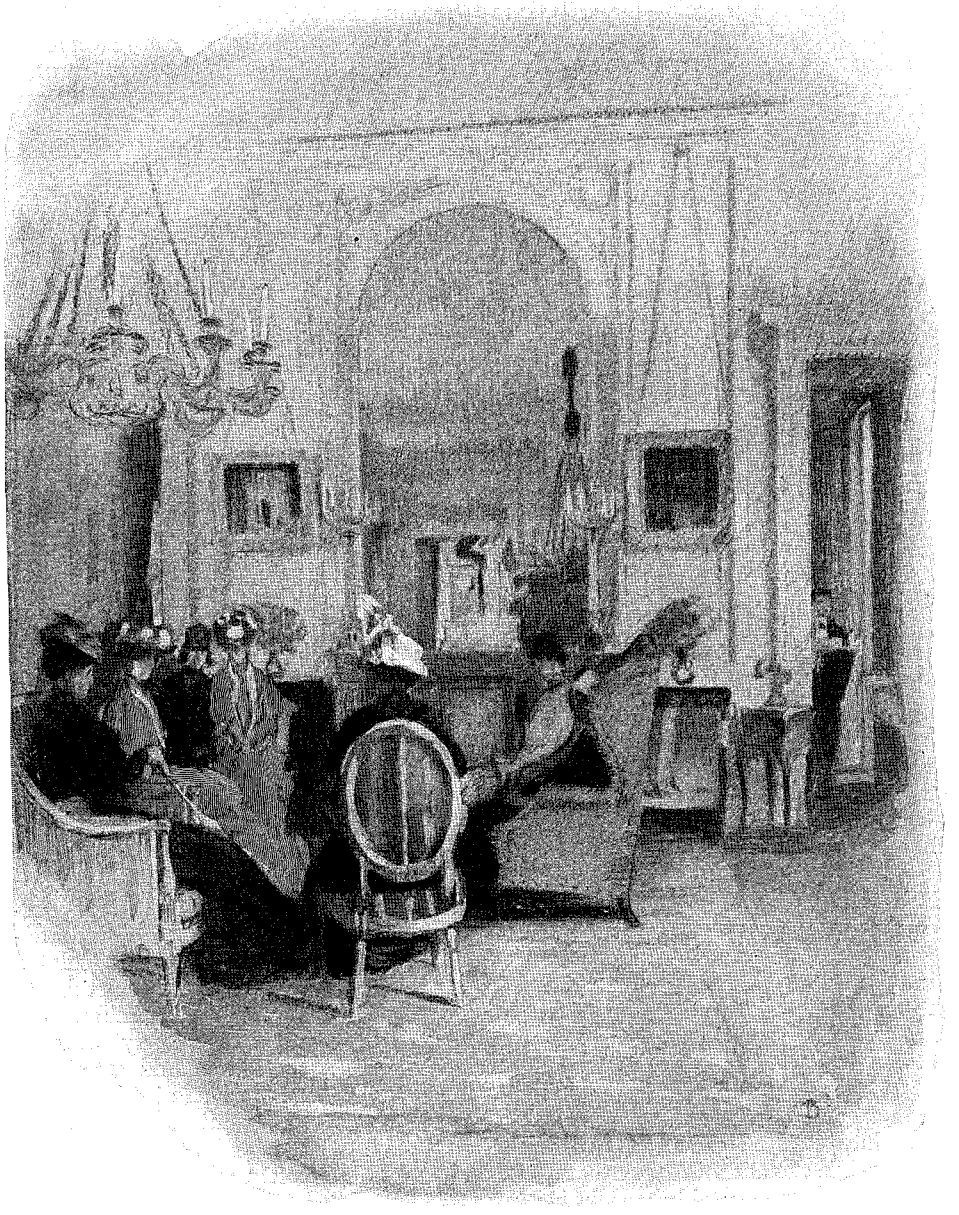
They were very friendly and easy, showed us the downstairs part of the house, and gave us *goûter*, not tea, wine and cake. The house looked comfortable enough, nothing picturesque; a large square hall with horns, whips, foxes' brushes, antlers, and all sorts of trophies of the chase on the walls. They are sporting people; all ride. The dining-room, a large bright room, was panelled with life-size portraits of the family: M. and Mme. M. in hunting dress, green coats, *tricorne* hats, *on* their horses; the daughter of the house and one of her brothers, rowing in a boat on a small lake; the eldest son in shooting dress, corduroys, his gun slung over his shoulder, his dog by his side. They were all very like.

We strolled about the garden a little, and saw lots of pheasants walking peacefully about at the edge of the woods. They made me promise to come back one day with W., he to shoot and I to walk about with the ladies. We saw the children of the fourth generation, and left with the impression of a happy, simple family party. M. M. was a *conseiller général* of the Aisne and a colleague of W.'s. They always stayed at the same hotel (de la Hure), in Laon at the time of the *conseil général*, and M. M. was much amused at first with W.'s baggage: a large bath-tub, towels (for in small French provincial hotels towels were microscopic and few in number), and a package of tea, which was almost an unknown commodity in those days. None of our visitors ever took any, and always excused themselves with the same phrase, "Merci, je vais bien," evidently looking upon it as some strange and hurtful medicine. That has all changed, like everything else. Now one finds tea, not only at all the châteaux, with *brioches* and *petites roties de pain*, but even in some of the hotels, but I wouldn't guarantee what we got there as ever having seen China or Ceylon, and it is still wiser to take chocolate or coffee, which is almost always good.

We had a lovely drive back. The forest was beautiful in the waning light. As usual, we didn't meet any vehicle of any kind, and were quite excited when we saw a carriage approaching in the distance—however, it proved to be W. in his dog-cart. We passed through one or two little villages quite lost in the forest—always the same thing, one long, straggling street, with nobody in it, a large farm at one end and very often the church at the other. As it was late, the farm gates were all open, the cattle inside, teams of white oxen drinking out of a large trough.

In a large farm near Boursonne there was much animation and conversation. All the beasts were in, oxen, cows, horses, chickens, and in one corner a flock of geese. The poor little "goose girl," a child about ten years old with bright-blue eyes and a pig-tail like straw hanging down her back, was being scolded violently by the farmer's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A visit at the château.—Page 521.

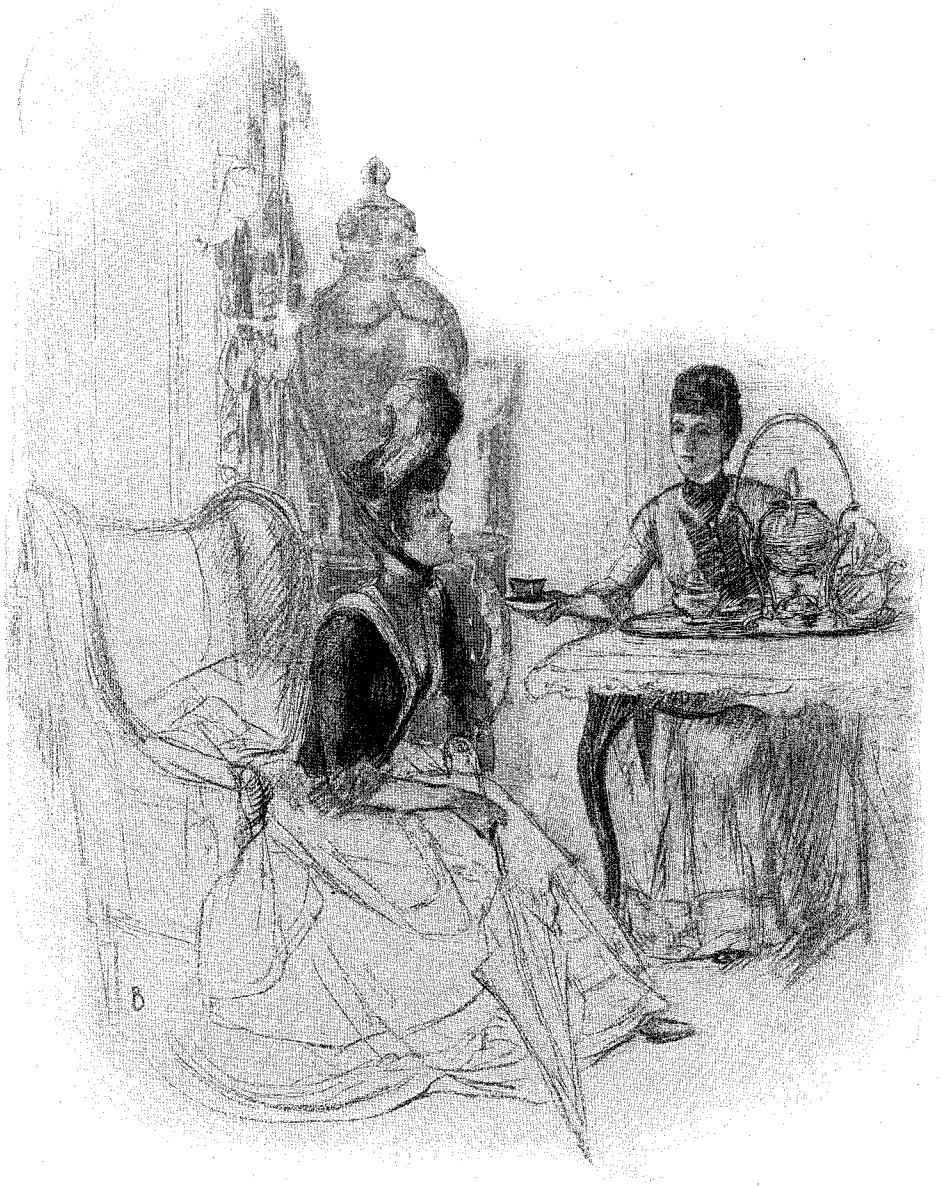
wife, who was presiding in person over the *rentrée* of the animals, for having brought her geese home on a run. They wouldn't eat, and would certainly all be ill, and probably die before morning. There is a pretty little old château at Boursonne; the park, however, so shut in by high walls that one sees nothing in passing. We had shot there once or twice in former years, but it has changed hands very often. I don't think it is even inhabited now.

Sometimes we paid more humble visits, not to châteaux, but the principal people of the little country town near, from which we had all our provisions. We went to see the doctor's wife, the notary's wife, the mayor's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wife, and the two schools—the *asile* or infant school, and the more important school for bigger girls. The old doctor was quite a character, had been for years in the country, knew everybody and everybody's private history. He was the doctor of the château, by the year, attended to everybody, masters and servants, and received a regular salary, like a secretary. He didn't come very often for us in his medical capacity, but he often dropped in at the end of the day to have a talk with W. The first time I saw him W. presented him to me, as *un bon ami de la famille*. I naturally put out my hand, which so astonished and disconcerted him (he barely touched the tips of my fingers) that I was rather bewildered. W. explained after he had gone that in that class of life in France they never shook hands with a lady, and that the poor man was very much embarrassed. He was very useful to W. as a political agent, as he was kind to the poor people and took small (or no) fees. They all loved him, and talked to him quite freely. His women-kind were very shy and provincial. I think our visits were a great trial to them. They always returned them most punctiliously, and came in all their best clothes. When we went to see them we generally found them in short black skirts, and when they were no longer very young, with black caps, but they always had handsome silk dresses, velvet cloaks, and hats with flowers and feathers when they came to see us. Some of them took the cup of tea we offered, but they didn't know what to do with it, and sat on the edge of their chairs, looking quite miserable until we relieved them of the burden of the tea-cup. Mme. A. was rather against the tea-table; she preferred the old-fashioned tray handed around with wine and cakes, but I persuaded her to try, and after a little while she acknowledged that it was better to have the tea-table brought in. It made a diversion; I got up to make the tea. Someone gave me a chair, someone else handed the cups. It made a little movement, and was not so stiff as when we all sat for over an hour on the same chairs making conversation. It is terrible to have to make conversation, and extraordinary how little one finds to say. We had always talked easily enough at home, but then things came more naturally, and even the violent family discussions were amusing, but my recollection of these French provincial visits is something awful. Everybody so polite, so stiff, and the long pauses when nobody seemed to have anything to say. I of course was a novelty and a foreign element—they didn't quite know what to do with me. Even to Mme. A., and I grew very fond of her, and she was invariably charming to me, I was something different. We had many talks on every possible subject during our long drives, and also in the winter afternoons. At first I had my tea always upstairs in my own little *salon*, which I loved with the curtains drawn, a bright wood-fire burning, and all my books about; but when I found that she sat alone in the big drawing-room, not able to occupy herself in any way, I asked her if I might order my tea there, and there were very few afternoons that I didn't sit with her when I was at home. She talked often about her early married life—winters in Cannes and in Paris, where they received a great deal, principally Protestants, and I fancy she sometimes regretted the interchange of ideas and the brilliant conversation she had been accustomed to, but she never said it. She was never tired of hearing about my early days in America—our family life—the extraordinary liberty of the young people, etc. We often talked over the religious question, and though we were both Protestants, we were as far apart almost as if one was a pagan. Protestantism in France always has seemed to me such a rigid, intolerant form of worship, so little calculated to influence young people or draw them to church. The plain, bare churches, with white-washed walls, the ugly droning hymns, the long sermons and extempore prayers, speaking so much of the anger of God and the terrible punishments awaiting the sinner, the trials and sorrows that must come to all. I often think of a sermon I heard preached in one Protestant church, to the boys and girls who were making their first communion—all little things ten and twelve years old, the girls in their white frocks and long white veils, the boys with white waistcoats and white ribbons on their arms, making such a pretty group as they sat on the front benches listening hard to all the preacher said. I wondered that the little childish, earnest faces didn't suggest something to him besides the horrors of eternal punishment, the wickedness and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Merci, je vais bien."—Page 522.

temptations of the world they were going to face, but his only idea seemed to be that he must warn them of all the snares and temptations that were going to beset their paths. Mme. A. couldn't understand my ideas when I said I loved the Episcopal service—the prayers and litany I had always heard, the Easter and Christmas hymns I had always sung, the carols, the anthems, the great organ, the flowers at Easter, the greens at Christmas. All that seemed to her to be a false sentiment appealing to the senses and imagination. "But if it brings people to church, and the beautiful music elevates them and raises their thoughts to higher things—" "That is not religion; real religion means the prayer of St. Chrysostom, 'Where two or three are gath-

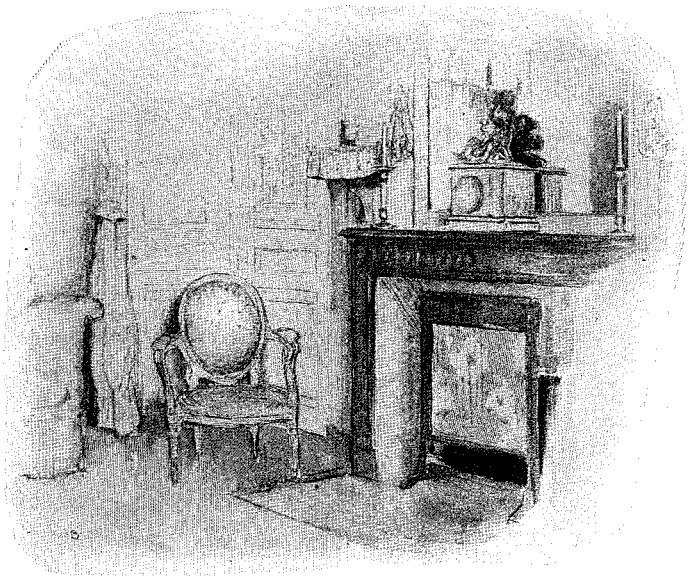
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered together in My name I will grant their requests.'" "That is very well for really religious, strong people who think out their religion and don't care for any outward expression of it, but for weaker souls who want to be helped, and who are helped by the beautiful music and the familiar prayers, surely it is better to give them something that brings them to church and makes them better men and women than to frighten them away with such strict, uncompromising doctrines—" "No, that is only sentiment, not real religious feeling." I don't think we ever understood each other any better on that subject, and we discussed it so often.

Mme. A., with whom I made my round of calls at the neighboring châteaux, was a charming companion. She had lived a great deal in Paris, in the Protestant *coterie*, which was very intellectual and cultivated. The *salons* of the Duchesse de Broglie, Mmes. de Staël, d'Haussonville, Guizot, were most interesting and *recherchés*, very exclusive and very serious, but a centre for all political and literary talk. I have often heard my husband say some of the best talkers in society *s'étaient formés dans ces salons*, where, as young men, they listened modestly to all the brilliant conversation going on around them.

It was an exception when we found anyone at home when we called in the neighborhood, and when we did, it was evident that afternoon visits were a rarity. We did get in one cold November afternoon, and our visit was a sample of many others that we paid.

The door was opened by a footman struggling into his coat, with a handful of fagots in his arms. He ushered us through several bare, stiff, cold rooms (proportions handsome enough) to a smaller *salon*, which the family usually occupied. Then he lighted a fire (which consisted principally of smoke) and went to summon his mistress. The living-room was just as bare and stiff as the others, no trace of anything that looked like habitation or what we should consider comfort—no books nor work nor flowers (that, however, is comparatively recent in France). I remember quite well Mme. Casimir-Périer telling me that when she went with her husband to St. Petersburg about fifty years ago, one of the things that struck her most in the Russian *salons*, was the quantity of green plants and cut flowers—she had never seen them in France. There were often fine pictures, tapestries, and furniture, all the



A small salon in the wing of the château.—Page 536.

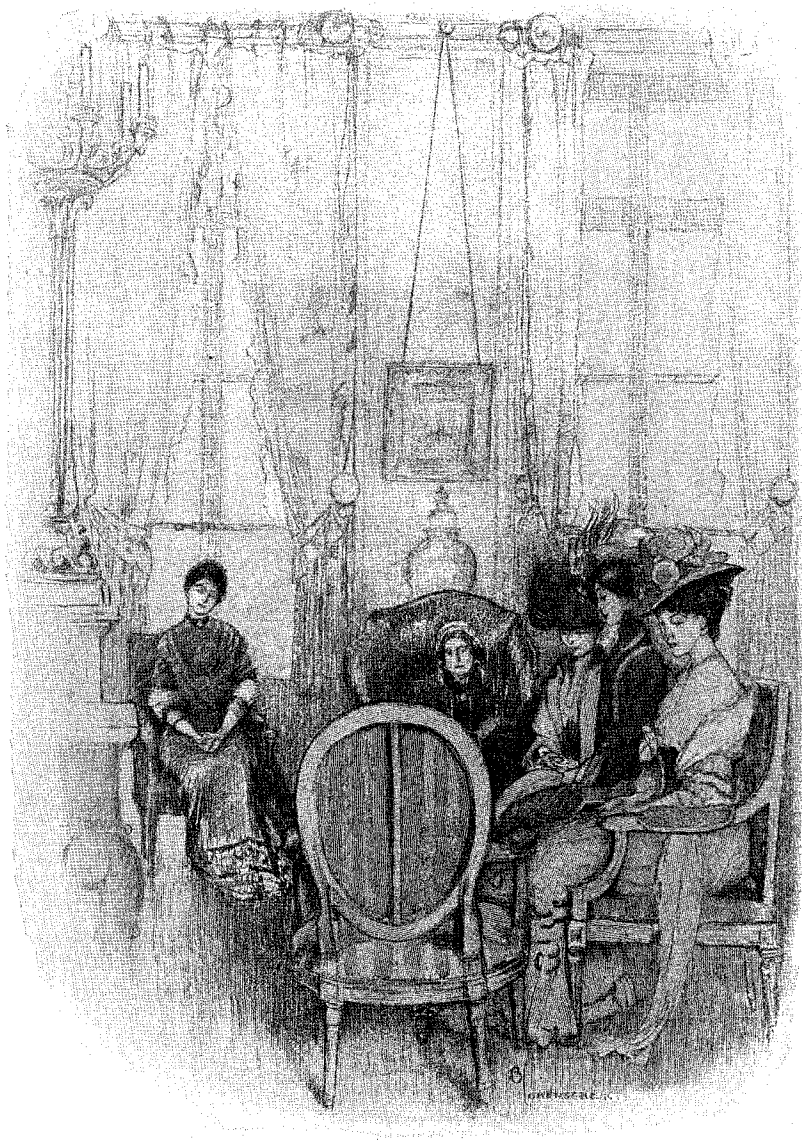
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chairs in a row against the wall.

Our visits were always long, as most of the châteaux were at a certain distance, and we were obliged to stay an hour and a half, sometimes longer, to rest the horses. It was before the days of five-o'clock tea. A tray was brought in with sweet wine (Malaga or Vin de Chypre) and cakes (ladies'-fingers) which evidently had figured often before on similar occasions. Conversation languished sometimes, though Mme. A. was wonderful, talking so easily about everything. In the smaller places, when people rarely went to Paris, it ran always in the same grooves — the woods, the hunting (very good in Villers-Cotterets forest), the schoolmaster (so difficult to get proper books for the children to read), the *curé*, and all local gossip, and as much about the iniquities of the republic as could be said before the wife of a republican senator. Wherever we went, even to the largest châteaux, where the family went to Paris for the season, the talk was almost entirely confined to France and French interests. Books, politics, music, people, nothing existed apparently *au-delà des frontières*. America was an unknown quantity. It was strange to see intelligent people living in the world so curiously indifferent as to what went on in other countries.

"Chasse aux échelles."—Page 537.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Long pauses when nobody seemed to have anything to say.—Page 524.

At first I used to talk a little about America and Rome, where I had lived so many years and at such an interesting time—the last days of Pio Nono and the transformation of the old superstitious papal Rome to the capital of young Italy—but I soon realized that it didn't interest anyone, and by degrees I learned to talk like all the rest.

I often think of one visit to a charming little Louis XV château standing quite on the edge of the forest—just room enough for the house, and the little hamlet at the gates; a magnificent view of the forest, quite close to the lawn behind the château, and then sweeping off, a dark-blue mass, as far as one could see. We were shown into a large, high room, no carpet, no fire, some fine portraits, very little furniture, all close against the wall, a round table in the middle with something on it, I couldn't make out what at first. Neither books, reviews, nor even a photographic album—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the supreme resource of provincial *salons*. When we got up to take leave I managed to get near the table, and the *ornament* was a large white plate with a piece of fly-paper on it. The mistress of the house was shy and uncomfortable; sent at once for her husband, and withdrew from the conversation as soon as he appeared, leaving him to make all the *frais*. We walked a little around the park before leaving. It was really a lovely little place, with its background of forest and the quiet, sleepy little village in front; very lonely and far from everything, but with a certain charm of its own. Two or three dogs were playing in the court-yard, and one curious little animal who made a rush at the strangers. I was rather taken aback, particularly when the master of the house told me not to be afraid, it was only a *marcassin* (small wild boar), who had been born on the place, and was as quiet as a kitten. I did not think the great tusks and square, shaggy head looked very pleasant, but the little thing was quiet enough, came and rubbed itself against its master's legs, and played quite happily with the dogs. We heard afterward that they were obliged to kill it. It grew fierce and unmanageable, and no one would come near the place.

I took Henrietta with me sometimes when I had a distant visit to pay; an hour and a half's drive alone on a country road where you never meet anything was rather dull. We went one cold December afternoon to call upon Mme. B., the widow of an old friend and colleague of W.'s. We were in the open carriage, well wrapped up, and enjoyed the drive immensely. The country looked beautiful in the bright winter sunshine, the distant forest always in a blue mist, the trees with their branches white with "givre" (hoarfrost), and patches of snow and ice all over the fields.

For a wonder we didn't go through the forest—drove straight away from it and had charming effects of color upon some of the thatched cottages in the villages we passed through; one or two had been mended recently and the mixture of old brown, bright red and glistening white was quite lovely.

We went almost entirely along the great plains, occasionally small bits of wood and very fair hills as we got near our destination. The villages always very scattered and almost deserted—when it is cold everybody stays indoors—and of course there is no work to be done on the farms when the ground is hard frozen. It is a difficult question to know what to do with the men of all the small hamlets when the real winter sets in; the big farms turn off many of their laborers and as it is purely agricultural country all around us, there is literally nothing to do. My husband and several of the owners of large estates gave work to many with their regular "coupe" of wood, but that only lasts a short time, and the men who are willing to work but can find nothing drift naturally into cafés and billiard saloons, where they read cheap bad papers, and talk politics of the wildest description.

We found our château very well situated on the top of a hill, a good avenue leading up to the gate, a pretty little park with fine trees at the back, the tower of the village church just visible through the trees at the end of the central alley. It was hardly a château—half manor, half farm. We drove into a large courtyard, or rather farmyard, quite deserted; no one visible anywhere; the door of the house was open but there was no bell nor apparently any means of communicating with any one. Hubert cracked his whip noisily several times without any result—and we were just wondering what we should do (perhaps put our cards under a stone on the steps) when a man appeared, said Mme. B. was at home but she was in the stable looking after a sick cow—he would go and tell her we were there. In a few minutes she appeared attired in a short, rusty-black skirt, sabots on her feet and a black woollen shawl over her head and shoulders. She seemed quite pleased to see us—was not at all put out at being caught in such very simple attire—begged us to come in and ushered us through a long, narrow hall and several cold, comfortless rooms, the shutters not open and no fire anywhere, into her bedroom. All the furniture—chairs, tables and bed—was covered with linen. She explained that it was her "lessive" (general wash) she had just made, that all the linen was *dry* but she had not had time to put it away. She called a maid and they cleared off two chairs—she sat on the bed.

It was frightfully cold—we were thankful we had kept our wraps on. She said she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supposed we would like a fire after our long, cold drive, and rang for a man to bring some wood. He (in his shirt sleeves) appeared with two or three logs of wood and was preparing to make a fire with them *all*, but she stopped him, said one log was enough, the ladies were not going to stay long—so, naturally, we had no fire and clouds of smoke. She was very talkative, never stopped—told us all about her husband's political campaigns and how W. would never have been named to the Conseil Général if M. B. hadn't done all his work for him. She asked a great many questions, answering them all herself; then said, "I don't offer you any tea, as I know you always go back to have your tea at home, and I am quite sure you don't want any wine."

There was such an evident reluctance to give us anything that I didn't like to insist, and said we must really be going as we had a long drive before us, though I should have liked something hot; tea, of course, she knew nothing about, but even a glass of ordinary hot wine, which they make very well in France, would have been acceptable. Henrietta was furious; she was shivering with cold, her eyes smarting with the smoke, and not at all interested in M. B.'s political career, or Madame's servants, and said she would have been thankful to have even a glass of Vin de Chypre.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that we had arrived during the "lessive;" that is always a most important function in France. In almost all the big houses in the country (small ones, too) that is the way they do their washing; once a month or once every three months, according to the size of the establishment, the whole washing of the household is done; all the linen: master's, servants', guests'; house is turned out; the linen closets cleaned and aired! Everyone looks busy and energetic. It is quite a long affair—lasts three or four days. I often went to see the performance when we made our "lessive" at the château every month.

It always interested our English and American friends, as the washing is never done in that way in either of their countries. It was very convenient at our place as we had plenty of room. The "lavoir" stood at the top of the steps leading into the kitchen gardens; there was a large, square tank sunk in the ground so that the women could kneel to their work, then a little higher another of beautiful clear water, all under cover. Just across the path there was a small house with a blazing wood fire; in the middle an enormous tub where all the linen was passed through wood ashes. There were four "lessiveuses" (washerwomen), sturdy peasant women with very short skirts, sabots and turbans (made of blue and white checked calico) on their heads, their strong red arms bared above the elbow. The Mère Michon, the eldest of the four, directed everything and kept them well at work, allowed very little talking; they generally chatter when they are washing and very often quarrel. When they are washing at the public "lavoir" in the village one hears their shrill voices from a great distance. Our "lingère," Mme. Hubert, superintended the whole operation; she was very keen about it and remonstrated vigorously when they slapped the linen too hard sometimes with the little flat sticks, like spades, they use. The linen all came out beautifully white and smooth, hadn't the yellow look that all city-washed clothes have.

I think Mme. B. was very glad to get rid of us, and to begin folding her linen and putting it back in the big wooden wardrobes, beautifully carved, that one sees everywhere in France. Some of the old Norman wardrobes, with handsome brass locks and beautifully carved doors are real works of art—very difficult to get and very expensive. Fifty years ago the peasant did not understand the value of such a "meuble" and parted with it easily—but now with railways everywhere and strangers and bric-a-brac people always on the lookout for a really old piece of furniture, they understand quite well that they possess a treasure and exact its full value.

Our drive back was rather shorter, down hill almost all the way, the horses going along at a good steady trot, knowing they were going home.

When we drew up at our own door Hubert remarked respectfully that he thought it was the first time that Madame and Mademoiselle had ever been received by a lady in sabots.

We wondered afterwards if she had personally attended to the cow—in the way of poulticing or rubbing it. She certainly didn't wash her hands afterwards, and it rather reminded me of one of Charles de Bunsen's stories when he was Secretary of Legation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Turin. In the summer they took a villa in the country just out of the town and had frequent visitors to lunch or dinner. One day two of their friends, Italians, had spent the whole day with them; had walked in the garden, picked fruit and flowers, played with the child and the dogs and the pony, and as they were coming back to the house for dinner Charles suggested that they might like to come up to his dressing-room and wash their hands before dinner—to which one of them replied, "Grazie, non mi sporco facilmente" (literal translation, "Thanks, I don't dirty myself easily"), and declined the offer of soap and water.

We paid two or three visits one year to the neighboring châteaux, and had one very pleasant afternoon at the Château de Pinon belonging to the Courval family. W. had known the late proprietor, the Vicomte de Courval, very well. They had been colleagues of the Conseil Général of the Aisne, were both very fond of the country and country life, and used to have long talks in the evening, when the work of the day was over, about plantation, cutting down trees, preservation of game, etc. Without these talks, I think W. would have found the evenings at the primitive little Hôtel de la Hure, at Laon, rather tedious.

The château is not very old and has no historic interest. It was built by a Monsieur du Bois, Vicomte de Courval, at the end of the seventeenth century. He lived at first in the old feudal château of which nothing now remains. Already times were changing—the thick walls, massive towers, high, narrow windows, almost slits, and deep moat which were necessary in the old troubled days, when all isolated châteaux might be called upon, at any time, to defend themselves from sudden attack, had given way to the larger and more spacious residences of which Mansard, the famous architect of Louis XIV, has left so many chef d'œuvres. It was to Mansard that M. de Courval confided the task of building the château as it now stands, while the no less famous Le Nôtre was charged to lay out the park and gardens.

It was an easy journey from B—ville to Pinon. An hour's drive through our beautiful forest of Villers-Cotterets and another hour in the train. We stopped at the little station of Anizy just outside the gates of the park; a brougham was waiting for us and a very short drive through a stately avenue brought us to the drawbridge and the iron gates of the "Cour d'honneur." The house looked imposing; I had an impression of a very high and very long façade with two towers stretching out into the court-yard, which is very large, with fine old trees and broad parterres of bright-colored flowers on either side of the steps. There was a wide moat of running water, the banks covered with shrubs and flowers—the flowers were principally salvias and chrysanthemums, as it was late in the season, but they made a warm bit of color. The house stands low, as do all houses surrounded by a moat, but the park rises a little directly behind it and there is a fine background of wood.

We drew up at a flight of broad shallow steps; the doors were open. There were three or four footmen in the ante-room. While we were taking off our wraps Mme. de Courval appeared; she was short, stout, dressed in black, with that terrible black cap which all widows wear in France—so different from the white cap and soft white muslin collar and cuffs we are accustomed to. She had a charming, easy manner and looked very intelligent and capable. It seems she managed the property extremely well, made the tour of the house, woods and garden every day with her "régisseur." W. had the highest opinion of her business capacity—said she knew the exact market value of everything on the place—from an old tree that must be cut down for timber to the cheeses the farmer's wife made and sold at the Soissons market.

She suggested that I should come upstairs to leave my heavy coat. We went up a broad stone staircase, the walls covered with pictures and engravings; one beautiful portrait of her daughter the Marquise de Chaponay, on horseback. There were handsome carved chests and china vases on the landing, which opened on a splendid long gallery, very high and light—bedrooms on one side, on the other big windows (ten or twelve, I should think) looking over the park and gardens. She took me to a large, comfortable room, bright wood-fire blazing, and a pretty little dressing-room opening out of it, furnished in a gay old-fashioned pattern of chintz. She said breakfast would be ready in ten minutes—supposed I could find my way down and left me to my own devices.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I found the family assembled in the big drawing-room; four women: Mme. de Courval and her daughter the Marquise de Chaponay, a tall handsome woman, and two other ladies of a certain age; I did not catch their names, but they looked like all the old ladies one always sees in a country house in France. I should think they were cousins or habituées of the château, as they each had their embroidery frame and one a little dog. I am haunted by the embroidery frames—I am sure I shall end my days in a black cap bending over a frame making portières or a piano-cover.

We breakfasted in a large square dining-room running straight through the house, windows on each side. The room was all in wood panelling—light gray—the sun streaming in through the windows. Mme. de Courval put W. on her right, me on her other side. We had an excellent breakfast, which we appreciated after our early start. There was handsome old silver on the table and sideboard, which is a rare thing in France, as almost all the silver was melted during the Revolution. Both Mme. de Courval and her daughter were very easy and animated. The Marquise de Chaponay told me she had known W. for years, that in the old days before he became such a busy man and so engrossed in politics he used to read Alfred de Musset to her, in her atelier, while she painted. She supposed he read now to me—which he certainly never did—as he always told me he hated reading aloud. They talked politics, of course, but their opinions were the classic Faubourg St. Germain opinions: "A Republic totally unfitted for France and the French"—"none of the gentlemen in France really Republican at heart" (with evidently a few exceptions)—W.'s English blood and education having, of course, influenced him.

As soon as breakfast was over one of the windows on the side of the moat was opened and we all gave bread to the carp, handed to us by the butler—small square pieces of bread in a straw basket. It was funny to see the fish appear as soon as the window was opened—some of them were enormous and very old. It seems they live to a great age; a guardian of the Palace at Fontainebleau always shows one to tourists, who is supposed to have been fed by the Emperor Napoleon. Those of Pinon knew all about it, lifting their brown heads out of the water and never missing their piece of bread.

We went back to the drawing-room for coffee, passing through the billiard room, where there are some good pictures. A fine life-size portrait of General Moreau (father of Mme. de Courval) in uniform, by Gerard—near it a trophy of four flags—Austrian, Saxon, Bavarian and Hungarian—taken by the General; over the trophy three or four "lames d'honneur" (presentation swords) with name and inscription. There are also some pretty women's portraits in pastel—very delicate colors in old-fashioned oval frames—quite charming.

The drawing-room was a very handsome room also panelled in light gray carved wood; the furniture rather heavy and massive, curtains and coverings of thick, bright flowered velvet, but it looked suitable in that high old-fashioned room—light modern furniture would have been out of place.

As soon as we had finished our coffee, we went for a walk—not the two old ladies, who settled down at once to their embroidery frames; one of them showed me her work—really quite beautiful—a church ornament of some kind, a painted Madonna on a ground of white satin; she was covering the whole ground with heavy gold embroidery, so thick it looked like mosaic.

The park is splendid, a real domain, all the paths and alleys beautifully kept and every description of tree—M. de Courval was always trying experiments with foreign trees and shrubs and apparently most successfully. I think the park would have been charming in its natural state, as there was a pretty little river running through the grounds and some tangles of bushes and rocks that looked quite wild—might have been in the middle of the forest but everything had been done to assist nature. There was a "pièce d'eau" cascades, little bridges thrown over the river in picturesque spots, and, on the highest point a tower (donjon) which was most effective, looked quite the old feudal towers of which so few remain now. They were used as watch towers, as a sentinel posted on the top could see a great distance over the plains and give warning of the approach of the enemy. As the day was fine—no mists—we had a beautiful view from the top, seeing plainly the great round tower of Coucy, the finest ruin in France—the others made out quite well the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

towers of the Laon Cathedral, but those I couldn't distinguish, seeing merely a dark spot on the horizon which might have been a passing cloud.

Coming back we crossed the "Allée des Soupirs," which has its legend like so many others in this country: It was called the "Allée des Soupirs" on account of the tragedy that took place there. The owner of the château at that time—a Comte de Lamothe—discovered his wife on too intimate terms with his great friend and her cousin; they fought in the Allée, and the Comte de Lamothe was killed by his friend. The widow tried to brave it out and lived on for some time at the château; but she was accursed and an evil spell on the place—everything went wrong and the château finally burnt down. The place was then sold to the de Courval family.

At the end of an hour the Marquise had had enough; I should not think she was much of a walker; she was struggling along in high-heeled shoes and proposed that she and I should return to the house and she would show me her atelier. W. and Mme. de Courval continued their tour of inspection which was to finish at the Home Farm, where she wanted to show him some small Breton cows which had just arrived. The atelier was a charming room; panelled like all the others in light gray wood. One hardly saw the walls, for they were covered with pictures, engravings and a profusion of mirrors in gilt oval frames. It was evidently a favorite haunt of the Marquise's: books, papers and painting materials scattered about; the piano open and quantities of music on the music-stand; miniatures, snuff-boxes and little old-fashioned bibelots on all the tables and an embroidery frame, of course, in one of the windows, near it a basket filled with bright colored silks. The miniatures were, almost all, portraits of the de Courvals of every age and in every possible costume: shepherdesses, court ladies of the time of Louis XV, La Belle Ferronnière with the jewel on her forehead, men in armor with fine, strongly marked faces; they must have been a handsome race. It is a pity there is no son to carry on the name. One daughter-in-law had no children; the other one, born an American, Mary Ray of New York, had only one daughter, the present Princesse de Poix, to whom Pinon now belongs.

We played a little; four hands—the classics, of course. All French women of that generation who played at all were brought up on strictly classical music. She had a pretty, delicate, old-fashioned touch; her playing reminded me of Madame A.'s.

When it was too dark to see any more we sat by the fire and talked till the others came in. She asked a great deal about my new life in Paris—feared I would find it stiff and dull after the easy happy family life I had been accustomed to. I said it was very different, of course, but there was much that was interesting, only I did not know the people well enough yet to appreciate the stories they were always telling about each other, also that I had made several "gaffes" quite innocently. I told her one which amused her very much, though she could not imagine how I ever could have said it. It was the first year of my marriage; we were dining in an Orleanist house, almost all the company Royalists and intimate friends of the Orleans Princes, and three or four moderate, *very* moderate Republicans like us. It was the 20th of January and the women were all talking about a ball they were going to the next night, 21st of January (anniversary of the death of Louis XVI). They supposed they must wear mourning—such a bore. Still, on account of the Comtesse de Paris and the Orleans family generally, they thought they must do it—upon which I asked, really very much astonished: "On account of the Orleans family? but did not the Duc d'Orleans vote the King's execution?" There was an awful silence and then M. Léon Say, one of the cleverest and most delightful men of his time, remarked, with a twinkle in his eye: "Ma foi; je crois que Mme. Waddington à raison." There was a sort of nervous laugh and the conversation was changed. W. was much annoyed with me, "a foreigner so recently married, throwing down the gauntlet in that way." I assured him I had no purpose of any kind—I merely said what I thought, which is evidently unwise.

Mme. de Chaponay said she was afraid I would find it very difficult sometimes. French people—in society at least—were so excited against the Republic, anti-religious feeling, etc. "It must be very painful for you." "I don't think so; you see I am American, Republican and a Protestant; my point of view must be very different from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of a French woman and a Catholic." She was very charming, however; intelligent, cultivated, speaking beautiful French with a pretty carefully trained voice—English just as well; we spoke the two languages going from one to the other without knowing why. I was quite sorry when we were summoned to tea. The room looked so pretty in the twilight, the light from the fire danced all over the pictures and gilt frames of the mirrors, leaving the corners quite in shadow. The curtains were not drawn and we saw the darkness creeping up over the lawn; quite at the edge of the wood the band of white mist was rising, which we love to see in our part of the country, as it always means a fine day for the morrow.

We had a cheery tea. W. and Mme. de Courval had made a long "tournée," and W. quite approved of all the changes and new acquisitions she had made, particularly the little Breton cows. We left rather hurriedly as we had just time to catch our train.

Our last glimpse of the Château as we looked back from the turn in the avenue was charming; there were lights in almost all the windows, which were reflected in the moat; the moon was rising over the woods at the back, and every tower and cornice of the enormous pile stood out sharply in the cold clear light.

We didn't move often once we were settled in the château for the autumn. It was very difficult to get W. away from his books and coins and his woods; but occasionally a shooting party tempted him. We went sometimes about the Toussaint when the leaves were nearly fallen, to stay with friends who had a fine château and estate about three hours by rail from Paris, in the midst of the great plains of the Aube. The first time we went, soon after my marriage, I was rather doubtful as to how I should like it. I had never stayed in a French country house and imagined it would be very stiff and formal; however, the invitation was for three days—two days of shooting and one of rest—and I thought I could get through that without being too homesick.

We arrived about 4.30 for tea; the journey from Paris was through just the same uninteresting country one always sees when leaving by the Gare de l'Est. I think it is the ugliest sortie of all Paris. As we got near the château the Seine appeared, winding in and out of the meadows in very leisurely fashion. We just saw the house from the train, standing rather low. The station is at the park gates—in fact, the railway and the canal run through the property. Two carriages were waiting (we were not the only guests), and a covered cart for the maids and baggage. A short drive through a fine avenue of big trees skirting broad lawns brought us to the house, which looked very imposing with its long façade and rows of lighted windows. We drove through arcades covered with ivy into a very large court-yard, the château stables and *communs* taking three sides. There was a *pièce d'eau* at one end, a *colombier* at the other. There was no perron or stately entrance; in one corner a covered porch, rather like what one sees in England, shut in with glass door and windows and filled with plants, a good many chrysanthemums, which made a great mass of color. The hall doors were wide open as the carriage drove up. Monsieur C. P—— and his wife waiting for us just inside, Mme. P——, his mother, the mistress of the château, at the door of the *salon*. We went into a large, high hall, well lighted, a bright fire burning, plenty of servants. It looked most cheerful and comfortable on a dark November afternoon. We left our wraps in the hall, and went straight into the drawing-room. I have been there so often since that I hardly remember my first impression. It was a corner room, high ceiling, big windows, and fine tapestries on the walls; some of them with a pink ground (very unusual), and much envied and admired by all art collectors. Mme. P—— told me she found them all rolled up in a bundle in the garret when she married. A tea-table was standing before the sofa, and various people working and having their tea. We were not a large party—Comte and Comtesse de S—— (she a daughter of the house) and three or four men, deputies and senators, all political. They counted eight guns. We sat there about half an hour, then there was a general move, and young Mme. P—— showed us our rooms, which were most comfortable, fires burning, lamps lighted. She told us dinner was at 7.30; the first bell would ring at seven. I was the only lady besides the family. I told my maid to ask some of the others what their mistresses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were going to wear. She said ordinary evening dress, with natural flowers in their hair, and that I would receive a small bouquet, which I did, only as I never wear anything in my hair, I put them on my corsage, which did just as well.

The dinner was pleasant, the dining-room a fine, large hall (had been stables) with a fireplace at each end, and big windows giving on the court-yard. It was so large that the dinner table (we were fourteen) seemed lost in space. The talk was almost exclusively political and amusing enough. All the men were, or had been, deputies, and every possible question was discussed. Mme. P—— was charming, very intelligent, and animated, having lived all her life with clever people, and having taken part in all the changes that France has gone through in the last fifty years. She had been a widow for about two years when I first stayed there, and it was pretty to see her children with her. Her two sons, one married, the other a young officer, so respectful and fond of their mother, and her daughter perfectly devoted to her.

The men all went off to smoke after coffee, and we women were left to ourselves for quite a long time. The three ladies all had work—knitting or crochet—and were making little garments, *brassières*, and petticoats for all the village children. They were quite surprised that I had nothing and said they would teach me to crochet. The evening was not very long after the men came back. Some remained in the billiard-room, which opens out of the *salon*, and played *cochonnet*, a favorite French game. We heard violent discussions as to the placing of the balls, and someone asked for a yard measure, to be quite sure the count was correct. Before we broke up M. P—— announced the programme for the next day. Breakfast for all the men at eight o'clock in the dining-room, and an immediate start for the woods; luncheon at the Pavilion d'Hiver at twelve in the woods, the ladies invited to join the shooters, and follow one or two *battues* afterward. It was a clear, cold night, and there seemed every prospect of a beautiful day for the *battues*.

The next morning was lovely. I went to my maid's room, just across the corridor (such a good arrangement—all our rooms looked out on the park, and just across the corridor were a succession of small rooms giving on the court-yard, that were always kept for the maids and valets of the guests), to see the shooters start. There were two carriages and a sort of *tapissière* following with guns, servants, and cartridges. I had a message from Mme. P——, asking if I had slept well, and sending me the paper; and a visit from Comtesse de S——, who, I think, was rather anxious about my garments. She had told me the night before that the ploughed fields were something awful, and hoped I had brought short skirts and thick boots. I think the sight of my short Scotch homespun skirt and high boots reassured her. We started about 11.30 in an open carriage with plenty of furs and wraps. It wasn't really very cold—just a nice nip in the air, and no wind. We drove straight into the woods from the park. There is a beautiful green alley which faces one just going out of the gate, but it was too steep to mount in a carriage. The woods are very extensive, the roads not too bad—considering the season, extremely well kept. Every now and then through an opening in the trees we had a pretty view over the plains. As we got near the pavilion we heard shots not very far off—evidently the shooters were getting hungry and coming our way. It was a pretty rustic scene as we arrived. The pavilion, a log house, standing in a clearing, alleys branching off in every direction, a horse and cart which had brought the provisions from the château tied to one of the trees. It was shut in on three sides, wide open in front, a bright fire burning and a most appetizing table spread. Just outside another big fire was burning, the cook waiting for the first sportsman to appear to begin his classic dishes, *omelette au lard* and *ragoût de mouton*. I was rather hungry and asked for a piece of the *pain de ménage* they had for the *traqueurs* (beaters). I like the brown country bread so much better than the little rolls and crisp loaves most people ask for in France. Besides our own breakfast there was an enormous pot on the fire with what looked like an excellent substantial soup for the men. In a few minutes the party arrived; first the shooters, each man carrying his gun; then the game cart, which looked very well garnished, an army of beaters bringing up the rear. They made quite a picturesque group, all dressed in white. There have been so many accidents in some of the big

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shoots, people imprudently firing at something moving in the bushes, which proved to be a man and not a roebuck, that M. P—— dresses all his men in white. The gentlemen were very cheerful, said they had had capital sport, and were quite ready for their breakfast. We didn't linger very long at table, as the days were shortening fast, and we wanted to follow some of the *battues*. The beaters had their breakfast while we were having ours—were all seated on the ground around a big kettle of soup, with huge hunks of brown bread on their tin plates.

We started off with the shooters. Some walking, some driving, and had one pretty *battue* of rabbits; after that two of pheasants, which were most amusing. There were plenty of birds, and they came rocketing over our heads in fine style. I found that Comtesse de S—— was quite right about the necessity for short skirts and thick boots. We stood on the edge of a ploughed field, which we had to cross afterward on our way home, and I didn't think it was possible to have such cakes of mud as we had on our boots. We scraped off some with sticks, but our boots were so heavy with what remained that the walk home was tiring.

Mme. P—— was standing at the hall-door when we arrived, and requested us not to come into the hall, but to go in by the *lingerie* entrance and up the back stairs, so I fancy we hadn't got much dirt off. I had a nice rest until 4.30, when I went down to the *salon* for tea. We had all changed our outdoor garments and got into rather smart day dresses (none of those ladies wore tea-gowns). The men appeared about five; some of them came into the *salon* notwithstanding their muddy boots, and then came the *livre de chasse* and the recapitulation of the game, which is always most amusing. Every man counted more pieces than his beater had found.

The dinner and evening were pleasant, the guests changing a little. Two of the original party went off before dinner, two others arrived, one of them a Cabinet minister (Finances). He was very clever and defended himself well when his policy was freely criticised. While we women were alone after dinner, Mme. P—— showed me how to make crochet petticoats. She gave me a crochet-needle and some wool and had wonderful patience, for it seemed a most arduous undertaking to me, and all my rows were always crooked; however, I did learn, and have made hundreds since. All the children in our village pull up their little frocks and show me their crochet petticoats whenever we meet them. They are delighted to have them, for those we make are of good wool (not *laine de bienfaisance*, which is stiff and coarse), last much longer than those one buys.

The second day was quite different. There was no shooting. We were left to our own devices until twelve o'clock breakfast. W. and I went for a short stroll in the park. We met M. P——, who took us over the farm, all so well ordered and prosperous. After breakfast we had about an hour of *salon* before starting for the regular *tournée de propriétaire* through park and gardens. The three ladies—Mme. P——, her daughter, and daughter-in-law—had beautiful work. Mme. P—— was making portières for her daughter's room, a most elaborate pattern, reeds and high plants, a very large piece of work; the other two had also very complicated work—one a table-cover, velvet, heavily embroidered, the other a church ornament (almost all the Frenchwomen of a certain *monde* turn their wedding dresses, usually of white satin, into a priest's *vêtement*. The Catholic priests have all sorts of vestments which they wear on different occasions: purple in Lent, red on any martyr's fête, white for all the fêtes of the Virgin. Some of the churches are very rich with chasubles and altar-cloths trimmed with fine old lace, which have been given to them. It looks funny sometimes to see a very ordinary country curé, a farmer's son, with a heavy peasant face, wearing one of those delicate white-satin chasubles.

Before starting to join the shooters at breakfast Mme. P—— took me all over the house. It is really a beautiful establishment, very large, and most comfortable. Quantities of pictures and engravings, and beautiful Empire furniture. There is quite a large chapel at the end of the corridor on the ground-floor, where they have mass every Sunday. The young couple have a charming installation, really a small house, in one of the wings—bedrooms, dressing-rooms, boudoir, *cabinet de travail*, and a separate entrance—so that M. P—— can receive anyone who comes to see him on business without having them pass through the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

château. Mme. P—— has her rooms on the ground-floor at the other end of the house. Her sitting-room with glass door opens into a winter garden filled with plants which gives on the park; her bed-room is on the other side, looking on the court-yard; a large library next it, light and space everywhere, plenty of servants, everything admirably arranged.

The evening mail goes out at 7.30, and every evening at seven exactly the letter-carrier came down the corridor knocking at all the doors and asking for letters. He had stamps, too, at least *French* stamps. I could never get a foreign stamp (twenty-five centimes)—had to put one of fifteen and two of five when I had a foreign letter. I don't really think there were any in the country. I don't believe they had a foreign correspondent of any description. It was a thoroughly French establishment of the best kind.

We walked about the small parks and gardens in the afternoon. The gardens are enormous; one can drive through them. Mme. P—— drove in her pony carriage. They still had some lovely late roses which filled me with envy—ours were quite finished.

The next day was not quite so fine, gray and misty, but a good shooting day, no wind. We joined the gentlemen for lunch in another pavilion farther away and rather more open than the one of the other day. However, we were warm enough with our coats on, a good fire burning, and hot bricks for our feet. The *battues* (*aux échelles*) that day were quite a new experience for me. I had never seen anything like it. The shooters were placed in a semicircle, not very far apart. Each man was provided with a high double ladder. The men stood on the top (the women seated themselves on the rungs of the ladders and hung on as well as they could). I went the first time with W., and he made me so many recommendations that I was quite nervous. I mustn't sit too high up or I would *gêner* him, as he was obliged to shoot down for the rabbits; and I mustn't sit too near the ground, or I might get a shot in the ankles from one of the other men. I can't say it was an absolute pleasure. The seat (if seat it could be called) was anything but comfortable, and the detonation of the gun just over my head was decidedly trying; still it was a novelty, and if the other women could stand it I could.

For the second *battue* I went with Comte de S——. That was rather worse, for he shot much oftener than W., and I was quite distracted with the noise of the gun. We were nearer the other shooters, too, and I fancied their aim was very near my ankles. It was a pretty view from the top of the ladder. I climbed up when the *battues* were over. We looked over the park and through the trees, quite bare and stripped of their leaves, on the great plains, with hardly a break of wood or hills, stretching away to the horizon. The ground was thickly carpeted with red and yellow leaves, little columns of smoke rising at intervals where people were burning weeds or rotten wood in the fields; and just enough purple mist to poetize everything. S—— is a very careful shot. I was with him the first day at a rabbit *battue* where we were placed rather near each other, and every man was asked to keep quite to his own place and to shoot straight before him. After one or two shots S—— stepped back and gave his gun to his servant. I asked what was the matter. He showed me the man next, evidently not used to shooting, who was walking up and down, shooting in every direction, and as fast as he could cram the cartridges into his gun. So he stepped back into the alley and waited until the *battue* was over.

The party was much smaller that night at dinner. Everyone went away but W. and me. The talk was most interesting—all about the war, the first days of the Assemblée Nationale at Bordeaux, and the famous visit of the Comte de Chambord to Versailles, when the Maréchal de MacMahon, President of the Republic, refused to see him. I told them of my first evening visit to Mme. Thiers, the year I was married. Mme. Thiers lived in a big gloomy house in the Place St. Georges, and received every evening. M. Thiers, who was a great worker all his life and a very early riser, always took a nap at the end of the day. The ladies (Mlle. Dosne, a sister of Mme. Thiers, lived with them), unfortunately had not that good habit. They took their little sleep after dinner. We arrived there (it was a long way from us, we lived near the Arc de l'Etoile) one evening a little before ten. There were already four or five men, no ladies. We were shown into a large drawing-room, M. Thiers standing with his back to the fireplace, the centre of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group of black coats. He was very amiable, said I would find Mme. Thiers in a small *salon* just at the end of the big one; told W. to join their group, he had something to say to him, and I passed on. I did find Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne in the small *salon* at the other end, both asleep, each in an arm-chair. I was really embarrassed. They didn't hear me come in, and were sleeping quite happily and comfortably. I didn't like to go back to the other *salon* where there were only men, so I sat down on a sofa and looked about me, and tried to feel as if it was quite a natural occurrence to be invited to come in the evening and to find my hostess asleep. After a few minutes I heard the swish of a satin dress coming down the big *salon* and a lady appeared, very handsome and well dressed, whom I didn't know at all. She evidently was accustomed to the state of things; she looked about her smilingly, then came up to me, called me by name, and introduced herself, Mme. P——, the wife of an admiral whom I often met afterward. She told me not to mind, there wasn't the slightest intention of rudeness, that both ladies would wake up in a few minutes quite unconscious of having really slept. We talked about ten minutes, not lowering our voices particularly. Suddenly Mme. Thiers opened her eyes, was wide awake at once—how quietly we must have come in; she had only just closed her eyes for a moment, the lights tired her, etc. Mlle. Dosne said the same thing, and then we went on talking easily enough. Several more ladies came in, but only two or three men. *They* all remained in the farther room talking, or rather listening, to M. Thiers. He was already a very old man, and when he began to talk no one interrupted him; it was almost a monologue. I went back several times to the Place St. Georges, but took good care to go later, so that the ladies should have their nap over. One of the young diplomat's wives had the same experience, rather worse, for when the ladies woke up they didn't know her. She was very shy, spent a wretched ten minutes before they woke, and was too nervous to name herself. She was half crying when her husband came to the rescue.

We left the next morning early, as W. had people coming to him in the afternoon. I enjoyed my visit thoroughly, and told them afterward of my misgivings and doubts as to how I should get along with strangers for two or three days. I think they had rather the same feeling. They were very old friends of my husband's, and though they received me charmingly from the first, it brought a foreign and new element into their circle.

TRAVAIL

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

WHICH one of us, I wonder, could we lift
The burden of nights vigilant, the dread
Of unhealed disappointments, unsoothed frights,
Of patience worn to naked, nerveless thread—
Which one of us, I wonder, running free,
Loosed of our cares, would not a-sudden stop
And falter at the gates of liberty.

Lacking the well-known weight we learned to bear,
Hearing the call of one we loved the best,
Missing the clasp of hands dependent still,
Fearing, for need of us, they might not rest—
Would we not, yearning, catch the burden up
And clasp it on again with tender cries,
Thankful 'twere given us to drain the cup?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY FRIEND THE DOCTOR

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER

MY first visit to Rock Ledge, dozing under its big elms by the gray Atlantic, and my acquaintance with Mrs. Dow's "Jane" were due to John Graeme: "The Doctor," as we used to call him at college. I had received a telegram one day saying, "Come with me for a loaf on the Maine Coast," and I had "shut up shop" and joined him.

The Doctor was in some respects the queerest man of our time at college. He was, perhaps, not exactly the first man there, but he was easily the first man of our set. Other "Meds" were called Doctor; but whenever "*The* Doctor" was mentioned it was always understood that it was John Graeme. He was not especially brilliant, but he had a divine enthusiasm, absolute courage, and eyes never to be forgotten. An old doctor who knew him said of him once, "That young man will either be a quack or a leading physician." "The two are often the same," said John Graeme.

So, it was no surprise to us to find him now, ten years later, one of the big doctors, and still with a fiery scorn for the fashionable element. He had the marks of independence: a broad brow, a wide, well-formed mouth, a big nose and a firm jaw. Added to these was a voice always clear, and, when tender, as sweet as a harp, and a manner which was simple, frank, and, without the least formality, with something of distinction in it. But more than these, I think the chief ground of John Graeme's position at college was that he thought for himself, which few of us did then, or, perhaps, do now, and so thinking, he presented everything just as he saw it. Moreover, he felt with every living creature.

Whilst the rest of us studied as a task; crammed for examination and learned like parrots, "The Doctor" studied as he liked, read for his own interest the text-books which his fellow students tried to cram, and before he left college, whether he was discussing a dog-fight, a love affair, or the processes of a bone, we sat and listened to him because he threw light on it. In his last year he moved out of college and lived in "Dingy Bottom," one of the worst sections of the town, in the worst street of that section, in a room over a dog-fancier's. It was set down merely to his idiosyncracy, and his paper on "The Digestion of Young Puppies" was held by the faculty to be frivolous. He said he wrote of that because he had been raising puppies all his life and knew more about them than about babies. One of the faculty said he'd better become a "Vet," as his taste evidently lay that way, but the Doctor replied that he was going to practice on children, not on professors.

Dr. John has said since that this year among the puppies and babies of "Dingy Bottom" was, with one other experience, worth all the rest of his college course.

The other experience was this: "The Doctor" disappeared from public view for several days; he was not to be found at his room, and when he reappeared his head was shaved as close as a prize-fighter's. Some said he had been on a spree; some said he had shaved his head as Demosthenes shaved his. "The Doctor" flushed a little, grinned and showed his big, white teeth. It turned out afterwards that diphtheria of a malignant type had broken out in his suburb, and he had been nursing a family of poor children. When the Professor declared in class a few days later that a member of the class had been discovered to have been exposing himself to a virulent disease in a very reckless and foolhardy manner, there was a rustle all down the benches, and all eyes were turned on "The Doctor." John Graeme rose all his long length.

"Am I the person referred to?" he asked, his face at first white, then red, his voice trembling a little.

"Small-pox," it was whispered, and we edged away.

"You are," declared the stout Professor coldly. "You had no right to go into a contagious case, and come back among the other students. You might have broken up the college."

"You have been misinformed."

The Professor frowned. "What do you say?"

"You have been misinformed; I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not exposed myself recklessly. I have attended a few diphtheria cases, but I have taken every precaution against exposing anyone else. I refer you to Dr. ——, whom I consulted." He mentioned the name of the biggest doctor in the city, and sat down.

It was known that night that John had not only attended the cases, but had performed an operation in the middle of the night, which, the Doctor stated, alone saved the child's life.

From that time Dr. John was the leading man in the Med. Class.

When we left college the rest of us settled in small places, or in the city in which we lived. Such of us as were ambitious began to crawl up with fear and trembling; those who were not, dropped out of the race. Dr. John went straight to the biggest city to which his money would take him, and settled in one of the purlieus, where he lived on bread and cheese, when, —as he said—he could get cheese.

In a little while he got a place in a Children's Hospital, and the next thing we heard, it was rumored that he was performing difficult operations, and was writing papers for the medical journals which were attracting attention. It was in one of these papers, the one on "Bland Doctors," I believe, that he charged that while the investigation of medical science had advanced it pathologically, it had scarcely advanced it therapeutically at all, and that many of the practitioners were worthy disciples of Dr. Sangrado; that they were as much slaves of Fashion as women were. This paper naturally attracted attention—indeed, so much attention that he lost his place in the Children's Hospital.

But when, a little later, an epidemic of typhus fever broke out in one of the most crowded tenement-house districts of the East Side, he volunteered first man to do the hospital work, a newspaper took up his cause, and he got back his position. And soon afterwards he wrote his work on "The Treatment of Children," and laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. Practice began to pour in on him.

Of Fortune he was as scornful as of Fashion; for just as he was achieving both he suddenly turned over his office and his practice to a friend and left for Europe, where he spent several years in the Continental hospitals. Some said he was mad; others that he had followed across seas a young widow whose fortune was as well known as her beauty; one of the belles in the ultrafashionable set of the city.

When he returned he was already famous. For he had written another work that had become a standard authority.

All this by way of preface and to show what sort of man it was that dragged me away from my accustomed summer haunts to the little sun-steeped fishing village on the Maine coast, and plumped me down in Mrs. Dow's little gray cottage under the apple-trees, where "Jane" lived with "Miss Hazle."

I had not seen the Doctor since we left college until I drifted into his office one morning in the spring, and not then until I had waited for at least a dozen others to see him. Most of these had children with them, and I observed that all appeared somewhat cheered up when they left his office.

The last patient was a fashionably dressed and very handsome woman who had driven up to the door just before me in a brougham with a fine pair of horses and with two men in showy livery on the box. I had seen her as she swept across the sidewalk, and in the waiting rooms I had a good chance to observe her. She had undeniable beauty, and her appointments were flawless; almost too much so, if possible. A tall, statuesque creature, well fed, richly dressed and manifestly fully conscious of her attractions. About her breathed "the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth." At this moment she wore a dark cloth morning suit with sables, which always give an air of sumptuousness to a handsome woman.

Her presence caused some excitement on the part of one or two of the ladies who were present. She was evidently known to them, and indeed she must have been known to thousands, for she was one in a thousand. As she waited her self-consciousness increased.

After a time her turn came and she was ushered into the office. I heard her greeting, half rallying: "Well, as you would not come to me I have had to pocket my pride and come to you."

If the Doctor made any reply I did not hear it, and I think he made none, for his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

face, which I saw plainly, was serious, almost to sadness, and I was struck by his gravity.

Ten minutes later the door opened again and he showed the lady out of his office as gravely as he had admitted her. Her air of self-complacency had vanished; her confident tone had changed. I caught the last words of his reply to her parting speech, as she lingered at the door which he held for her.

"I have told you the only thing that will help her—and the alternative. You must take her where I directed and you must go with her." He spoke as if he knew that his command carried weight.

She paused for a moment, evidently considering, while he waited impassive. Then she said with an accent, part disappointment, part resignation, "Well, I suppose if I must, I must; but it is most inconvenient. You will come and see her before we go?"

He bowed and closed the door, and then came over to me. "Come in. So glad to see you," and led the way into his office.

As he closed the door he broke out, "These fashionable women! They are not fit to have children. 'Inconvenient' when her child's whole life is at stake!"

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name is Mrs. Durer. She is one of those women who have not time to look after their children."

I know that I must have shown surprise, for she was one of the reigning belles of the day, and her beauty was a part of the property of the whole country. Moreover, I had heard her name connected with his, when he had gone abroad some years before.

"She is one of the handsomest women I ever saw," I observed, tentatively.

"Yes, she has looks enough," said the Doctor, dryly, and changed the subject.

It was not long after this visit to the Doctor that I received one morning the telegram I have mentioned, inviting me to join him in a holiday on the Maine coast, an invitation which I promptly accepted; for the old ties that bound us held firmly.

The place which he had selected was a little village of white or gray cottages, clustered under great elms, on a rocky slope facing south, above a pretty little landlocked harbor, just big enough to hold the white-sailed sloops which, after bobbing up and down outside, came in to sleep like white-winged water-fowl on its placid surface; but too small for the big yachts that slipped by outside the Ledge which gave its name to the place. Thus, the life had been kept in a simpler key than at the very fashionable resorts further along the coast. "The natives," as they called themselves, were self-contained and content with their superior knowledge, and the summer visitors were as yet simple in their tastes, as they had need to be in that primal community, where the ocean was regarded by hotel keepers as supplanting lesser bath-tubs.

The place where we landed from the dusty and somewhat rickety stage, in the shank of a placid summer afternoon, was not the fort-like one hotel, frowning on the Point, but Mrs. Dow's gray cottage, amid a cluster of big apple-trees, where for his own reasons, Doctor John had chosen to ensconce himself. He said it was because he liked the portrait of Captain Dow, a wonderful crayon which hung in the little parlor Here Mrs. Dow, a determined woman of middle age, aquiline nose and temper, ample figure and firm voice, dispensed a well-ordered and measured hospitality. For Mrs. Dow measured everything; through her gold spectacles set firmly on her high nose, a pair of keen eyes measured the world with infallible accuracy.

Though my friend declared that he selected this place to get away from silly women and finish his book, I quickly found out why he had really chosen this quiet corner of Rock Ledge, and avoided the hotel with its commanding position and long piazzas where, through the hot mornings, the summer boarders travelled back and forth in their yellow rockers and "cultivated their minds" or "roasted" their acquaintances; and where, it was said, ladies of literary tendency, hung placards on their chairs, reading: "Please do not speak to me."

The only other boarder in Mrs. Dow's cottage was a little high-shouldered girl with a pinched face, glorified by a pair of wide and startingly blue eyes that gazed at everything with singular intensity. She was a patient of the Doctor's and had come there by his orders. No one was with her except her governess, a spare and angular woman of middle age, with kind eyes and a minor note in her voice, who was conscientious to a degree and appeared to have the "fear of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madame" always before her eyes. She had not been with her little charge long, having, as appeared, been engaged by Madame just before the child was sent to the country for her health by the direction of "a big doctor in town." This I learned from Mrs. Dow in the first conversation I had with that well-informed person.

The governess was almost as lonely as the little girl. This I learned from herself in the first conversation I had with her. We had come on her, the Doctor and I, the morning after our arrival, as we strolled, at his suggestion, down by the curving bit of beach, where the tide was licking the yellow sand with a placid motion of a tigress licking her flanks.

It was, however, as I quickly saw, not the sea that my friend came to watch, but the children. A score or more of them were working like beavers in the sand, digging trenches; building forts, or running up and down, toiling almost as much at their amusements as if they had been grown people, while their nurses and governesses gossiped or screamed after them like so many gulls.

But apart from the ruddy children sat a little sickly-looking girl, in all the panoply of stiff white muslin and lace, with her nurse by her side. As we came on her we saw her nurse turn and shake her up as a child shakes a limp doll to make her sit up straight. And for a few seconds the doll sat up. But the little weak back would bend, and the child sank down again with a look of utter weariness and despair which struck even me. Doctor John gave a deep growl like a huge mastiff, out of which I got something about "the fools who were allowed to live." And the next moment he was in front of the nurse, bending over the child and talking to her soothingly, asking her about her mamma, and her dolls, the puppy he had given her, and many other things besides. The governess appeared to be a trifle suspicious at first of this new old friend, but the Doctor quickly disposed of her. He announced that he was the child's doctor and had come down to see her. This was the fact. Having learned that Mrs. Durer had taken the child down to the seaside as he had ordered, but had not remained with her, he had run down to see her himself. In a few minutes he had the little girl up in his arms showing her a ship just coming in, and when he put her down it was to take her off with him on a hunt for shells.

Meantime he had felt the little twisted back and knew just how she stood.

"Why don't you let her play in the sand?" he demanded of the nurse when he brought her back.

"She don't care to play much these days, and she gets her dress so soiled."

The Doctor growled.

"I thought so."

When he came home it was to hold a conference with Mrs. Dow, and that evening I heard that stern and unbending guardian of her own rights singing his praises to one of her serious-faced neighbors in terms of eulogy which would have surprised the departed Captain, whose name in the household was "Lishy Dow," and who, by report of Captain Spile, had not always received unstinted praise from his spouse during his lifetime, though, as the Captain remarked, he "guessed he got all he deserved, for Lishy was one of 'em."

"He's dead, is he?" I inquired.

"We-all, I didn't see him laid out," drawled the Captain; "but I know he's buried all right, for I helped to bury him."

But whatever he had been during his life, the Captain always received the due meed of respect from Mrs. Dow, now that he was dead. Morning after morning she would tear the brown paper from the chops or leg of mutton which Josiah Martin, the young man from Gill Carver's, the meat-man, brought, and shove the meat back into his hands with the same phrase, "You take that back to Gill Carver, and tell him I say he needn't think he can sell such meat as that to Lishy Dow's widow just because Lishy Dow's dead and gone." And morning after morning, as Josiah started off with the meat, she would call him back and say, "Well, just wait a minute—I guess you might's well leave it to-day, as I'm obliged to have something for my folks to eat, but you tell Gill Carver he ought to be ashamed of himself to try to sell such meat as that to Lishy Dow's widow just because Lishy Dow's dead and gone."

A circumstance which I did not know of till later had contributed to the Doctor's popularity. As the Doctor was in the back yard talking to Mrs. Dow about his patient, he saw a little half-crippled girl in a chair

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under an apple-tree playing with some scraps of stuff out of which she was making clothes for an old doll. Mrs. Dow caught the expression on his face and answered his inarticulate question.

"That's Jane."

"Is she yours?"

"Yes—my Milly's. She stays here mostly. Like's to stay with me, because I spoil her, I guess. Least, that's what Milly says. But she's so hapless, I don't see as no harm'll come of a little spoilin'. She can't play like other children, an' all she wants is to set still and sew. You ought to see how she can sew. Speak to the gentleman, Jane." For the Doctor was now at Jane's side on his knees examining her handiwork and incidentally, the little bent figure among the old cushions.

"She can copy anything," pursued the grandmother with subdued pride, "and since she seen the fine things that little thing in the front room has, nothin' will appease her but she must copy 'em for her doll."

When Mrs. Dow told me about it, having allowed me a measure of reflected friendship, she described how, all of a sudden, she had seen that the Doctor had lost all interest in her; and from the time he caught sight of Jane had not heard a word she said to him. "But I was really ashamed to let him see her so untidy. However, as I say, you can't raise children and chickens without dirt, and you know he said 'that's so.' And now, would you believe it, in five minutes there was Jane up in his lap, talkin' to him the same as if she had known him all her life, and she never one to say a word to nobody—not to my knowin'. I was that ashamed of his seein' that old broken doll, b'cause she's got a better one, but Milly won't let her play with it, and 't appears she likes that broken one best anyway. She calls her 'Miss Hazel.' An' when I explained it to him, he said he liked it best, too, that he and Jane together'd mend it. Oh! I say! that man beats me! And he says he wants me to give him Jane for a little while, and he says he can make her like other children, most. But I mustn't say a word about it to a soul. So I won't—not even to Milly. But won't that be grand? Do you think he can do it? Jane? Why, she ain't got anythin' to build on. But I'll say this, if anybody can, he can. I wish Lishy Dow had seen him—just handlin' her like a mother does her first baby, as if he was afraid she'd break in two! If anybody can, I believe he can."

I agreed to this.

After this there was quite a change in the establishment. The Doctor appeared to be so much taken up with the two children that he left me to my devices while he went off with them to play at keeping-house with "Miss Hazel," in a sunny nook between the rocks, where he had with his own hands helped them to fashion and fit up a little house out of old boards and other odds and ends. His first piece of surgery was the repair of the broken doll which he first put in stays and afterwards, to the great delight of the two children, in a little plaster jacket. I soon learned of this; Jane showed her to me, while little Carolyn looked on, and no trained nurses ever got more pleasure out of exhibiting an improving patient. But I did not know until afterwards that the Doctor was treating Jane in the same way, and that whenever he paid a professional visit to the doll he also paid one to the little mistress, having secured her consent through his services to the doll.

The treatment of the little visitor he had found more difficulty in, as the governess stood in terror of Madame; and Madame had left strict injunctions that she was to play with no child whom she herself did not know. "Madame was *very* particular."

"Well, I have a playmate for her," said the Doctor, and he mentioned Jane.

"Oh! Sir, I couldn't let her play with her," protested the nurse. "It would be as much as my position is worth if I should let her play with vulgar children. Madame gave me positive orders——"

"Vulgar children, indeed!" snapped the Doctor. "There are no vulgar children. Vulgarity is a mark of a more advanced age. Madame is a fool, I know, but she is not such a fool as to object to what I prescribe. Between you, you are killing that child, and you will not keep your place a week after you have killed her."

Whatever the means were, the woman's scruples appeared to have been overcome; for in a few days the two little girls were, as I have related, inseparable companions, and even I could see the improvement in the little visitor's appearance.

After this I was privileged as a friend of the Doctor's to attend one or two of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"parties" given down in "Miss Hazel's house," as the little place which the Doctor had fitted up for them between the rocks was called; and I got an idea of the Doctor's skill in the handling of children. There was a great deal of formality where "Miss Hazel" was concerned, and that ancient and battered lady had to answer a good many questions about her health and that of her friends—as to whether the plaster jacket hurt her, and how long she could remain strapped on her board without too much pain, etc.

"Miss Hazel" had in some way been promoted through the medium of a husband lost at sea and known among the trio as "The Late Lamented," and was, under the Doctor's skilful necromancy, a devoted invalid aunt, whose only joy in life were her two nieces, two young ladies who had unhappily inherited the Hazel back. This was the Doctor's invention, as it was his care to attend the entire Hazel family. And it was amusing to see this long-limbed, broad-shouldered man, sitting day after day, carrying on conversations with the span-long doll about her two nieces and their future, while the wan-faced little creatures listened with their eager eyes dancing at the pictures he conjured up of their future gaieties and triumphs.

And when they came home in the afternoon, grimy and happy, with faint traces of color in their wan cheeks, Mrs. Dow unbent and gave us her best preserves in sheer happiness. Even the nurse admitted that her charge ate more, slept more soundly and was better than she had ever seen her. They not only played in the present; but planned for great entertainments when Mrs. Durer should come down—a date to which her little girl was always looking forward and leading Jane to look forward also. And sometimes they played that "the beautiful lady," as they called her, had come, and Carolyn would pretend that she was her Mamma and act her part as a lady bountiful. I never saw the Doctor in such spirits. He entered into the game with as much zest as the children and grew ruddy in the sea air.

"Pies are the real things!" he used to say. "These Yankees know their business. And of all pies—mud-pies are the best. Mrs. Dow is right; chickens and children must have dirt—*clean* dirt—to play in to be healthy. If that woman will keep away long enough I'll give that child a chance for her life."

"You do not appear to hold the lady in quite the esteem the world gives you credit for?" I hazarded.

He gave a grunt, and a grim expression settled about his mouth. After a moment of reflection, he added: "Oh! she's well enough in a way—as good as most of those about her, I fancy. But it's the system—the life. It's all wrong—all wrong. Why, the womanliness—the motherhood is all squeezed out of them. I don't suppose she ever put that child to sleep in her arms in her life. I have seen women weep and wail and almost die of heart-hunger because they have no children, and there are she and her like, trifling away their life in what they call their d—d society, while their babies perish or grow up to be like them. Why, I would not give that angular, hard-featured old Mrs. Dow, with her sharp tongue, for the whole crowd of them."

"She is rather crusty," I hazarded.

"Yes, but deep down under the crust she has a heart, and a woman without a heart is a monster."

"She must have a heart. She could not look as she does," I protested. I was still thinking of Mrs. Durer.

"She has no more heart than one of my instruments."

"She is so beautiful. I cannot quite accept your diagnosis. And the child appears to adore her."

"Yes, she does," he said grimly. "And that is the worst thing I know about her; that she does not appreciate it. I'll vow! the Chinese way of destroying them at birth is preferable. It is at least swifter and more painless than casting them out as some women do."

"I think where children are concerned you may be prejudiced?" I urged. The speech sent him off into a reverie, from which he came with a long-drawn breath.

"I had a little sister once," he said slowly, "who one day when I was playing with her fell and hurt herself. My mother gave her life trying to save her. If we had had a doctor who knew more than a child she would have got well. Even if she had been let alone she might have done so. She went through tortures inflicted on her by a pedantic ignoramus, and died. Boy as I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

The last patient was a fashionably dressed and very handsome woman.—Page 540.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was, I thought it then and told him so. I know it now. I made up my mind then, that no other child who came within my reach should ever suffer as she had done; and that I would fight an unending battle against pedantry and pretence. And when I see a mother sacrificing her child to her pleasures I know just where to place her."

This ended the conversation. His face forbade further discussion. And when I saw him next time with his little patients, carefully examining first Miss Hazel and then Jane and Carolyn with a touch as deft as a mother's, I knew the secret of his success, and I slipped quietly away.

My summer holiday ended before the Doctor felt inclined to leave his patient, and I left him there "keeping house" with Miss Hazel and the two young ladies, and waiting, as both Carolyn and Jane informed me, "to see how Miss Hazel's spine was coming on."

I learned afterwards from one of my friends, who was summering at Rock Ledge, that Mrs. Durer, towards September, about the end of the season at ——, where she had her villa, had run down to see her child and been wonderfully surprised and delighted at her improvement. "It's my opinion," said the lady who told me this, "that she was much more interested in that very good-looking and serious-minded doctor-friend of yours than she was in her little girl. She was always after him and he didn't care a button about her. In fact, he left as soon as she came down."

I learned also that an unfortunate misunderstanding had arisen with Mrs. Dow, and Mrs. Durer had taken the little girl back to town.

It seems that Mrs. Durer, however, much pleased with the improvement in her child's appearance, had very fixed views as to her social position and as to the children she should be permitted to play with. When she discovered that her child had been playing with Mrs. Dow's Jane, she threatened the governess with instant dismissal if it should ever occur again.

The result was natural. Both children wept bitterly and Elishy Dow's widow entered the lists. Mrs. Dow was calm to outward appearance; but the fire within burned deep. The grief of the children went to that member which she carefully guarded from public scrutiny; but which could be easily touched if one but knew the way to penetrate beneath the crust. And she nursed her smouldering wrath till Mrs. Durer crossed her path.

That lady drove up to her door the afternoon before she had arranged to return to her home, to explain that she would take her child away next day, and to raise some question about Mrs. Dow's account. She was dressed impressively, but it did not impress Mrs. Dow. Mrs. Durer always declared afterwards that the woman insulted her because she would not permit her to rob her. She as little knew how exact that careful and scrupulous house-wife was, as she knew the real cause of her sudden onslaught on her. A lioness whose den had been invaded and young injured would have been less ferocious.

Mrs. Durer began about the account that had been sent her; but the score Mrs. Dow had to settle was unwritten. She was simply distant and coldly hostile until Mrs. Durer, from her carriage, referred to her as "My good woman." A flash from behind Mrs. Dow's glasses might have warned her; but when she failed to heed it and asked after her "daughter—the unfortunate one—Joan, isn't that her name?" Mrs. Dow opened the engagement.

"I have no daughter of that name," she said with a lift of her head, "and if I had, I don't know as it would matter to you whether she was unfortunate or not, seein' as you have one that appears a mite unfortunate herself, as you don't look after any too carefully."

Mrs. Durer was indiscreet enough to show temper and to reply in kind, and before the engagement was ended, Elishy Dow's widow and Jane's grandmother had told her some home truths about herself which the lady had never dreamed anyone would have been bold enough to hint at. She knew from that authoritative source that she was a cold-blooded, unnatural woman who left her sickly babe to a foreign woman to care for, and that a strange doctor had had to come and look after the child, and that when she herself had come, it was not to see the child, but the Doctor. And all this was told with a directness that had the piercing quality of cold steel.

How Mrs. Dow had come by this knowledge Mrs. Durer had no idea. She denied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

In a few minutes he had the little girl up in his arms.—Page 542.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every part of it vehemently and furiously; but she knew, nevertheless, that it was true and that her enemy had the advantage of knowing it was the truth, and further, of knowing how to use that deadly weapon. So what could she do but take it out on the governess and even on little Carolyn?

Mrs. Dow's comment on the matter was that "Folks as ride in carriages don't hear the truth about themselves any too often, but if they come around Elishy Dow's widow puttin' on their airs, they'll get it."

When next day the little girl with tearful eyes turned up dressed for the journey, with "Miss Hazel" clasped to her breast as the pledge of Jane's undying affection, Mrs. Durer, notwithstanding Carolyn's tears, insisted on the toy being immediately sent back, asserting angrily that it was "nothing but a horrid, old, broken doll anyhow," and she would have nothing about her that reminded her of that outrageous creature.

"But, oh! it's Miss Hazel," wept the little girl, "and her spine hasn't gotten straight yet and I wanted to take her to the Doctor."

"Carolyn, don't be so silly. I will not have any more nonsense."

So the governess was sent back into the house to return Miss Hazel, while Mrs. Durer by turns scolded Carolyn and promised her a fine, new doll.

And this was the end of the little girl's dream.

It was the following winter. One snowy night, the Doctor was coming down his steps to take his carriage, when he ran into a woman hurrying up the steps. "Oh! Doctor," she panted, "come at once—she is so bad."

"Who is? Whom are you talking about?"

"Your little girl—my poor little angel."

"What is the matter with her? How long has she been sick? Who has been attending her? Where is her mother?" were all asked at once, for the Doctor now recognized Mrs. Durer's nurse.

"I don't know, sir, what's the matter. She was taken just after Madame went out to-night. She hasn't been quite well for some time. A doctor came once, but there hasn't been any doctor called in since, because Madame didn't think there was much the matter. You see she hasn't seen much of her lately—she's been so busy going out—but she always runs up every evening before she goes out, to ask if she wants anything." (The Doctor grunted.) "But this evening she was going out to dinner and afterwards to the opera and then she was going on to a ball somewheres. And she got in so late she just had time to dress and didn't have time to come up to the nursery. And the little girl was so disappointed she didn't go to sleep very quickly. But presently she went to sleep pretending that she had "Miss Hazel" in her arms—that's the old doll you mended for 'em last summer—the other little girl gave it to her when Madame took her away and she always loved it best of all, and played that she still had her. Then after she had been asleep a little while she waked and asked for her mamma, and when I went to her she had a burning fever, and was out of her head. And I thought of you at once, because you know her so well. But William—he's the butler, he said as it wasn't etiquette to send for you and Madame would be home before long."

"Etiquette be d——!" growled the Doctor, and opening his carriage he handed the nurse in and sprang in after her.

"I was sure you'd come," panted the nurse, "so I thought I'd come and see you anyway, so I just put on my bonnet and came right away."

A few minutes later the Doctor was at the child's bedside bending over her, examining her with a grave face, while a half dozen sympathetic servants, awestruck at the sudden illness, stood just within or just without the doors.

"Where's Mrs. Durer?" he asked, as he raised up.

"She must be at the ball by this time," said the butler. "She was going to a ball from the opera."

"Send for her at once," he said quietly, and immediately turned all his attention again to the little girl who was muttering in her delirium.

An hour later there was a rush up the stairs, a murmur without, and Mrs. Durer hastily entered the room. She blazed with jewels.

"Oh! my angel! My poor little darling. What is it? Are you ill!"

She paused as she approached the bed, and then stood still, while a look of horror

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came into her face and remained stamped there, as though she had turned to stone.

"Oh! Doctor! What is it? Is she dying?"

"She is very sick," said the Doctor, without taking his eyes from the child's face. The woman threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"My darling—don't you know me? Don't you know Mamma?" she asked.

The deep sunken eyes rested on her a second, but there was no recognition. They turned away, and the child went on muttering:

"Where is Jane! Tell Jane when my beautiful Mamma comes she will play with us."

The Doctor's face hardened at the words. He had heard them often during the past summer, and he knew the sad ending of that dream. The woman at the bedside crouched lower.

"Don't you know Mamma, darling?"

"No. Where is Miss Hazel? When she gets well and strong we will all play together."

Mechanically the woman at the bedside began to strip off her jewels and they rolled down on the floor, without anyone heeding them. "I will get her for you," she said humbly.

A fleeting look of recognition dawned in the little face. "Is she well? May I play with her when I get well?"

"Yes—soon."

"And Jane?—My Mamma won't let me play any more."

Mrs. Durer winced.

"Doctor, what is the matter with her?"

"Starved," said the Doctor.

She sprang to her feet and turned on the nurse like a tigress.

"You! You wretch! How dare you!"

"It was not she," the doctor's voice was low, but vibrant, and his deep eyes burned.

"What?—Who then? I told her to give her the best—to spare nothing."

"She obeyed you, but she could not give her the best."

"What? How could she be starved?"

"It was her heart. It starved."

"You mean—?" Her voice died in her throat as the Doctor suddenly bent low over the child and put his hand on her softly, as after a sigh the tossing ceased and her head sank on the pillow. Mrs. Durer bent forward with horror in her eyes.

"Doctor! what—is—it!"

The Doctor made no reply. He folded the little hands and smoothed the soft hair on the little face which had suddenly grown placid. Then he bent over and kissed the white, calm brow. And when he raised up, his eyes, as he glanced at Mrs. Durer, had softened.

I learned of the death of the little girl through a letter from the Doctor which showed real grief and some bitterness. I knew therefore that the story which came to me of his attention to Mrs. Durer was as unfounded as ever. And when, some years later, I again visited Rock Ledge, now grown to a watering place of the degree which the press calls "some importance," I was interested to learn something of her later history.

It seems that for years the lady returned no more to Rock Ledge; but went abroad annually, returning just in time each season to exhibit at one of the most fashionable summer resorts on the Coast the creations of the first dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix, reinforced gradually more and more by the efforts of other artists. All of which was duly chronicled by those sheets which cater to the millinery tastes of the public which are particularly interested in such important matters. Then after a period in which younger rivals appeared to supplant her in the eye of that public, she reappeared at Rock Ledge. She was still handsome. Some said, handsomer than ever; but my friend who spoke to me of her, said she was the most discontented woman she ever saw; "she wanted nothing that she had and wanted everything else. The fact is," she said, "she always wanted the moon—she wanted to marry that big good-looking doctor who attended her child; and who performed such a wonderful cure in the case of old Mrs. Dow's crippled granddaughter—you know about that?"

I replied that I had heard of it; but she went on to tell me all the details quite as if I had not known them. "You know she did not have any spine at all."

"No, I did not know that," I interjected.

"—Not a particle of one—oh! not the least bit, and your friend took her and just made one for her, and now——"

"How on earth did he perform that miracle?"

"I don't know—you go and see old Mrs. Dow, in the old cottage down under the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big apple-trees, with the lilac bushes by the side door and the peonies and hollyhocks—and she'll tell you. He actually made her one—strapped her to a board for years—and put her in a plaster jacket for I don't know how long, and now—what do you think!" She paused for breath and in the interval I said, "I did not know what to think."

"—She is a trained nurse—a strapping, strong woman—a trained nurse."

This was news, indeed, and my memory of old times and of my first visit to Rock Ledge having been revived by the conversation, I strolled down that afternoon to see Elishy Dow's widow and the old cottage under the big apple-trees.

I found her, like her apple-trees, a good deal aged since I had been one of her early boarders that summer; but with her keen eyes still glinting shrewdly through her spectacles, on which the old silver rims had now been replaced by rims of gold—"given her by Jane," as she mentioned with grandmotherly pride.

She still cherished the memory of Elishy Dow, and apparently cherished some other memories as well. She referred again and again to that summer that I had spent beneath her roof, and showed me a photograph of the Doctor, hung in her front room in a place quite as conspicuous as the memorable portrait of Elishy Dow. It also was the gift of Jane, as she explained.

"Oh! I say, you don't know how much Jane thinks of that man—she don't allow there's anybody in the whole world just exactly like him. Why, she thinks as much of him as if she was his widder. You know she's in his hospital now?——"

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that."

"Oh! bless you! not that away—why, Jane's as well and strong and peart now as anybody. I say, you just 'd ought to see her. Why! the Doctor!—Well, you just 'd ought to see her! You'd hardly believe it."

And then the details came out quite as my friend had said they would.

Also there came another part of the story.

One summer, not long before "just about dusk—well, good dusk," as Mrs. Dow explained, with the particularity natural to her, a knock had come on the door—the side door that the neighbors used—and when she had put down the basket she had in her hand with the hood in it which she was "knitting for Jane," she went to the door—and there was—"Who do you suppose!"

I started to hazard "Jane?" but it was plainly not she, nor could it be Elishy Dow, for according to Captain Spile he was well buried. So I gave it up as someone I could not imagine. Mrs. Dow looked triumphant.

"That woman!" Her face became reflective. "Well, I—!" she began, and then her expression softened. "I don' know as I ever felt so sorry for any woman in my life. I never expected to feel sorry for her; but I did. And do you know I took and showed her this hull house and everything that poor little thing had used. And she cried like her heart would break. And she asked me to take her down to where the Doctor made the play-house for 'em that summer, and asked me if I thought she could buy that place.

"I never expected to be sorry for that woman; but I was. She was so lonesome. She said she didn't have a soul in the worl' as cared for her—just cared for the money she had.

"And as I was showin' her the room that little thing had had, and the bureau, and pulled open a drawer, there was the old doll the Doctor mended for Jane that first summer he came here, when he wanted Jane to let him mend her. Jane had given it to that little girl the day that wom—the day she went away and her mother wouldn't let her keep it, though she cried so—and there it lay just where Jane put it, with the little plaster jacket on it the Doctor made and all, and when that wom—when she saw it she grabbed it up and first thing I knew she fell down flat on the floor with it in her arms kissin' it like 'twas her own child.

"Well, I will say my floor is clean. One thing Elishy Dow al'ays would have was a clean floor. And when she got up, she asked me if I would sell her the doll. I told her 'No,' I couldn't sell her—'t she was Jane's. Then she asked if I thought Jane would sell her; 't she'd give anything for her, 'anything in reason.'"

As she paused I ventured to ask her what her reply was.

"I told her, 'No—I didn't think Jane would; but I thought Jane would want me to give it to her.' She was so lonesome."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SLEEPY LITTLE CITY

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

PROBABLY it would be difficult to find two modes of living more diametrically opposite than those of wide-awake American cities, even the smallest, and the sleepy little cities of the French provinces.

Take for example Coutances, which serves as an excellent model for the rest of the cities of its kind. Of course it is not on the main line of the railway—that would make it too accessible. To arrive there I was obliged to take not exactly my life, but my patience in my hands and travel for hours in a stuffy little train, dragged by an old-fashioned, broken-winded locomotive, constantly emitting the most dreadful protests, which filled the meek-eyed cows that graze along the route with wonder.

After numerous distressing delays and countless stops, there came an abrupt turn in the road, and there on the side of a hill, in a landscape of fresh green fields bounded by distant blue mountains, the silent little city lifted the twin spires of its cathedral, and farther on, the walls of its dismantled donjon into the hazy sky.

And this is Coutances. Half an hour sufficed to know it by heart. The cathedral, a masterpiece in stone, a marvel of the purest Gothic art, attracted me first of all. An indefinable suavity, a glorious serenity, seemed to breathe from its old stones, where sleep memories of an illustrious past. It recalled years of faith and splendor just as the walls of the old donjon, now moss-covered and half hidden by brambles, recalled military supremacy and years of war and siege during the feudal epoch.

It did not take me long to discover that the church and the prison (the donjon) mark the extremes of the city. Between these lies a network of narrow, ill-paved streets where grass and weeds grow between the cobbles, broods of pigeons use the sidewalks as a promenade, and the old slated roofs bend and overlap each other as though weary of the effort of resisting the burning summer suns and the heavy winter rains. As human beings after years of intimate association come to resemble each other, so the more recent constructions, as I thought, have taken on the aspect of their elders, forming a harmonious whole.

Unfortunately this optical feast was suddenly interrupted by a modern monstrosity —the incongruous white façade of a modern city hall, which fairly shouted its discordant note among its resentful but defenceless neighbors. It was at once the pride and admiration of all the citizens, some of whom may be seen at times standing before it with clasped hands and enraptured gaze. Built by a Parisian architect, the marvel was pointed out to me with far more respect than any ancient or more artistic building.

"May I look at your sketch?" said an elderly lady with shining eyes and cheeks like a withered apple. And then, after several minutes spent in careful scrutiny, "It is very nice," she said, "but why do you waste your time drawing an ugly old timbered house like mine, when there is a lovely new city hall in the next street?"

To me one of the most delightful surprises of these sleepy little cities was the rediscovery, as it were, of the old and once sumptuous public garden, now badly kept and delightfully deserted. Here I found the Hermes, the bowling-green, the marble fountain, and the sun-dial so dear to the hearts of our grandfathers. Spectres of the past seemed to lurk in the shadows of the old trees, and the sadness, so characteristic of such spots, added still more to its poetic charm.

Upon entering certain narrow streets that sleep in the shadow of the cathedral, the high garden walls and sombre façades of the old aristocratic mansions inspired me with awe. The echo made by my footsteps on the pavement annoyed me. I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into a civilization of the past, a sort of phantom world, and had anyone addressed me I am convinced I should have replied in a whisper.

From an open window the sound of a *pavane* tinkled by a spinet, floated out upon the air, making my illusion still more complete. Had I then been able to penetrate into that deeply panelled, heavily curtained drawing-room, I am sure I should have found Eighteenth-Century, First-Empire, and Restoration furniture; their faded tapestries harmonizing wonderfully with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the worn gilt frames, from whose depths grave faces of priests and magistrates, daring visages of soldiers, smiles of great dames and coquettish marquises look forth.

With increasing infrequency nowadays, so I have been told, an antique coach rattles from under the crested doorway, bearing upon its worn cushions a handsome, white-haired, benevolent old gentleman, clothed in spotless linen and broadcloth. Or perhaps it carries an aged lady proudly wearing withered furbelows long since out of date.

These are the nobles; sad and venerable silhouettes of an age gone by, all that is left of the country's aristocracy.

Comparatively no commerce, no activity, either mental or physical, exists in the provinces. But because of the absolute tranquillity that reigns without, one must not be deceived into believing that he has discovered the land of perfect concord.

The *bon bourgeois* stays at home, his aim and occupation being to live well and as cheaply as possible. He lives by routine, contracting and repaying his social debts as regularly as he winds the glass-covered clock on the conventional white marble mantel. He has but one dread, the fear that some modern idea may creep in to change his mode of daily existence.

Flaubert, Maupassant, and Anatole France have all described the eccentric inhabitants of these little cities. They are not author's myths; I have seen them all—even the sentimental captain of the gendarmerie, who spends his time dreaming in the moonlight, composing odes or transposing the vicar's sermons into quatrains.

What could be quainter than an old gentleman I met who put all the important events of his family history into rhyme? He was famed, within narrow limits, for his talent as a versifier. His rhymes, however, were not to be recited, but sung. He chose the melodies himself, which were those of popular songs. To one of these tunes, over his mother's coffin in the parish church, he had risen in all solemnity and recited her virtues.

When I reached Coutances this amiable gentleman was marrying off one of his nieces. The wedding party occupying the main dining-room of the hotel, I was obliged to eat in an adjoining room. Sounds of merriment and laughter mingled with the clinking of glasses could be heard from time to time. Presently there was a clapping of hands, followed by a call for someone whose name I could not quite distinguish. After a slight pause, a cracked little treble began to sing a familiar melody which I strove vainly to place. The struggle ceased, however, when the refrain was reached. There were many verses and many repetitions of the refrain, which ran thus:

Tarara boom de ay,
C'est la famille Launay
This is our holiday,
Tarara boom de ay, etc., etc.

Another amusing personality, a man of vast versatility, was a certain M. George Chevrolais. Desiring to consult him about the illness of a pet dog, I found him fitting a pair of spectacles upon a fellow-townsman and making arrangements with a woman to paint her house.

The *chef d'œuvre* of this modern Proteus was a set of scenes built for the sisters of a neighboring convent for the better presentation of their home-made comedies. Drops, wings, and flies were made of solid wood. After the expensive ordeal of getting the things in place, the sisters avoided all further difficulty by having them nailed there.

Then there's a certain old professor who, although pensioned off for many years, could never become accustomed to doing nothing, and who kept up his habits of schoolmaster until the end of his days. In the beginning of his retirement he used to correct the faults in the letters written him by his friends and those in the bills he received. But when these grew more and more scarce he was obliged to resort to correcting the manuscript advertisements pasted daily on the stone walls by peasants having chickens or vegetables to sell, a sewing-machine to exchange, or a house to rent. And he corrected them conscientiously, just as though he were going to hand them back in class the next morning, for happening to cast my eye on those stuck on our garden wall, I noticed that he had underlined the faults with a blue pencil and then in the margin had put the initials necessary to explain his mark—such as FF, *faute de français;* F. O., *faute d'orthographe;* F. S., *faute de syntaxe.*

People with ridiculously small incomes (and it is astonishing on what small ones they maintain themselves here) pass their lives doing nothing; lending their energy to complete useless tasks, wasting hours in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cathedral attracted me first of all.—Page 551.

comical political discussions or local gossip. They read little or nothing, if one except the popular novel as it appears, chapter by chapter, in the Parisian papers. With a bookseller unknown to them, it is easy to imagine how important a part gossip and tale-bearing play in the community. A trip to a neighboring town is a thing prepared for and talked of for months in advance, and the reminiscences of such a journey furnish topics of conversation for decades.

A delightful bit of unconscious humor, serving also as an illustration of the importance of doing nothing, was the daily meeting of several dignified citizens. Every afternoon at an appointed hour they would assemble on the public square. Their attire, the promptness with which they met, the ceremony with which they greeted each other, led me to suppose that some important function was about to take place. At a given moment they turned their steps in the direction of the railway station, whither they went to see the train come in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The town usually receives two annual visits from a travelling theatrical company, and to satisfy the tastes of all the connoisseurs, three and sometimes four pieces are given in the course of a single evening. The night I was present the "Two Orphans," "Camille," and "The Bells of Corneville" were given one after another. It is therefore almost useless to say that the performance commenced at 6.30 and terminated somewhere between midnight and 2 A.M.

Half an hour before the curtain rose a small boy went through the town ringing a large dinner-bell, and as if by magic the streets began swarming with people, all bending their steps in the same direction.

The theatre itself is a curiosity. At one time it had been a grain store-house, and even to-day it sadly resembles its original state. But if there is no carpet it is not missed, for the floors are covered with sawdust. And if the seats are so narrow that no really robust person can sit in them, there are at least two boxes, which on gala occasions are occupied by the mayor and the underprefect respectively.

Once having paid for his seat, the "provincial" never leaves the theatre until the end of the performance, whether it interests him or not, and as he is not accustomed to go so long without refreshment, he carries a basket of provisions on his arm and regales himself between the acts. Certainly there are numerous persons who "look down" on this "vulgar custom," but they belong to the "smart set" and sit in the orchestra stalls. Nevertheless, even they carry boxes of bonbons and candied fruits in a convenient pocket, and pass them discreetly to their friends and neighbors during the entire evening.

It would be impossible to describe the performance given by such a company under such conditions. Suffice it to say that the actors are usually people who have chosen that profession for the lack of something better, and oftentimes to keep from starving. Many of them have heavy debts in almost every town, and it is not astonishing to see a creditor go to the theatre and pay for his seat in order to publicly reclaim his money.

Another thing that astonished me was that the same persons interpreted all three pieces. But the fact that the heavy tragedian of the first play sang the tenor rôle in the third seemed to pass entirely unobserved. I really commenced to wonder whether the public realized when one piece was finished and another begun.

But of one thing I am sure, however, and that is that the crowd in the gallery knows when it has been too long without eating, for if the curtain doesn't drop soon enough to suit its taste, the baskets are produced, corks pop, and the feast begins. And such a feast! Laughter and merriment, songs and jokes, are interspersed from time to time with more than audible remarks about the appearance of certain persons present. And woe be to the bald-headed gentleman who sits below and has forgotten his silk cap. His shiny pate is soon singled out and serves as an excellent target for orange and banana skins, seeds, corks, and, in fact, almost anything that can be thrown without imminent danger of killing. Hence it is no uncommon occurrence to see gentlemen afflicted with baldness enter the theatre with parasols and umbrellas, and if there is the slightest indication of an impending fusilade, up they go, and their neighbors say nothing.

The *bon bourgeois* stays at home.—Page 552.

As the theatre would be too expensive a form of daily, or even weekly amusement, the bourgeois, needing something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He corrects them conscientiously.—Page 552.

to help him while away his time, resorts to the cafés and the *consommations*. In Coutances, as in Paris, the hour for the famous *aperatif* (appetizer) draws most of the town's masculine members toward the cafés, where cards, dice, and billiards are indulged in. Here the affairs of the nation are settled. Here I heard an ardent republican, rousing himself from a half-hour's revery, quietly remark to his neighbor, whose thoughts had wandered in a different direction, that he'd "turn Holland over to Germany as pasture-land, take possession of Spain, and sweep Belgium into the arms of France, her natural protector." And being pressed hard as to the probable results of such a proceeding, he replied, "If it accomplished nothing else it would certainly give England an uncomfortable moment."

Here an enthusiastic imperialist was heard to declare that under the Napoleonic *régime*, whatever else may have happened, the trains were never late.

All this has a strange effect on a newcomer. I was under the impression of living in a community of elderly people, where the children seemed as old as their parents and all seemed much in need of out-of-door recreation. Save for a few courageous boys who ride the bicycle, no sport whatever is practised. In fact, the word did not exist in the French language until a few years ago, when the Academy was forced to adopt the English term.

One summer a suburban newspaper, perceiving the lack of robust youths, began a campaign in favor of these sports, gave illustrations of their benefits in England and in America, and kept harping on the subject until the municipal council appointed a committee to examine the question and take the necessary steps toward the much-needed reform. Having learned of my origin, the "Sporting Committee" waited upon me with the object of learning what they could do as to the games and exercises

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A delightful bit of unconcious humor . . . was the daily meeting of several dignified citizens.—Page 553.

which had contributed to the physical upbuilding of the American. Notwithstanding the fact that they represented the municipal council, the "Sporting Committee" was a remarkable bit of physical dilapidation. One was old, bent, and shaky; another lame and wheezy; while the third was a veritable living skeleton, in a frock coat, gray felt hat, red gloves.

After listening to a long and evidently prepared address, delivered by the gray felt hat and red gloves and being unable by any stretch of the imagination to associate football, golf, or cricket with the committee before me, my sympathy moved me to suggest the mildest possible form of outdoor exercise. I mentioned fishing, and said what I could in its favor. When the committee departed I believe it was with the conviction that through their efforts and within a fortnight's time all the boys in at least one sleepy little city would be well on their way to rugged manhood and physical perfection.

There is hardly a small town in France that has not some culinary specialty, a dish for which it is renowned and of which it is extremely proud. Thus Castelnaudary has its *cassoulet*, a peculiar manner of cooking beans; Vire, its *andouilles*, a kind of sausage; Montelimar, its *nougat;* Remisemont, its *truite pâté;* Caen, its *tripe à la mode;* Marseilles, its *bouillabaisse*, of which Thackeray sang. A hundred might be named, for even in the most out-of-the-way places I have come upon some famous local delicacy, and it would be easy for me to draw a gastronomical map of France on which all lovers of good eating might trace an incomparable and original journey.

To be sure one dines less luxuriously *en province* than in Paris, but the cooking is incontestably better, for the dishes are discussed and sagely meditated upon. Here imposing red-cheeked vestals stand before immense ovens or bend over open chimney-places, fanning the sacred fires of their art, and, ever faithful to old recipes, produce culinary masterpieces.

Perhaps no event, not even the presidential train, which passes through the city at forty miles an hour, is of greater importance than a dinner. From the moment the invitations are issued—that is to say, about a month before the event takes place—the whole family busies itself with the *menu*. In this narrow society of *petits bourgeois*, where everyone is a connoisseur and where culinary rivalry exists, an indifferent dinner is a defeat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hostess, when setting the date for the repast, takes particular pains to see that it falls either on market-day or the day after, so that everything will be fresh, for in such towns the *grand marché* (market) is held only once a week, and sufficient fresh provisions must be secured then to last.

To the men falls the task of selecting the wines, and hours are spent in making the choice. Like family heirlooms, wine-cellars are handed down from generation to generation, more care being often bestowed upon them than upon children.

The town undergoes a transformation on market-days, for even those who are not able to give dinners congregate to gossip. The bustle that agitates the little streets from daybreak until noon astounds one who has seen the town on other days. There, in front of the cathedral, along the four sides of the square, may be seen great heaps of cabbages, carrots, turnips, pumpkins, and fruits, their contrasting colors flashing in the morning sunlight.

Here we may see our all-important hostess, followed by a maid bearing a large basket on her arm, wending her way from mound to mound, nodding and smiling to the peasant women, who in charming rustic costume preside over the merchandise.

Fish, poultry, pigs, and cattle are sold in the open air. Many were the lessons in economy that I learned from the thrifty, frugal merchants, whose minute savings, sewed in old stockings and hidden between mattresses, constitute the inexhaustible wealth of their nation.

The farmers and peasants, unlike the bourgeois, are, for the most part, modest people who live the same healthy lives and follow the same customs as their fathers and grandfathers before them. The women cling to their starched bonnets and the men to their blue cotton blouses as though they were sacred inheritances.

Living in close harmony with nature, they seem to have solved the problem of reducing human needs to the minimum. One or two incidents of their wonderful economy seem well worth relating.

I was the owner of a rickety little cottage on the outskirts of a Norman village. My

The "Sporting Committee"—Page 555.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Charles Huard.

In front of the cathedral may be seen great heaps.—Page 557.

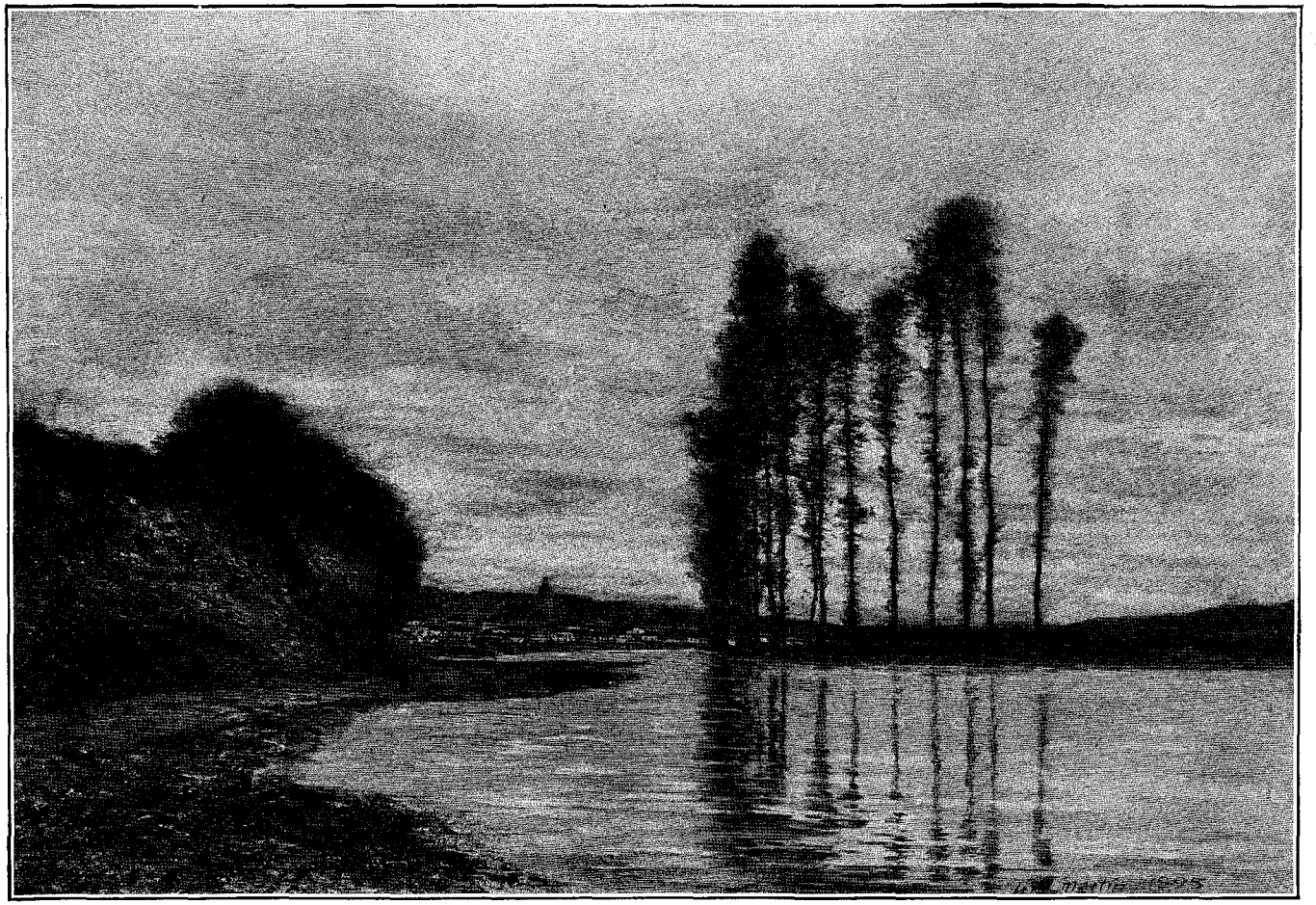
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenant, a gardener with a large family, was constantly complaining that his dwelling needed repairs. After careful inspection I decided that the repairs in question would cost more than the place was worth, and I determined to sell if I should be lucky enough to find a purchaser. This I regarded as almost impossible. Happening to mention the matter to the gardener, to my amazement he offered to buy. This man who, when he was fortunate enough to be employed, earned two and a half francs a day, had been able not only to raise and educate a family of seven healthy, happy children and pay his quarterly rent, but also pay us the considerable sum of seven thousand francs, and became the owner of land and home.

Their frugality is proverbial. It is simply the story of the wonderful recuperative powers of France. The world knows how, when beaten and humiliated by Germany in 1870, robbed of a portion of her territory (Alsace and Lorraine), with hostile troops placed in her midst, France freed herself from the presence of the detested intruder. The indemnity demanded was such that even the most hopeful despaired. It was thought it must be years before the country would be rid of the foreigner. In a few days he was gone. And the world will never forget that it was not by the nobility, nor through foreign loans, that this was accomplished, but by the hoarded gold of the despised peasant and the *bon bourgeois* of the sleepy little cities of France.

The town undergoes a transformation on market days.—Page 557.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a painting by Homer D. Martin.

View on the Seine.

See "The Field of Art."—Page 637.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY HUT

By John Finley

THERE lies my body, pulsing, yet not I,
'Tis but the hut in which I sojourn here;
To it at morning, noon, and eve I go
For food, and when the night o'ertakes me, tired,
I lay me down beneath its roof to sleep.

By day I wander, waking, where I will:
'Neath Afric's sun, in Arctic snows, and feel
Nor heat nor cold; I delve in Indian lore,
With Plato sit, and e'en with Adam walk
In that eld garden of his paradise;

Yet if I would with nearest neighbor speak,
Or sign to him with words, I must come back
To this my hut, where hence and hither run
The wires of converse with the outer world,
My telephonic booth, in which alone
I may call others to my spirit's voice,
Or hear another spirit calling mine.

Alone? I wonder, wishing, if it be
That we shall some day find ourselves exempt
From Cadmus' thrall, free of the vibrant cords,
Potent to hear and hail outside these booths,
To cry across the silent ages gone,
Nor needing matter's ion wings to bear
Our thoughts through present space. . . . .

. . . . . Shall we, who now
Can venture from our huts no farther way
Than that a pin-prick straight will bring us back,
Turned nomad then beneath a boundless sky,
With no roof over us nor walls about,
Nor apparition even of a house,
The ghostly tent, to give us haunt of earth,—
Shall we keep old companionships and loves,
Not those alone of friends in exile too,
Who, too, have learned the nomad tongue with us,
As deaf or blind in lone asylum shut,
But that loved commune with those other souls
Who still remain beneath the mortal thatch?

. . . . . .

Last night I heard one say how on the deep
He called his brother, leagues of dark away,
Roused him from sleep and quick got his reply
Of that far continent toward whose shores
Himself was sailing, seeking some new word;
And, hearing this known miracle, I prayed,
Out of new faith, our spirits might be tuned
That each the other's cry might hear, and each
The other's need might know, though it were night,
Though mountains lay between, or seas, or days,
Though dark or distance intervened—or death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GAME BY WIRE

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

"IF you have any explanation to offer, you may make it to me on the dock."

So the angry letter concluded; and in consequence John Stanley journeyed for two days eastward. He had several consoling thoughts; one was that, however the affair was adjusted, he might now see the Yale-Harvard football game at New Haven.

He arrived in Boston on Wednesday evening; Mr. Prentice's steamer was due on Thursday. Now, although Stanley came from the West and was a Yale man, he knew his way round Boston; and after dining he betook himself up Beacon Street to Mr. Prentice's house. While he waited in the hall he heard from above Lucy Prentice's clear voice reading aloud as follows: "At left end is Prentice, who though new to 'Varsity football this year, and opposed by perhaps the strongest player in the Yale line, is expected to give a good account of himself. His speed in getting down under kicks and his——"

The reading ceased; a moment later John Stanley was ascending the stairs to the library. There, standing by a table expectantly, was Lucy Prentice alone; she came forward with a little start of nervous eagerness, with a jubilant welcome shining in her face.

"John Stanley! I had no idea you were in town! How splendid! Mamma's so sorry not to see you, but she's not very well—I was reading to her."

"About young Prentice—yes, I heard you."

"About him and the man that plays opposite him. Tell me—what does your brother say? You'll go down to the game with us—we have a special car. It will be full of Harvard people; and it will be perfectly fine to have one lone Eli. We will all have such fun jollying you."

"Except on the trip back," observed Stanley. "Then it will be my turn."

She scoffed at the confidence of Yale men; he listened without resentment. In that yellow dress, with her dark beauty, she was quite enrapturing; and he enjoyed her prattle. He had made a note of her nervous, eager start toward him. Perhaps it was one of the little tricks that made her so popular with men; but perhaps it had in this instance a special genuineness. Her talk flowed on, easily, happily.

"And isn't it funny," she was saying, "to think that my Tom doesn't know your Ted at all!"

"They will know each other pretty well after Saturday," he answered.

"Does your Ted slug?"

"Does your Tom hold in the line?"

"Oh, you must—you must come with us in our car!" she exclaimed. "I so want to exhibit you to my Harvard friends."

"As a—as a possession?" he ventured.

"As my dearest enemy," she answered.

"Well—even that tempts me. But I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Oh, business may prevent. I'm in Boston on business."

"Paving business?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Father wouldn't miss this game for anything; and he wouldn't have you miss it."

"When will his steamer get in to-morrow?"

"Not till late in the afternoon—and perhaps not until Friday morning. They've had fog and a rough passage."

"A combination which is likely to make one irritable," said Stanley meditatively.

"Oh! Then things haven't been going well?"

"Not very," he admitted.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She looked at him with such compassion that he exclaimed:

"I—of course I wanted to make good in this job especially; it's rather a disappointment. But however it comes out, I'm not beaten; I'm really not, you know. I want you to understand that."

"Not yet, of course—not till Saturday,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she answered lightly. "And Saturday we'll count on you in our special car."

"I'd rather leave it open until I've talked with your father. To be frank—he may prefer *not* to see me in your special car."

"Dear me!" She sighed. But she did not press him for any further confidences. She returned to the subject, however, late in the evening when he was taking his departure.

"If it's such a deadly feud, perhaps we'll never meet again—unless you come to luncheon to-morrow? Mamma would be sorry to miss you entirely."

So he came to luncheon the next day. It was blowing a gale; resort to the telephone elicited from the Cunard office the information that the *Bohemia* would not arrive before Friday night; a wireless to the station on Cape Cod had announced some mishap to her engines.

"Well," said Lucy Prentice, "father is making pretty close connections."

"Oh, I hope," cried Mrs. Prentice, "that nothing more will happen to detain him! This is Tom's last year at Harvard, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Prentice regards Tom's playing in this Yale game as the greatest event of his own life; he wouldn't miss it for worlds. And I don't know how I could endure it myself if Mr. Prentice could not be there; it makes me quite faint whenever I think of it."

"You will have my strong young shoulder to lean on," said Lucy. "But the old boat will get in on time; don't worry."

When late in the afternoon he was taking his leave, John Stanley suggested to Lucy that, as they might never see each other again after Friday, they celebrate this possibly last evening by going to the theatre. He generously included Mrs. Prentice in the invitation. Lucy thought nothing could be more agreeable. Mrs. Prentice decided that she did not care to go; but that Lucy was old enough to go alone with a young man if she chose to. And she suggested that Mr. Stanley come to dinner.

When at the end of a cheerful little play they emerged from the theatre rain was falling. Therefore, during the drive home they discussed not the play but the weather probabilities for Saturday, and the comparative merits of the two teams on wet grounds. When they reached the house Stanley accepted an invitation to come in for supper. He was led into talking about Western cities as places to live in. He believed that every woman ought to live for a while in a Western city. "Rather than Boston?" Lucy suggested doubtfully. "Oh! distinctly rather than Boston." She looked as if—though his convictions were different from hers—she liked to have him so emphatic.

Into his leave-taking he infused a note of melancholy. "We'll probably meet to-morrow night on the dock," she reminded him. "And if not there—Saturday in our special car." He admitted the possibilities, but indicated his preference for a touching farewell, in case— He left it vague.

It rained all night; all Friday until three o'clock in the afternoon—a steady, still, warm rain. Then the rain ceased in a drizzle, and a fog steamed up from the earth and met another fog shutting down from the sky.

Stanley had tried to spend a profitable morning. He had visited the Art Museum and the Public Library, and, finally, Harvard College. At this last institution, however, instead of inspecting in a reverent spirit the glass flowers and other improving objects, he sought out certain undergraduates and—like a typical Yale man—goaded them into betting on their team. At two o'clock he returned to Boston, through the weltering fog. From the Touraine he telephoned to the Cunard wharf; yes, the *Bohemia* had arrived at noon off Boston Light and had anchored to await high tide—which would be at six o'clock. But if the fog did not lift before seven o'clock she would not dock until Saturday morning.

With sudden concern Stanley left the telephone booth and gazed out of the window. The fog was thicker than ever; the lights in the windows across the street made a golden blur, revealing nothing; cabs and wagons emerged suddenly from nothingness, and were as suddenly consumed by mist. Stanley returned to the telephone. Miss Prentice was at home; Miss Prentice, in fact, answered his call.

Yes, she had telephoned to the wharf; wasn't it disgusting? Of course the fog wouldn't lift. She felt awfully sorry for her father; he had sailed especially to see Tom play. And her mother was almost prostrated with sympathy and disappointment. "But there's one good thing, any way," she added. "Now you can join us in our special car."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, but I'm worse off than ever," said Stanley. "Your father told me to meet him on the dock."

"Don't be any silly Casabianca," urged Lucy. "You'll see him to-morrow night—and that will do just as well as the morning."

"But it won't. I must get back and bid on some contracts Monday. And I can just do it by leaving New York to-morrow night; I couldn't do it by leaving Boston."

"Dear me! Well—if papa's ship doesn't get in, why don't you come round to dinner this evening and cheer us up?"

"Delighted—especially as it may be the last chance I shall ever have——"

"Oh, yes. We must never forget that. We'll expect you at seven—if papa's ship doesn't come in."

The *Bohemia* did not dock that night. And again it was after midnight when John Stanley left the Prentices' house. He bore affectionate messages from wife and daughter for the husband and father; he had Mr. Prentice's ticket for the football game in his pocket, for the chance still remained that the boat might dock early enough in the morning to permit an enthusiastic parent to catch a train for New Haven.

Stanley rose at five; by six he was at the dock. The fog had not yet lifted; the minutes and hours slipped by; and at last Stanley gave up hope. Then suddenly at ten minutes past nine the harbor and its islands emerged and soon lay clear and shining, and the *Bohemia* was steaming up from quarantine.

Mr. Prentice was the first passenger off the boat. He ran into the customs room; Stanley pursued him.

"If you're lucky, you can just get the ten o'clock," Stanley said, trotting up by his side. "The last special left at nine. Here's your ticket to the game."

"Thanks." Mr. Prentice glanced at Stanley and seized the ticket. "I've fixed it with the inspector—passed through without my trunks." He went down the steps three at a time, with Stanley at his heels. "South Terminal," he said to a cabman. "Five dollars extra if I catch the ten o'clock."

Stanley climbed in beside his chief, and the cabman started the horse on a run.

"So you're going, too?" said Mr. Prentice.

"Yes. It's the only chance I'll have to explain to you. I must leave New York to-night if I'm to put in a bid on those Fryeville contracts."

"Oh, very well. Twelve minutes to ten. We'll never do it."

"Just a chance," said Stanley. "If we do make it—and the train's on time—we'll miss only the first twenty minutes of the game."

They swept down to the East Boston ferry just to see the gates closed—just to see the ferry-boat slide out from the slip.

"Damn!" said Mr. Prentice. "That does us." He took off his hat and thumped the brim of it angrily upon his knee. "I have a son playing in that game to-day; I've come all the way from Europe to see him play."

"It's hard luck," said Stanley. He made no allusion to his own disappointment. "But we may get the train after all—if it's late in starting."

They reached the station at ten minutes past ten; the train had gone.

"You can take me back to the dock," Mr. Prentice said to the driver. "After I have got my luggage through the customs, I will see you, Mr. Stanley, at my office."

"It might be better," said Stanley, "if you would let me talk with you now. For about those contracts—I ought to leave this afternoon if we're to bid for them. I could explain matters to you, Mr. Prentice, while we're driving back."

"Oh, very well; if it's as easy as all that."

Stanley flushed.

"I understood," he said, "when I was made Superintendent of the Tristate Section, that I was to get the business—that this was more important, to begin with, than to show profits."

"But it was never intimated to you that you were to sacrifice profits—to undertake heedless, reckless, extravagant contracts. You were to get all the business possible regardless of profits—but not regardless of loss."

"With two competing companies against us, I did the closest figuring I could," Stanley replied. "If we had had normally good luck, we'd have come out about even. But after getting the contract, we were delayed in our work by two weeks of rain, and by having to wait for sand shipments. Because of these delays we ran behind—but it wasn't because I had been reckless in my figuring."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That may all be true—but it's your business, when you find unexpected expense developing in one direction, to economize in another—and bring the company through without loss. You've had charge of three big jobs since you were made superintendent; every one of them has stood us a big loss. I don't deny that there's been some hard luck about it—but what I want—what I mean to have—is a superintendent with ingenuity enough to cope with hard luck."

"You mean by—evading the specifications?"

"I mean nothing in particular. I do not inquire into the methods by which ingenuity is applied—but what I want, what I must have, is ingenuity—resourcefulness—and you haven't it. I happen to know that the superintendent of the Etna Company has made big profits for his concern under conditions similar to yours."

"Yes," said Stanley. "He scamped on the concrete and filled up with sand and gravel beyond what the terms of the contract called for. His work will need to be done over again within a year. I don't know any other way of coming out even when bids are low and luck is against you, Mr. Prentice."

"I don't know what ways there may be, and I don't care to know," replied Mr. Prentice irascibly. "But as long as they exist and there are men of ingenuity who can operate our plant at a profit instead of at a loss, my company will avail itself of those men."

"I only do honest work," said Stanley.

"Young man, that observation is offensive. If the only resources open to your ingenuity are dishonest, don't arrogate to yourself all the ingenuity there is in the paving business. Other men may accomplish better results than you by methods that are perfectly legitimate. Since your feeling is what it is, perhaps you feel that you had better separate yourself from the service of the company."

"Perhaps I had." Stanley drew out of his pocket some papers. "I left everything in good shape; Holmes understands all about the matters in the office. I've drawn up a statement for you of the situation; here it is. And here are all the data that will be needed in bidding for the Fryeville contracts."

Mr. Prentice took the papers and thrust them into his pocket.

"I wish you success, Mr. Stanley, in your next venture."

"Thank you." Stanley called to the driver, and the cab stopped. "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

Stanley alighted, touched his hat, and walked away.

He had kept control of himself; now, however, his lips tightened angrily, and he walked on without noticing where his steps were leading him. He had foreseen that this outcome was possible, and had calmly prepared for it; the accurate notes which he had turned over to Mr. Prentice had been made for this very contingency. Yet all the while he had never really believed it could happen. Dismissed because he would not be dishonest! "It's the only way of looking at it—the only way," he insisted to himself as he hurried blindly along. And to think that Mr. Prentice was that kind of a man!

There wasn't a gleam of light anywhere. He had sacrificed, all for nothing, his chance of going to the game with Lucy—of seeing the game. And it was the last year that Ted would ever play; and next to his mother and Lucy he admired Ted more than anyone in the world; if he had had nothing else to consider, he would have spent his last cent to see Ted play. And Ted would think he was there, and would be looking for him in the stand, and after the game.

On the ferry-boat John Stanley leaned with both elbows on the rail and stared down into the water with a woebegone face.

II

Mr. Prentice's irritation grew. In his painstaking fashion, he had made out a complete inventory of his purchases abroad and handed it to the customs officer with his declaration. It was a modest list, reaching a total, as he had laboriously computed, of $347.53. With this in hand the inspector was going methodically through all Mr. Prentice's possessions. Meanwhile, Mr. Prentice sat on a trunk and watched him with a hard, disgusted eye. "Young man," he barked suddenly, so that the inspector

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spun about startled, "you're the second person to-day that's taken me for a crook."

"Oh, no, sir," the inspector replied. "Only it often happens that the persons who hand in itemized lists are the very ones that are hoping to conceal things of value and—well, I haven't had much to do this morning——"

"It must be a fascinating recreation," observed Mr. Prentice. "I have handed in my statement and taken my oath that it is correct, but there is no reason for you to believe that I am animated by fear of God, reverence for truth, respect for law, or any feeling of patriotism whatever. As I say, you are the second person to-day who has taken me for a crook."

The inspector flushed angrily. Then, after a brief survey of Mr. Prentice's face, his indignation disappeared in a grin.

"If you looked any different from what you do and talked like that," he said, "I'd think you were a crook, sure. But I guess I have some sense. I won't annoy you any more."

He closed the trunk and affixed his stamp to the label.

"This way, sir; and they'll figure out the duty."

Mr. Prentice followed him to the assessor's window, paid the fifty-three dollars demanded, and then turned to the inspector.

"I lost my temper; I'm obliged to you for your courtesy," he said. "I like men that can see straight when they're mad. I can't do it myself."

He swung round and marched away.

Yes; that was the trouble with young Stanley—he couldn't see straight when he was mad. If he had had a grain of common sense he'd have known better than to take a few peevish and perverse utterances so literally. Driving home, Mr. Prentice began to heap reproaches upon himself, however, rather than upon Stanley. He had been irritated by Stanley's poor showing as superintendent, and had thought a good scare and scolding would be beneficial. But he had meant to turn a mild, indulgent ear to the young man after Stanley had been sufficiently cowed. Instead, he had let himself be cornered unpleasantly, and then, with the devil of wrong-headedness and pride in command, he had been unable to extricate himself from a false position. And the poor young thing felt he had been dismissed because he wouldn't stoop to dishonesty! It would have been ludicrous had it not been so annoying, so unjust. That upon which Mr. Prentice prided himself was his integrity in all business dealings.

"I suppose I'll have to get hold of that young man again and smooth things out," he grumbled to himself. "Confound it, I don't know where he's stopping—or where he'll go when he leaves Boston."

At home Mr. Prentice found affectionate, commiserating notes from his wife and daughter—a pathetic welcome for the returned traveller. He wandered about the house, poking into the different rooms and renewing in this desultory way the feeling of being at home again. Then he went to his office, where he was reminded of the Fryeville contract and the necessity of telegraphing instructions to Holmes. He remembered the papers which Stanley had given him; they proved to be the complete statement of the Fryeville specifications and requirements, the complete figuring to meet them—figuring which, as Mr. Prentice, after long study, recognized, was of the closest, most expert kind.

Mr. Prentice despatched a long telegram to Holmes, the assistant superintendent of the Tristate Paving Company. In it he incorporated all the items which Stanley had left with him, and gave orders to bid for the Fryeville contract. He added that Stanley's return was delayed for a few days.

Then he began telephoning round to the hotels. He learned that John Stanley had been stopping at the Touraine, but that within an hour he had paid his bill and departed.

III

STANLEY had gone to the station, meaning to take the first train for New Haven. He could not see the game, but he would at least be on hand to share his brother's rejoicing or sorrow—shake his hand or hold it. Then it occurred to him that if he took this train he would get no news of the game until it was all over. And he remembered reading in the morning newspaper that the plays were to be reproduced by wire at Mechanics Hall. So he decided to wait over for the returns; he could still get to New Haven in time for any jollification.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The game was to begin at two; at a quarter before the hour Stanley entered Mechanics Hall.

This is a vast and unbeautiful auditorium. For the occasion it had been dressed up in a manner that implied patriotism on the part of the management. The roof displayed a red, white, and blue vertebrate appearance; one long, broad streamer of tricolored bunting extended like a backbone down the middle of the roof and threw out on either side ribs of similar material. Also bunting framed the three pictures at the back of the stage—pictures of "The Boston Tea Party," "Eliza Escaping Over the Ice," and "John Eliot Preaching to the Indians." At the front of the stage was the apparatus for recording the progress of the game—a blackboard marked out like a football field, with an imitation football suspended over it by a wire along which it could be moved at will. A telegraph operator was busy with his instrument, and near him stood a large man in a frock-coat. The front half of the auditorium was closely filled with people; there was a sprinkling farther back and in the gallery, and the crowd was flowing in faster and faster and spreading over the floor. Stanley secured a seat near the aisle. He looked round. People were standing up beckoning to friends, pretty girls were nodding and smiling across distant spaces, middle-aged and elderly gentlemen and small schoolboys filed down the aisles and off right and left to seats; also many persons whose academic associations were obviously remote, whose cigars pointed at angles from their mouths, and whose hats were canted at angles on their heads. Among them all Stanley saw no familiar face.

The large man in the frock-coat, who had been bending over the telegraph operator, advanced to the edge of the platform.

"There is no wind," he proclaimed in a truly stentorian voice.

This momentous announcement was received with applause. Stanley began to feel excited—he began to feel very much as if he were actually in the New Haven stand waiting for the game to begin.

The man in the frock-coat advanced again.

"The Harvard team has just trotted on the field."

There was then great applause—clapping of hands and an inarticulate loud bawl from the middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, the small schoolboys, and the pretty girls.

Stanley felt that his part this afternoon would indeed be lonely and conspicuous.

"The Yale eleven has just trotted on the field."

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, clapping his hands; but to his surprise he was not alone in this demonstration—there were noisy outbreaks in different parts of the hall. "Brek-ek, Koax, Yale. Siss boom oh, rah, Yale!" shouted some one behind him. Stanley turned and saw with indignation that the deliverer of this mutilated cheer was an unshaven, red-nosed person with an Irish mouth, a soiled collar, and a debilitated silk hat. With him a coterie of younger but equally unattractive "sports" stamped and whistled their jubilation. Stanley surveyed them with disgust. In New Haven it had always seemed perfectly reasonable for the muckers to cheer for Harvard; it was offensive to find that in Boston the muckers cheered for Yale.

Then he caught sight of Mr. Prentice advancing down the aisle, casting about for a seat. And instantly he faced round toward the stage.

Someone, he was aware, passed in and took a seat behind him.

"The two captains are talking with the referee. The referee flips a coin."

There was a moment's silence, during which the announcer bent over the telegraph operator. Then he straightened up.

"The two elevens are going to their places. It is Yale's ball."

Stanley had an instant mental picture of his brother Ted, out on the right end of the line, left foot advanced, bending forward on tiptoe for the start; Stanley's hands were cold with excitement, and he felt the nervous tremor that he used to feel at this moment when he was actually present at the play.

"Thompson kicks for Yale to Harvard's fifteen-yard line; Williams catches and runs the ball back to Harvard's thirty-five-yard line."

The announcer's assistant pulled a string and the ball hopped to position.

"Hinchman gains two yards through centre."

"Williams tries Yale's right end, but is thrown by Stanley for a loss of three yards."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A-ay!" shrieked Stanley, beating his hands together.

"Well, well, well!" shouted triumphantly one of the Yale sympathizers in the rear. The tone was so offensive that Stanley turned his head—and saw Mr. Prentice in the row behind, smiling at him.

Mr. Prentice leaned forward. "We cheer for opposite sides."

"Yes," said Stanley. He again faced round to the stage.

"Hammond drops back to kick."

"Hammond kicks to Baird on Yale's thirty-yard line, and Baird is tackled by Prentice and thrown in his tracks."

Harvard cheered; Mr. Prentice let out a great bellow and pounded on the floor with his cane. He leaned forward and said to Stanley in a jubilant voice, just as if they were friends, "That's my boy."

Stanley nodded. "I've heard he's good."

"Morris tries Harvard's centre, but does not gain an inch."

Again there was applause from Harvard. "Should have tried right end," Stanley muttered.

There was silence, during which the click of the instrument was audible even to those in the middle of the hall. The announcer, who had been bending over the operator, straightened up.

"With Stanley blocking off for him beautifully, Mercer circles Prentice for fifteen yards."

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, and elsewhere there rose small cheers. And when these had subsided one of the pseudo-Yale contingent in the background ejaculated, with loud, insolent satisfaction: "Well, well, well! *How* about it?"

Mr. Prentice leaned forward again.

"I don't like your man Stanley," he said good-naturedly. "I wish he'd leave my boy alone. Any relation of yours?"

"Brother."

"What! And you're not there to see him! Why—why didn't you go?"

"Oh," Stanley said rather bitterly, "the reasons are no longer important."

The remark seemed to have effectively silenced Mr. Prentice.

The next reports recorded small but steady Yale gains. By assaults upon Harvard tackles, which won two or three yards invariably, Yale progressed to Harvard's forty-yard line. Here the Harvard defence stiffened, and on two downs Yale had still five yards to gain.

Then there was a long wait.

"They're slow in sending," murmured the schoolboy who sat with his father next to Stanley, and who had been cheering for Harvard on the slightest provocation.

The announcer advanced portentously. "With magnificent interference by Stanley, Mercer circles Prentice. He is pulled down by Hall on Harvard's ten-yard line."

The massive, disapproving silence seemed to emphasize the sparse, vigorous applause. Stanley was clapping his hands, bouncing round in his seat, and yelling.

"Well, well, well! *What's* going to happen?" came the derisive inquiry from one of the Yale sympathizers behind.

"Brek-ek Koax; Siss boom, rah, Ya-ale!" bawled the red-nosed Irish-looking person.

"Watch for a touchdown round Prentice!" cried another.

From the movement behind him, Stanley imagined that Mr. Prentice had turned to glower indignantly at the author of this suggestion—and Stanley chuckled. "That's the place, though," he said to himself. "Mercer and Ted can do the trick."

Then the announcer flung up his hand in excitement and shouted:

"Yale fumbles!" The crowd sprang up with a yell. The announcer implored silence, stretching out his hands, and the noise quieted. "The ball rolls out from a scrimmage; little Prentice is Johnny on the spot, and starts with a clear field for a touchdown." Then the tumult broke loose again; they were all on their feet, shrieking, flourishing hats; all but Stanley and a few half-hidden figures here and there; the announcer still stood smiling. And when the shouting had subsided again, "He is overhauled by Stanley on Yale's eight-yard line."

With a final joyous clapping the audience resumed their seats. The schoolboy beside Stanley turned round. "Well, well, well! *What's* going to happen!" he cried viciously at the Yale enthusiasts.

"Sh-h, Jack! Don't be cheap!" his father rebuked him.

It gave Stanley an excuse for looking round; disappointed as he was, he had somehow a desire to see Mr. Prentice at that moment. He caught Mr. Prentice in the act of wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley climbed in beside his chief.—Page 564.

The Harvard centre was stronger than the Yale centre; and in three more plays Harvard crowded across the line for a touchdown. The auditorium resounded with the cheers; presently these were diverted into a great chorus as the crowd swung into the song,

"Glory, glory, glory to the Crimson,
For this is Harvard's Day."

And Stanley muttered to himself, "It is certainly not much of a day for the Stanley brothers."

Soon it was announced that there were but three minutes of the first half left to play. The ball had wavered back and forth above the middle of the blackboard, and had come to rest on Harvard's fifty-yard line — in Yale's possession. The crowd had settled back into comfortable assurance.

After a pause the announcer paced forward with great deliberation. There was something solemn in his manner.

"Yale has executed a trick play." He spoke with reluctance; he hesitated, and the crowd hung upon his fateful, carefully spaced words. "Burke passes the ball to Stanley, and from nearly the middle of the field, with the whole Yale team interfering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for him, Stanley carries it over Harvard's line for a touchdown."

Stanley leaped to his feet; and while the supporters behind him were yapping out taunts and jeers at Harvard, he swung his arms as if he was leading a multitude, and cried out all alone the real Yale cheer. The Harvard people turned to look; some of them smiled at him a little wistfully, and because he was so clearly a Yale man they clapped him when he sat down.

"Are *you* Stanley's brother?" he asked.

"Yes." Stanley laughed. "And that gentleman that I just shook hands with is Prentice's father."

The boy glanced behind him and then at Stanley again with puzzled but respectful interest.

The half ended with the score six to six.

"Mr. Stanley"—Mr. Prentice leaning forward spoke in a low voice—"I tried to reach you by telephone an hour ago. Will you allow me a few minutes' talk with you after the game?"

"You're the second person to-day that's taken me for a crook."—Page 566.

"Why don't you cheer for Stanley?" asked the schoolboy next to him in a resentful voice. "He's the whole Yale team."

"I'm cheering for him, all right," said Stanley with a grin. He felt someone nudging him from behind. He turned; Mr. Prentice put his hand over his shoulder.

"That run of your brother's," said Mr. Prentice. "It got by my boy—but it must have been a corker. Shake."

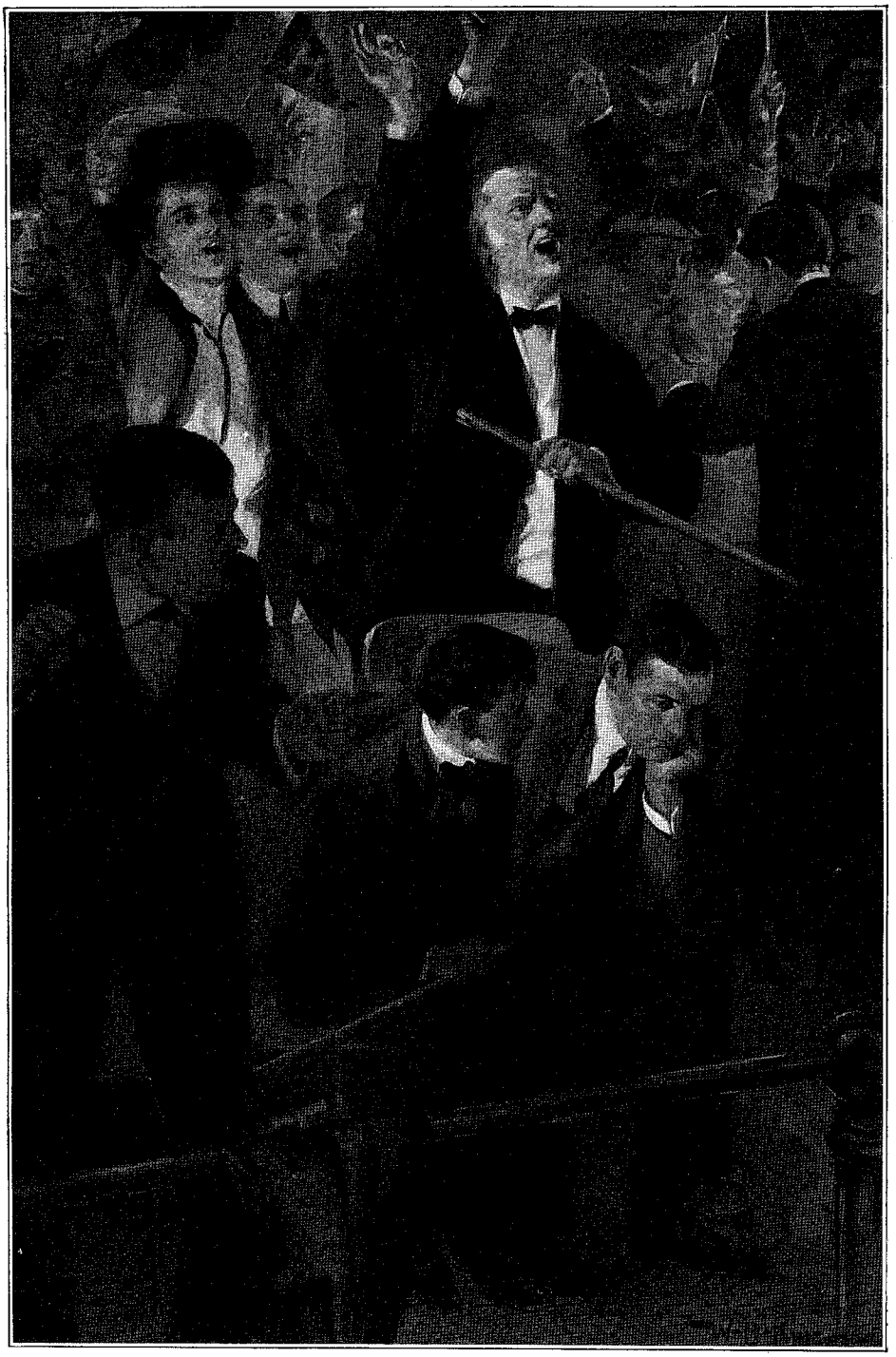
Then Stanley put out his hand.

The schoolboy had been taking this in with open eyes.

"Of course—if you wish it." Stanley's mood had altogether changed; he was feeling friendly now with all the world.

Mr. Prentice sat forward and asked him about his brother, and how old Ted was and how heavy and where he had learned to play; and also he told Stanley about his boy Tom. And as the immediate neighbors began to understand that the father and the brother of two opposing players were discussing their heroes together, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by W. B. King.

"I know we'd never have got it if your brother had been in the game."—Page 573.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group gathered near them in the aisle and listened curiously.

The intermission came to an end; the wanderers returned to their seats. For the first ten minutes the reports showed that both teams were playing on the defensive; it was chiefly now a kicking game; back and forth travelled the ball, with neither side gaining any notable advantage. Then came the statement:

"For Harvard, Williams makes one yard round Stanley. Stanley is hurt. Prentice is disqualified for slugging him. Harvard protests the decision."

There was a dead silence, then an excited hum all through the audience.

"My boy never slugged; he never slugged!" Mr. Prentice declared it passionately in Stanley's ear.

"I don't believe he did," Stanley replied.

Mr. Prentice sat forward with his head up, anxious and defiant. Stanley crouched with his elbows on his knees.

"I hope your brother isn't much hurt," said the schoolboy next to him.

"Thank you; I guess he'll be all right," said Stanley.

But he still sat forward, hugging his arms in suspense.

At last came the message:

"Dunlap is warming up to take Stanley's place, but Stanley refuses to leave the field." And Harvard as well as the brother clapped at that. "Stanley supports the Harvard protest. The referee reverses his decision—Prentice is allowed to play; and before the line-up Prentice and Stanley shake hands."

The applause for Prentice's long run, and for the Harvard touchdown had been no greater than that which now erupted from the audience. And Mr. Prentice, while he clapped and shouted, babbled intermittently into Stanley's ear—babbled emotionally: "That brother of yours—I—well, I hope Tom would have done the same."

But Stanley was too happy at that moment to have the slightest thought of Tom.

"Williams tries Stanley again, and gains a yard," proclaimed the announcer. "Stanley is hurt again."

"That's it; they're tryin' to do him up!" shouted one of the Yale sympathizers. "It's the only chance they've got."

"Cut it out!" retorted an irritated Harvard man from across the aisle.

"What do you think is the trouble with your brother?" Mr. Prentice said to Stanley. "Had he a bad knee, or something of that kind?"

"No; not a weak spot. He was in perfect condition."

"Oh, then he'll be himself again. Wind knocked out, most likely."

"I hope he can go on playing," said the schoolboy. "Guess I never wished that before about the best man on the other team."

"Thanks." Stanley smiled at him gratefully.

There were two or three minutes' suspense. Then:

"Dunlap takes Stanley's place; Stanley is led off the field." The announcer gave the news with some gusto—but it met with no joyous response.

"It can't be serious," said Mr. Prentice. "Led off—not carried off."

"It's pretty bad," Stanley replied. "If it wasn't, they would never have taken him out—and he wouldn't have gone."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the schoolboy.

Yale man though he was, Stanley's interest in the game had been abruptly stifled. While the reports were being dealt out at intervals he was thinking of Ted—wondering if the boy was lying on the side-line, or if he was so badly hurt that he had been immediately removed from the field. And Ted would be looking for him after the game—wondering why he didn't come to give his sympathy—to talk it all over. Stanley winked tears from his eyes.

"Williams goes round the new man Dunlap for twenty yards; the ball is Harvard's on Yale's thirty-yard line," cried the announcer.

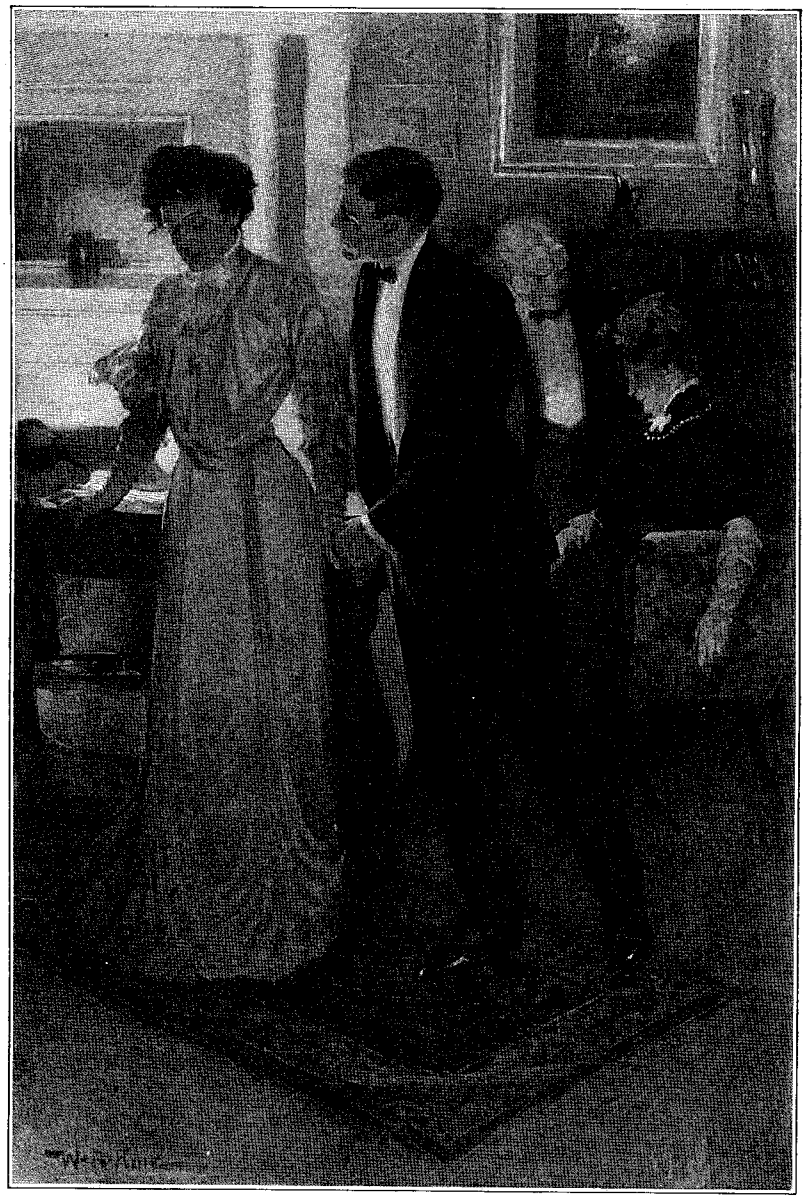
Harvard was up with a shout; Stanley was startled out of his melancholy indifference. Then gradually the audience settled down.

"Williams again takes the ball and circles Dunlap for twenty-two yards. The ball is Harvard's on Yale's eight-yard line."

Again there was a mad springing up, a wild tumult of cheers. "Touchdown!" "Touchdown!" The cries, mingling from different parts of the room, swelled into importunate demand.

And Harvard scored—crushing through Yale's centre for short gains until on the third play Hinchman lay across the line clasping the ball.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He dropped his voice and looked at her entreatingly.—Page 574.

The young schoolboy and his father were on their feet, thumping each other, shouting while they laughed; Mr. Prentice behind was holding aloft his hat, motionless, in supreme salute, and emitting a monotonous, inarticulate roar. Then down in front a man of fifty climbed on a chair and called for the Harvard cheer, and a cheer was organized out of the tumult. After that they sang, "Glory, glory to the Crimson"—and the song got a fresh impetus when the announcer interjected that Williams had kicked the goal.

Stanley saw the schoolboy looking down at him from his cheerful eminence and ruefully smiled. The boy dropped into the chair beside him.

"It's great," he said. "But I know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we'd never have got it if your brother had been in the game."

"Thank you," said Stanley. "But your man Williams is a good one."

"He never got round your brother once," said the boy.

Mr. Prentice touched Stanley's shoulder and bent down.

"If it hadn't been for your brother my boy couldn't have shared in this," he murmured; his voice was tremulous. "And *your* boy is not among those who are beaten."

"That won't make it any easier for him," Stanley answered.

"But for you, perhaps."

He again touched Stanley's shoulder—with a sort of shy friendliness.

There was no more scoring; in ten minutes the game had ended.

"Three times three, and nine long Harvards!" shouted a young man who had sprung upon the stage. "Gather up close, and everybody cheer!"

Mr. Prentice touched Stanley's arm.

"I won't ask you to wait for anything like this," he said.

"Mr. Prentice," said Stanley, "please excuse me—I want to get the first train to New Haven and find out about my brother——"

"You'd better come home with me and call up New Haven on the long-distance. You'll get the information quicker. And perhaps you can get your brother on the wire. Won't that do?"

The Harvard cheer was rolling out; Stanley nodded in silence, and with Mr. Prentice walked away.

Not until Stanley had learned that Ted's injury was a dislocated shoulder and, though painful, not serious—not, indeed, until he had actually heard Ted's voice over the telephone and talked with him about the game—did Mr. Prentice embark upon his theme. Then, sitting in the library, which overlooked the Charles and gave a view of the lights which had just flashed out on Harvard Bridge, and beyond that of the clouded, heavy red sunset, sitting there comfortably with whiskey and soda and cigars, the young man and the old came to an understanding.

"And in conclusion," said Mr. Prentice, reaching out and laying his hand on Stanley's knee, "I want to say that in business or in sport the Prentices mean to play just as fair as the Stanleys—and they want the Stanleys to help them."

They dined together—Mr. Prentice celebrated his son's victory by opening champagne—and afterward they sat in the library smoking long cigars. Late in the evening Mrs. Prentice and her daughter arrived from New Haven.

"O Thomas!" cried Mrs. Prentice, throwing her arms about her husband. "Our boy—our dear boy! If you could only have seen——" She burst into tears.

"She had a horrid time—she's a nervous wreck, poor dear," said Lucy, and while she kissed her father she patted her mother soothingly.

Then she turned to Stanley, and as the parents were absorbed in each other she drew him to the farther side of the room.

"You've fixed things up all right?" she asked.

"Yes. But—" he dropped his voice and looked at her entreatingly—"it's of no importance to me unless it's of importance to you."

"Well," she said, and humor as well as gentleness danced in her eyes, "our family owe yours something. I saw Tom after the game; and he said your brother was perfectly sweet to him all through."

"So it is only decent that you should be the same to me," said Stanley.

She smiled and met his eager look.

"I would always try to be—John," she murmured.

Some ill-natured reader will probably point out that Harvard never beat Yale at New Haven by a score of 12 to 6. The answer is that the score had to be fictitious; otherwise the Stanleys and the Prentices would be recognized under their real names and would object.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Deserted Village

By Thos. S. Jones, Jr.

It stands upon the edge of yesterday,
Remote, forgotten in the years since sped,
Its ghostly houses all untenanted,
Its moss-grown streets fallen to rank decay;
Somtimes a vagrant sheep may idly stray
Adown its lonely lanes, but never tread
Of human step -- none save the simple dead,
Who sleep behind the hill the hours away.

For this I think that in the first of Spring,
Or 'neath the wonder of the Summer's moon,
When all things speak of Youth's remembering,
When all is fair because the time is June,
They come again and wander to and fro,
Those quaint dear people of the long ago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hillside Farm.

BIRGE HARRISON

By John E. D. Trask

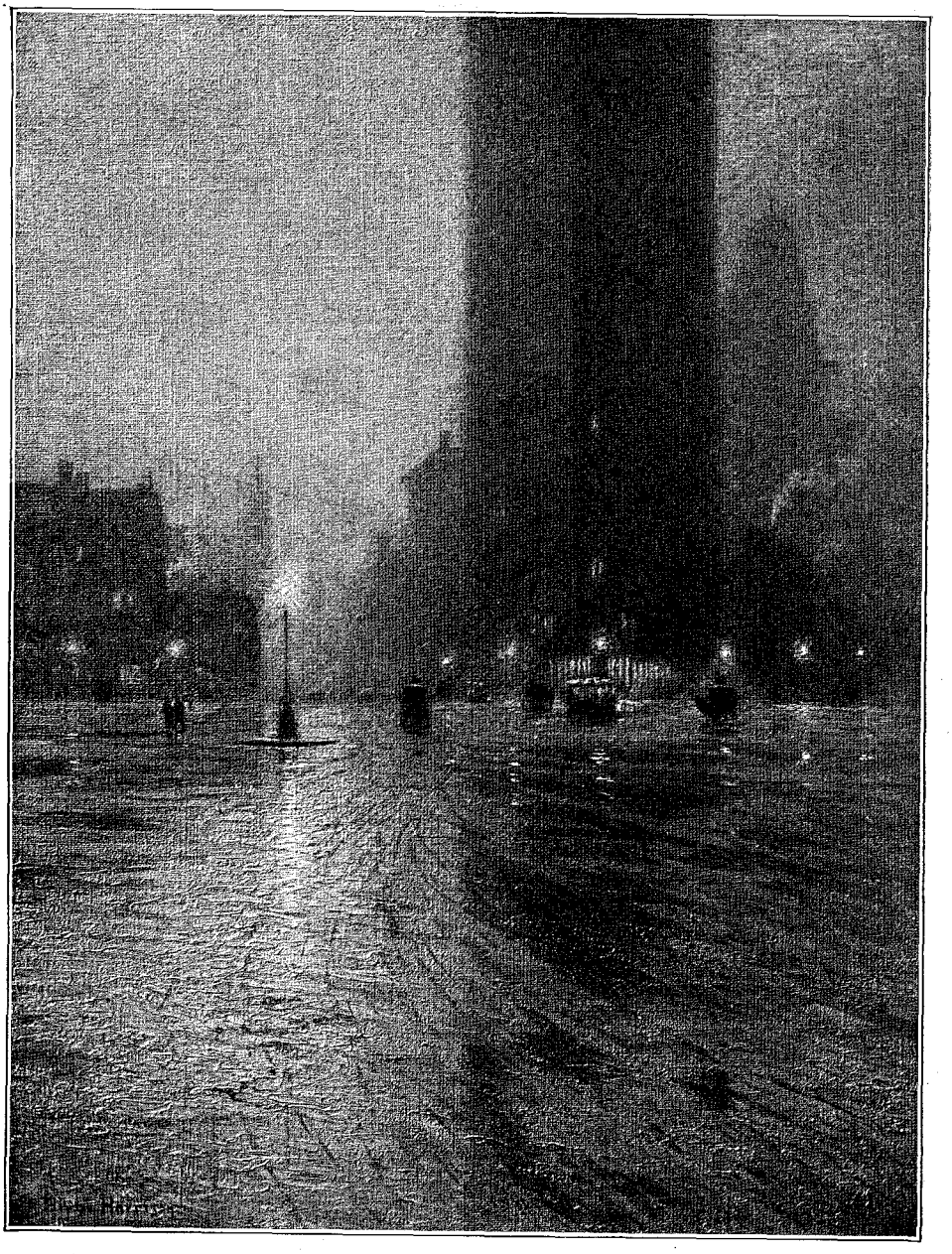
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. HARRISON'S PAINTINGS

IN the development of his art Birge Harrison has curiously paralleled the history of the landscape-painting of the world. Just as the early Italians found in their little formal landscapes an interesting background and a pleasing setting for the figure, so Harrison, seriously studying figure-painting in Paris under Cabanel, in the late seventies, one day took his model out of doors and quite casually turned the whole trend of his career. Gradually in his work the figure dwindled in importance until finally it ceased to appear, so that, though his first large recognition came to him through the purchase by the French Government in 1882 of his "November," which is an out-of-door figure painting, his real reputation rests upon his landscape work alone.

Yet the traces of those early days have never quite been lost, and always in his pictures one feels that the absence of man is quite accidental, that the figure was previously present, or may appear again. This atmosphere of human life, though possibly an unconscious expression of the painter's mind through his brush, gives to every canvas which the brush touches and the mind approves a subtle, yet far-reaching appeal.

No form of artistic expression leans more than painting upon both the intellectual and emotional experiences of the artist, nor does any art expose more ruthlessly the life-influences of its creator. No serious consideration of any man's painting can there-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The "Flatiron" after Rain.

In the permanent collection of works by American artists in the Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts.

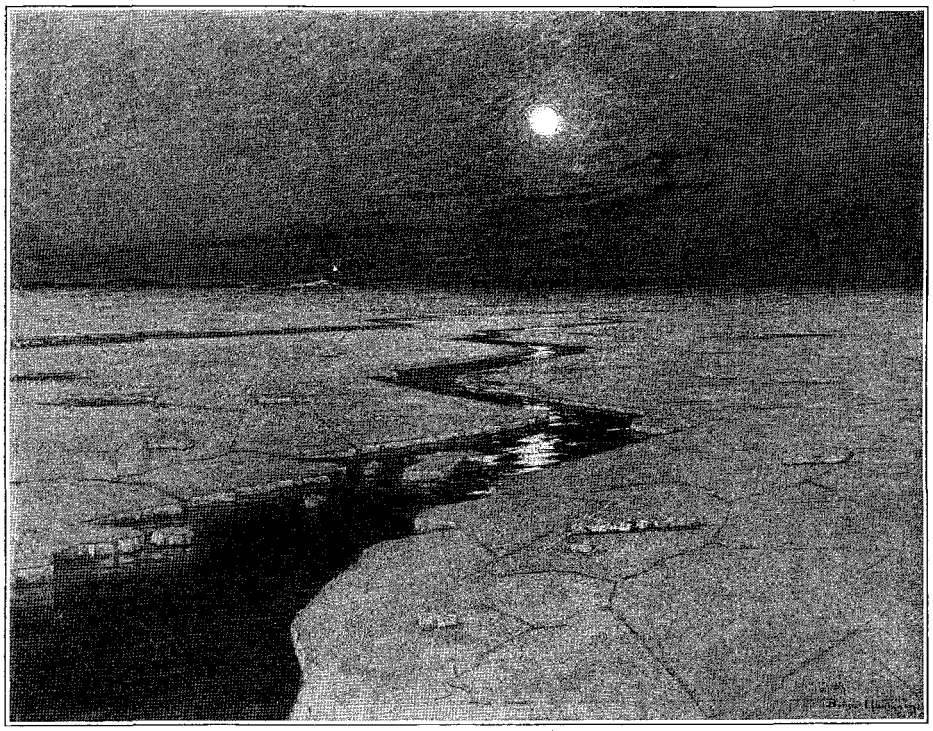
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore be complete without the thought of the man himself; and some knowledge of his life and of the forces with which he was surrounded during his formative period leads to a clearer perception of his aim and a more correct estimate of his accomplishment.

Birge Harrison, like his brother Alexander, is one of the many American artists whose career began in The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. This school he left to go with Sargent, in 1875, to Paris; where, first as a student in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and then for some years as an exhibiting painter, he became one of that brilliant group of young Americans who first gave us a national standing in the modern art world and who left their ineradicable impress upon the latter half of the nineteenth century.

After Paris, ill health began what a natural *Wanderlust* continued—a series of nomadic years which included life among the Moquis and Navajo Indians in Arizona, and extended leisurely travels into such far countries as Australia and the South Sea Islands, India and Ceylon, South Africa and the whole Mediterranean shore, both north and south.

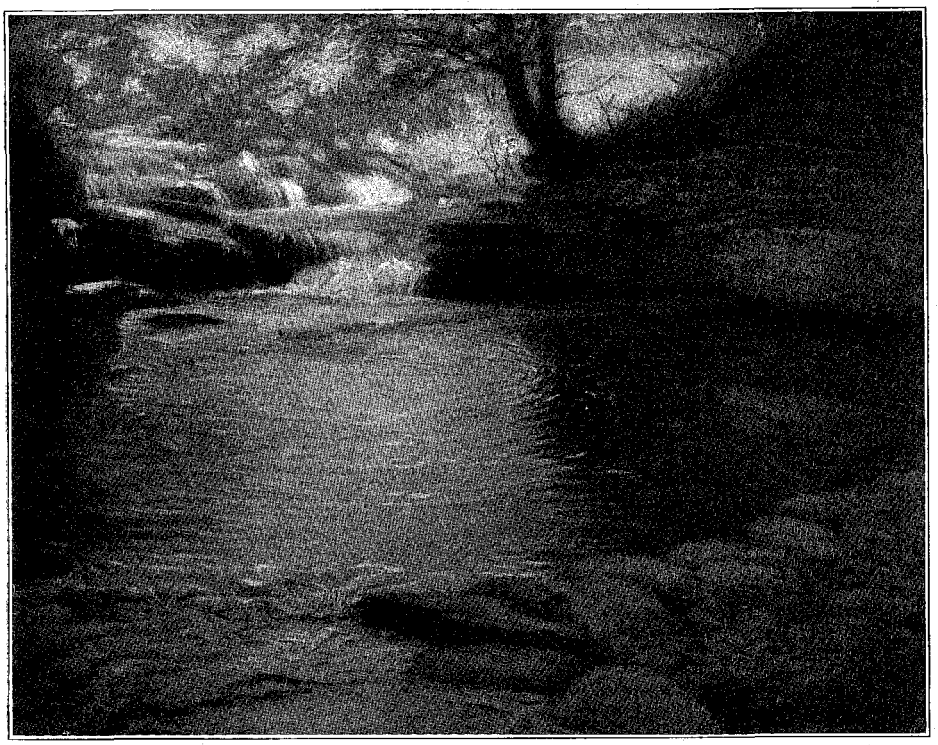
No painter produces his best without the steadying influence of a fixed abiding place. These travel-years, though they gave opportunity for considerable literary work and established the artist's reputation as an illustrator, added but little to his accomplishment as a painter. They did, however, add to the broadening of the painter's horizon, and developed largely that catholic habit of mind and that power of searching observation which, combined, make materially for the success of his later work.



Plymouth Harbor in Winter.

A few seasons in California and Harrison returned to the East, settling in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Here was the beginning of his present period of work, so that his career as a painter of the American landscape commences only a decade ago. In that time, he has, geographically, confined him-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Pool.

self almost entirely for material to Eastern Massachusetts, to the picturesque Quebec region, and latterly to the romantic Catskill country where, in the shadow of the Rip Van Winkle hills, he now makes his home.

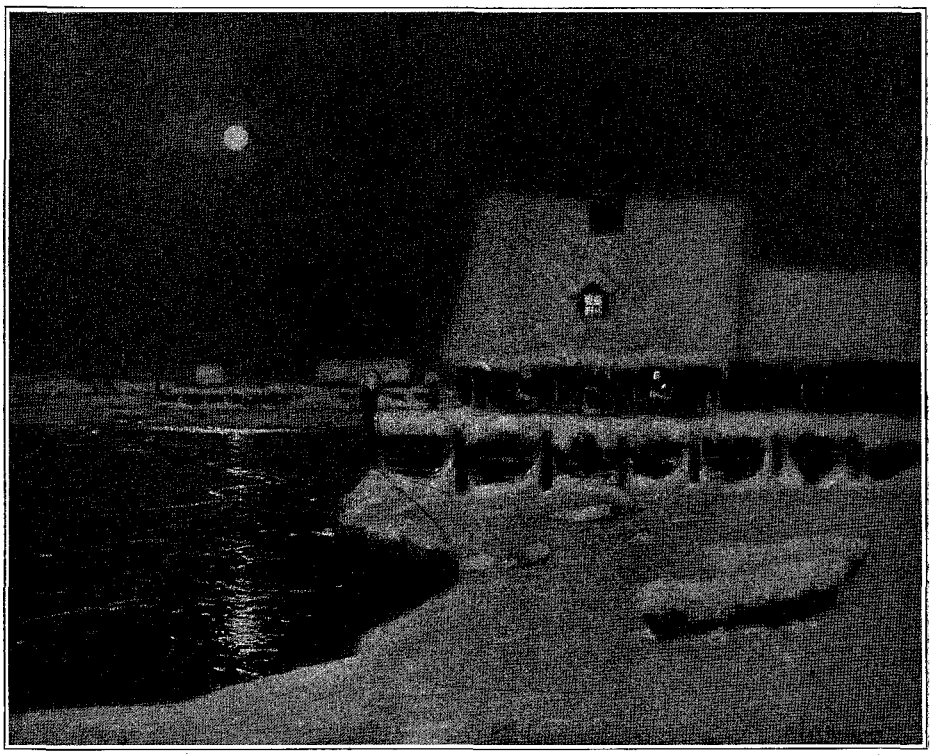
To the early academic training has been added knowledge never learned in schools; while to the hand of the world-traveller, striving always to apply to the subject before him that which is universal, has been given the strength and steadiness of craftmanship early acquired, and well assimilated through a period of comparatively non-productive years. Training, no matter how thorough, and knowledge, no matter how wide, have never yet made an artist; but to these add temperament and the artist is a sure result. It is no belittlement of Harrison's present work to say that had he not become a painter he would have been a poet. In all of his recent work one finds bigness of theme, combined with simplicity of presentation, and through it all runs a deep current of sentiment, governed by an appreciation of the mechanical limitations of his medium which makes for proper restraint. Always there is strong reserve in color and always there is beautiful balance in composition. Indeed, I feel that it is the picturesque unity of his canvases that gives to them their strongest hold upon his audience. Less emotional than music, more sensual than verse, painting combines and harmonizes something of both; and in the blending of realism and idealism Harrison is very happy.

Consider such a canvas as his "Plymouth Harbor in Winter" (and it is most largely by the winter landscape that he has become known). Surely this chilling picture of scarcely broken ice fields is realism, yet how thoughtful is the composition, with what certain care the painter has found the means for conveying that which, in the subject, was most moving to him. The wise proportion between sea and sky, the delicately suggested outer line of the harbor culminating in the tiny high-light which marks the distant light-house, all play their part; while the apparently accidental ribbon of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gleaming open water leads with precision "up to the shining moon," making of the whole not alone a realistic study of snow and ice under certain given conditions of light and atmosphere, but an appealing expression of the spirit of the winter night.

Consider again, "The Hillside Farm." Here, too, simplicity of line and form are used as aids to the color scheme with telling effect. A lonely moonlit cottage, a little



Rosy Afterglow.

line of fence, a third of the canvas only spared to the earth, and this third bisected by a barren road. How little on which to build a picture! But above and beyond is the sky, vast and intangible, its great sweep emphasized by stars dimmed by the unseen moon. Herein shows the artist, that he gives us this simple scheme which we feel that we have often seen, or fancy that we may have often seen, yet know that never have we seen it with such delicate precision or with the sense of solemnity and magnitude in which it is here presented. Night and the sky have ever been the effort of the painter, and to their successful rendition has always been awarded praise.

Other men with paint have expressed the sentiment of the landscape, and it makes no material difference whether the sentiment was found in the forest of Fontainebleau or on the snow-covered slopes of Canada. Corot did it, and Cazin did it, and so have scores besides; but it seems to me that, though perhaps more abstract in his manner than either of those painters, it is down that line that Harrison must trace his artistic ancestry. Indeed, of all the masters of landscape to whose work his work is akin, Cazin comes first to mind. Not but that from the impressionists some lessons have been learned. The scientific study of color has left, of course, its impress upon him as upon every thoughtful modern painter; but to him it has been an acquired knowledge rather than an experience, and I can think of only a single canvas in which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twilight on the Seine.

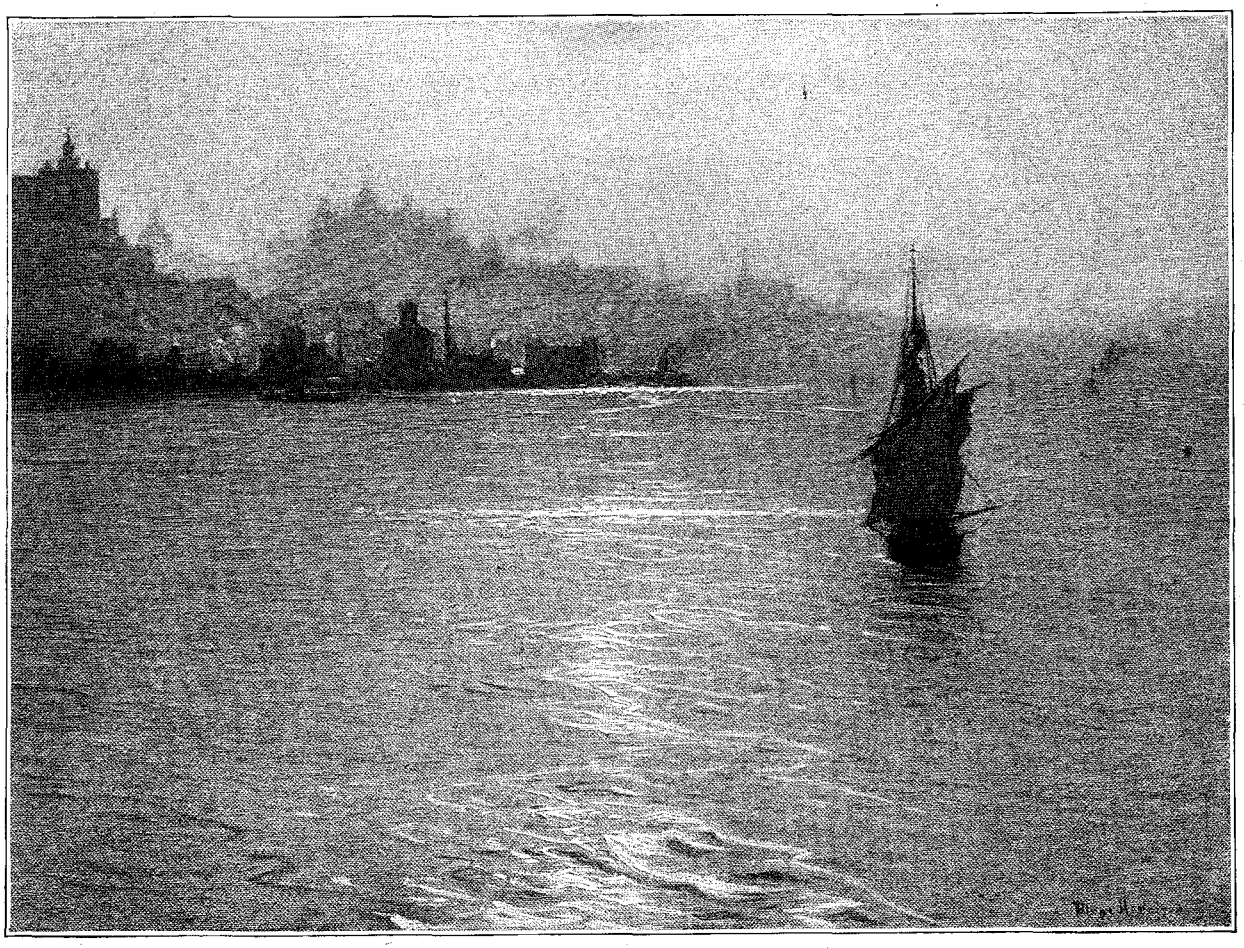
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has made any use of broken color. No one, certainly, will be more surprised than the painter himself that this influence can be found by any one in the low-toned picture "Twilight on the Seine," painted during a recent excursion to the city of his student days. In this, as always, the intention was the translation of mystery and

Frosty Night.

of sentiment to which the painter's mind is ever vibrant; and it is quite certain that the somewhat scientific brush-work necessary in the painting of the low luminosity of the night-lit surface of the river was altogether without deliberate intention. His well-disciplined brush seems in each problem unconsciously to find the readiest solution, leaving the mind quite free to meditate upon essentials. The finding of the essentials is the measure of the work, and wise indeed is the painter who guards himself against the sometimes too-absorbing study of the idiosyncrasies of pigment. Harrison's canvases, regarded technically, are free from the brutalities of the palette knife or the quirks of over-clever brush work. With fairly wide range of palette, his brush is full enough for freedom but never overburdened. As he himself once said in speaking of his craft he "simply paints." It would perhaps have been less modest but equally true had the two words been transposed. His choice of subject commonly lends itself well to his method. A snow-covered waste by night, cottages with windows aglow, a boat or two afloat in the shimmering moonlight, the problem is never over-complex; and if at times the result seems more intellectual than sensual, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Quebec from the River.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moonlight on the Marshes.

is perhaps by very reason of its ability to stimulate imagination, which is essentially of the mind.

This stimulus to the imagination, the relation of the vast to the small, the universal to the human, is well exemplified by "A Glimpse of the St. Lawrence." The pleasure which the picture gives is in no wise dependent upon the knowledge that it was painted in Quebec; the local character is entirely subservient to the hollow distance of the sunset sky; the domestic light which glows from windows adds to the invitation of the far-reaching river, yet the impression of sky and river and earth is added to by the suggested thought that many men have known their present aspect. Their presentation seems filtered through a very human mind.

In an age of transition, when all painting shows the traces of the scientific revolution of the impressionists, when, as is the case especially in American landscape work, the painter's power, steadily growing, seems doubtful of its final direction, it is not without real pleasure that the opportunity comes for calm contemplation of nature in her familiar aspect, guided by a sure hand and a seeing eye, and illumined by reverent understanding of both the physical and the mental charm which is always present in the landscape.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO SONNETS

By Richard Hovey

LOVE'S SILENCE

I do not ask your love as having rights
  Because of all there is between us two.
Love has no rights, Love has but his delights,
  Which but delight because they are not due.
The highest merit any man can prove
  Is not enough to merit what Love gives,
And Love would lose its quality of love,
  Lived it for any cause but that it lives.
Therefore I do not plead my gentle thought,
  My foolish wisdom that would make you free.
My sacrifice, my broken heart be naught,
  Even my great love itself, the best of me!
    Martyr of Love, I see no other way
    But to keep silence in your sight, and pray.

PARTING

Gone, and I spoke no word to bid her stay!
  Gone, and I sit benumbed and scarce can rise!—
  Gone with the light of new-born love in her eyes,
  The splendid promise of the fervent day.
She loves me, Ocean, loves me! and I may
  Not lisp the whisper of my great surprise,
  Save to the waves and pebbles and the skies
  And to the sea-gulls circling in the spray.
She loves me! Till she went I did not know
  Her soul. This is a mystery which no art
  Can picture and no wisdom understand.
And she is gone and I beheld her go,
  With so much awe at sight of her pure heart
  I dared but kiss the fingers of her hand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVELY

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"IF you could have *seen* the dear lambs, T. J.!" Mrs. Sparling's laughter ran over. "Married a week, and both absolutely vague and heavenly. Of course, I am a perfect old mush of sentiment; but no one could have helped stopping and picking them up and seeing that they had a place to sleep and a blue ribbon each. Not even you, my dear!"

Mr. Sparling smiled at her, but offered no comment. He had been smiling at her for twenty years, while he grew from lean to comfortable, from untalkative to silent, and with every year the smile had grown nicer. When some more poignant comment seemed to flicker through it she sometimes checked herself with a good-humored, "Well, what is it *now*, T. J.?" But he never told her what it was.

"Of course, I should not have thought it right if the cottage had a chance of a tenant," she went on; "but when it misses June, it never gets one till October—you know that as well as I do. That will give the lambs a two months' home and a chance to get going." She laughed again at the vision of them. "Lovely sold a picture, so they married at once on the proceeds and came on to——"

For once Mr. Sparling interrupted.

"Lovely?" he queried, taking out his cigar and holding it suspended.

"Well, Charles Lovelace Fabyan, if you prefer; but he has never been called anything but Lovely. He really *is*, you know—great, loose, soft thing with the face of a new-born angel. And she is a little compact Lovely herself. Ignorant! My dear, I could have sat right down and cried over them both."

"Lovely," ruminated Mr. Sparling, slowly replacing his cigar.

"Now, you are not to hold that up against him, T. J.! He is a love, and everyone feels it. The Slades took him to Europe with them, and then the Evanses kept him on in Paris for two years studying painting, and he has practically lived at the Dodges' and the Van Dusens'—those are all big people at home. He hasn't a cent, but everything has been simply showered on him all his life —without once waking him up!"

"*Lovely*," murmured Mr. Sparling, with half-closed eyes. "Did you tell him that he would have to move on by October?" he added

"Oh, yes; they know we have to rent it. They were so wildly grateful."

"Better put it in writing," and Mr. Sparling picked up a book.

"O T. J.!" she laughed reproachfully.

Mrs. Sparling spent two glorious days getting the cottage ready. It lay in a corner of their own grounds, a concession to the fact that their little settlement was growing into a suburban city and those who held comfortable old homesteads must be prepared to meet uncomfortable new taxes. With the help of Flora, the housemaid, she scrubbed and swept and put up curtains and put down rugs in a glow of good-will. Silver and linen were borrowed from the other house, the coal-bin was filled; then, half-shamefacedly, she ordered a supply of groceries.

"I had to give the dear lambs a start, T. J.," she apologized. "Just think of their fun, coming into that precious play-house and finding it so beautifully ready. Flora is staying down to cook a little dinner for them this first night; Mrs. Lovely may be a good cook, but she doesn't look it, someway. Dear, dear, wouldn't you give something to peep in and see them rejoicing? Oh, I know I'm an old goose without your smiling, T. J.! But little stray couples just break one's heart, they are so pathetic and so happy. And you won't mind having a scrimped dinner to-night, will you, dearie? For Katie has been helping us, too; she made them a cake and some fresh bread. Don't you think we could run in on them for five minutes this evening? Or should we be spoiling things?"

Mr. Sparling guessed it wouldn't be fatal, so after dinner they went down through the starlit garden to the little cottage glowing at them from beneath its drooping vines. As they passed the wide-latticed window of the sitting-room Mrs. Sparling pressed her husband's arm and they paused to peer guiltily in. The Lovelys certainly did look happy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And to think we had it to give them, T. J.!" burst cautiously from her heart as they went on to the steps.

They were greeted with wide-armed rapture. Both Lovely and Mrs. Lovely kissed Mrs. Sparling and barely checked themselves on the verge of Mr. Sparling, compromising by drawing him in with their arms about his shoulders. "Dearest little place on earth!" was the sum and substance of their excited chorus. Mrs. Sparling held the bride's little soft hand in both her firm, capable ones, while Lovely sat on the arm of her chair and occasionally pressed his wide, sweet, radiant face against the graying brown of her hair.

"I can't see why you were so heavenly to us!" he exploded. "Why, I haven't seen you three times since I was a little kid, and you'd never seen Doodoo at all."

"Ah, but you are home people; that makes such a difference! Besides, here was the cottage just waiting for a stray couple to mother——"

"Precious little mother," murmured Doodoo.

"There is just one thing in the world that it lacks," added Lovely, with a deep sigh of happiness. "And it is so perfect, I think we shall find even that tucked away somewhere—a room with a north light to paint in. One does need a north light."

They looked eagerly at Mrs. Sparling while she considered their problem. When she realized that the loft of the barn opened to the north and could be spared as well as not they both embraced her again.

"Now it's perfect," they cried.

She went home brimming with plans for making the loft attractive. Her husband heard her thoughtfully, but offered no comment until she began to wonder if they could not spare the hall rugs.

"Don't you think perhaps they can paint without draperies—for two months?" he suggested. She had to admit that perhaps they could.

"But I wish you were more enthusiastic, T. J.," she sighed.

"I am," he said mildly. "God bless Lovely and Doodoo, every time."

"Oh, you!" with affectionate contempt.

She and Flora cleaned and furnished the loft the next day while the Lovelys tacked up sketches and brought in trailing vines from the garden and fell into each other's arms at brief intervals in rapturous appreciation. They lunched with her, and five o'clock came without apparently suggesting to them any responsibility in the matter of further meals. Mrs. Sparling, dusty, weary, and radiant, yearned to invite them to dinner, but felt that the time had come to be Spartan.

"Well, dear lambs, I must leave you," she said, gathering up her grimy dusters. "If you need anything for dinner, just run in and ask Katie for it."

"Oh, that's so—dinner!" said Doodoo cheerfully.

"Have you ever cooked a meal?" Mrs. Sparling lingered at the head of the loft stairs, the invitation almost leaping out in spite of her.

"No; but we have a splendid book that tells just how to do everything. It's going to be loads of fun." And Doodoo curled down happily in a nest of Mrs. Sparling's cushions.

"Great!" added Lovely, filling his pipe. And so she got away with the invitation still suppressed, though her eyes were full of amused concern.

"Poor babies!" she laughed warmly to herself.

It was nearly dinner-time when dragging footsteps crossed the porch and two forlorn figures presented themselves in the sitting-room doorway. The bride wore a big blue apron that dripped milk, water, flour, and jelly, two fingers were bandaged, and her face was marked with tears, while Lovely's downcast countenance had obviously been wiped more than once with the sooty hand now resting on her shoulder.

"Everything acts so queer, and it won't thicken," said Doodoo with a sob.

"The book said just how, and we did everything." Lovely nearly sobbed, too.

"And the fire is red-hot one minute and goes out the next, and it *hurts* so to be b-burned!" Doodoo finished in Mrs. Sparling's outstretched arms.

"You poor darlings! Of course, you shall dine here in peace and——"

"It isn't that," Lovely interrupted. "We've got to eat down there or otherwise we shall never get rid of the food. And the potatoes may be all right. But do you think Flora would come down and show us what's wrong with that infernal ragout thing and the pudding?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And do you suppose she would give me a few cooking lessons?" added Doodoo with a weary sigh.

Mrs. Sparling's heart misgave her, for Flora was not the most willing of mortals, and she had toiled all day; but the Lovelys exercised some magic, for she took her weary bones down there without a murmur and did not reappear until the Sparlings' dinner was over.

"Isn't it lucky Flora can cook as well as Katie," Mrs. Sparling said contentedly, when she told her husband the day's adventures.

"Um—lucky for Lovely and Doodoo," he assented, getting up in quest of sugar for his coffee.

At lunch-time the next day the young couple appeared hand in hand.

"Won't you feed us?" begged Lovely. "Doodoo has been posing for me all the morning and we're both dead."

"Of course I will!" And Mrs. Sparling flew to the kitchen, whence came presently a sound of hasty beating. When she returned, she found them intently examining a bookcase that had been made to fit a spare corner of the irregular old room.

"This is a jolly thing," Lovely exclaimed. "There is a corner of our sitting-room that just screams for such a bookcase. I shall have one made the next check I get."

"But, Lovely, dear!" Mrs. Sparling looked worried. "That sort of thing costs a good deal."

"I know; but it's always good as long as you live," was the peaceful reply as they sat down at the lunch-table. "There are several things I'm going to get for the cottage when I sell another picture."

"Not but what it is perfect now," said Doodoo, slipping her hand into Mrs. Sparling's. The latter laid down the spoon with which she had served the omelet and looked from one to the other in whimsical dismay.

"But, you lambs, you've got to think of the future," she cried. "You can't just live along like puppies. Think what your rent will be next winter, and coal, and clothes —why, you can't spend money on the cottage!"

They looked depressed, even a little frightened, for a moment. Then Lovely's mellow, fog-dispelling smile came out like sunshine.

"Oh, something nice will happen; it always does, for me, Mrs. Sparling-darling," he comforted her. "I shall earn lots of money, you know, as soon as I get going."

"It isn't as if Lovely hadn't genius," added Doodoo, getting up to put a reassuring arm about her. Lovely came, too, with his big embrace.

"Don't worry, sweetest!" they urged so kindly that she had a bewildered conviction that she had been absurd. And, after all, she knew nothing about pictures; perhaps Lovely really was a genius. They finished the meal in great merriment.

"If I could only cook like this!" sighed Doodoo gratefully as they rose. "Flora is going to give me a lesson when I get dinner every afternoon, the dear thing."

"By the way," added Lovely, "the one thing that blessed little place lacks is kindling. Why couldn't I carry down an armful of it now?"

"Why, so you could," agreed Mrs. Sparling; but the brightness of her face was a little dimmed as they went off laughing and strewing sticks along the path.

"How mean of me, when we have so much!" she reproved herself with an indignant shake of the head.

The two came in daily to lunch after that, always appearing hand in hand, humble beggars of food, and so riotous with good spirits that Mrs. Sparling would have missed them sorely if they had stayed away—though her face often clouded uneasily after they had gone. Periods of serious reflection on their future would recur, and led her to drop in late one afternoon to see how the cooking lessons were progressing. She found Doodoo in a ruffled white muslin seated on the kitchen table, throwing salted peanuts for Lovely to catch in his capacious mouth, while Flora cooked the dinner.

"Doodoo is getting on splendidly, Mrs. Sparling-darling," Lovely greeted her. "She can make apple-sauce and any number of things. Flora is the most wonderful teacher you ever saw!"

Flora's usually grim mouth had a foolish twist of pleasure as she banged the oven door and pretended not to hear.

"We're roasting the sweetest little chicken, and Flora showed me how to make dressing to-night," Doodoo added happily. "We are going to do stuffed potatoes to-morrow. It's such fun to cook!"

The protest in Mrs. Sparling's soul wa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mrs. Sparling spent two glorious days getting the cottage ready."—Page 586.

vered and fell away into helpless silence. After all, if Flora had no objections, what concern was it of hers? And yet she could not enjoy their good spirits as much as usual.

"Mrs. Sparling-darling is tired," said Lovely sympathetically. "We will take her out of this hot kitchen—you can come back in time to see Flora do the gravy, Doody. Let's all go sit in the garden and love each other!" Mrs. Sparling shook her head with a troubled attempt at a smile.

"I must go and meet my old man; it's just time for him," she said, and left them sitting together on the steps while Flora within scrubbed the sink.

Her husband was already on the porch, waiting for her, as she came across the lawn. His smile was nicer than ever as his eyes rested on her face.

"O T. J., little stray couples do make me ache," she sighed, laying her head against his shoulder. "What is to become of them?" He gave the question a moment's reflection.

"Guess I wouldn't worry," he concluded mildly.

But Mrs. Sparling did worry persistently as the summer weeks drifted by over the serenely happy Lovelys. They came and told her without guile when the kerosene was used up, or the flour, or the coal, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how could she help supplying the deficit when she had so much more than they, and they were so dear and so unconsciously pathetic?

"It isn't good for them; I shouldn't. I am a miserably weak old woman," she scolded herself, but did it, and sought anxiously for ways to economize, that it might not fall too hard on the household account. She did try to protest, once, when Lovely discovered that the one thing lacking in the dear little place was a feather duster and ordered it sent up at her expense.

"Of course it is yours, just as much as if it were up at your house," he explained gently to her. "We shouldn't dream of carrying it away with us. You will always need one, you know." And someway, taken in the light of his lovely, candid face, the explanation seemed unanswerable.

It was not a good year for renting houses. September brought a few half-hearted seekers, who found the cottage too small, or too far from the station, and went away again, to Mrs. Sparling's secret and guilty relief. Of course they could not at all afford to have it unrented; and yet how could those poor lambs be turned out on a bargain-driving world? She had worked out drastic schemes for retrenchment on the backs of various old envelopes when, out of a clear, blue September sky, the tenant came. He was a rapid, concise man of business, and she had a dreary consciousness even before she took him over the cottage that it was just what he wanted. The Lovelys had evidently gone to town for the day; she had seen them race through the garden with flying coats shortly before train time that morning, hail a passing grocer's wagon, scramble in and be whirled off at a good-natured gallop. Their home was not in perfect order, but the concise person nodded brisk approval from room to room and emerged with an air of relieved satisfaction. He would go through the technicality of bringing his wife out to see it in the morning; he would then be prepared to sign a lease, write a check, furnish references, and otherwise perform the proper functions of a model tenant as well as a concise man of business. He already knew that nine and a half minutes were needed to reach the station, and took a perfectly timed departure. Mrs. Sparling went into the house and mourned.

When her husband came home she tried feebly to find some way out of it; but the logic was irrefutably against her. They certainly were not in a position to help support two healthy young persons for the rest of their lives; and it would be excessively bad for the healthy young persons if they were. Having had to admit that her longings were both impracticable and immoral, Mrs. Sparling went sadly down the garden after a pretence of eating dinner, to put a ruthless end to the honeymoon.

The Lovelys, still in their town clothes, with hats and gloves flung on the table, were kneeling on the floor over a heavy package that they had evidently brought back with them. They fell upon her with a joyous burst of news: Lovely had sold a design for a magazine cover, the acceptance and a check for one hundred dollars coming in the morning mail, and they had had such a spree in town!

"And just look what we bought for the cottage!" cried Doodoo, as the package was unrolled. "We carried it home because we couldn't wait for delivery. We're going to buy one nice thing out of every check Lovely gets, always. See, isn't it a beauty for forty dollars?" And they spread before her sick eyes a very charming Persian rug. "Isn't it a treasure?" they exclaimed.

"It's—beautiful," said Mrs. Sparling faintly.

The two settled down on it, patting its soft texture, pointing out its color values.

"And we had other adventures," Lovely went on. "Oh, it was a great day! We walked right into the Howards—you know, they're the Van Dusens' cousins; bully people! They took us to lunch, and we invited them up to visit us, but they are going West in their private car next week and won't have time. Gee, it was a lunch, Mrs. Sparling-darling! Champagne and everything. I never knew them well before and Doodoo had never seen them, but we loved each other to death before we got through. Oh, aren't people nice!" And he burst into song, sprawled on his new rug.

"Oh, my lambs! And I have got to spoil everything!" Mrs. Sparling stretched out her hands to them with tears in her eyes. "The tenant has come!"

Lovely sat up and they stared at her in unbelieving dismay. "Oh, not really! To take our house away from us!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Everything acts so queer, and it won't thicken," said Doodoo.—Page 587.

No logic could keep the note of guilt and apology out of her voice.

"We have to rent it—you know I always told you that, dear lambs. We are too poor not to. And these are perfect tenants; only we sha'n't love them as we do you."

"It is really *taken?*" they repeated.

"Practically. He will bring his wife to see it in the morning and then sign a long lease. I am so sorry!"

"Old beast!" said Lovely heavily.

"Perhaps there will be a railroad accident and they'll both get killed." Doodoo's sweet little voice had a note of hope.

Mrs. Sparling tried to interest them in making new plans, but they could not get beyond the fact that their home was to be taken away from them in less than a week. They bravely exonerated her from active blame in the matter, but the load of guilt pressed so heavily on her breast, confronting the two downcast figures drooping on their new rug, that rash offers kept crowding to her lips and she had to go away to keep them down.

"I feel even worse than I did the time I drowned the kittens," she told T. J. miserably. His smile had a touch of compunction.

"Wish I were better off, old girl," he said.

"Oh, but it wouldn't be right for them, anyway," she told him eagerly, to comfort him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She saw the tenant and his wife going past in the direction of the cottage the next morning, and awaited their visit in a mood of most unbusiness-like resentment. Shortly afterward there was a rush of excited feet across the porch and the Lovelys burst in on her, glowing with joy.

"It's all right," they shouted, smothering her in a double embrace.

"Don't they like it? Aren't they coming?" She was startled to find herself more dismayed than relieved.

"Like it? Of course they like it." Lovely seated himself on the piano-stool and twirled violently to express his satisfaction.

"Oh, they're so mad!" piped Doodoo, and the two doubled up with reminiscent laughter.

"Children! You must tell me what you mean." Mrs. Sparling's voice was grave enough to bring them hastily to explanations.

"It is all right, Mrs. Sparling-darling," Lovely reassured her. "The cottage is rented, only not to those two stiffs—they're piking down the road to take another house they looked at. We never thought of the way out until two minutes before they came—that's the funny part of it. Do you know who your new tenants are?" They rose and joined hands to bow to her. "They're us, that's all! We are going to pay you rent!"

Out of a clear, blue September sky the tenant came.—Page 590.

Mrs. Sparling could only drop her hands in her lap and stare at them.

"Of course, we may be a little behind for a month or two, but we can easily do it as soon as I get going. We should have to pay rent if we went away, any way. And our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Isn't it a treasure?" they exclaimed.—Page 590.

living costs us so little here; why, food amounts to almost nothing. It's as simple as a b c. Aren't you pleased?"

Mrs. Sparling hid her face with a sudden gasp of laughter. She laughed until there were tears on her cheeks.

"Isn't it a scheme, though?" said Lovely, beaming in sympathy. "There wasn't time to come and tell you, for there they were; so we just said that we had decided to keep the cottage ourselves and sent them about their business, very mad. We are so happy we could burst. I will sign a lease, if you like, though it wouldn't be necessary between us. Isn't it almost lunch-time? I am starved."

Mrs. Sparling dried her eyes with helpless relapses. "Oh, you lambs!" she sighed. "But you should have consulted me, you know, before you turned away my tenants. That was not—business-like. I don't know what T. J. will say to you!"

"Oh, he would rather have us than those two stiffs," was the confident answer.

"Well, he will have to deal with you. I just can't!"

Mr. Sparling refused to see the humor in the situation when he returned that night. He was as near indignation as he ever came.

"Live cheap here—I should say they did!" he protested. "That's positive impudence, in the face of our grocery bills! I shall go down after dinner and have a plain talk with them. It is time they woke up."

"They would really mean to pay their rent," she urged, her laughter still unquenched. "I am sure they would do it whenever Lovely had a spare check. Must you hurt their feelings?"

"Well, they have hurt mine, badly—losing us a tenant like that. I tell you, I won't have them staying, whether we get another tenant or not."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I guess I wouldn't worry about your lambs," he said dryly.

"Oh, but what is to become of them?" she pleaded, wholly sobered.

"That is their lookout," was the severe answer. She could not make him change his decree, and dinner was a sorry farce to her, with her poor lambs about to encounter their first rough wind. She sat with distressed eyes trying to think of some way in which they might be housed and fed, while her husband ate and smoked with unwonted lack of sympathy. When at last he rose, straightening his coat, she laid imploring hands on his arm.

"We can't just turn them off, dearie; we must find a way to help them," she pleaded. His eyes relented a little as they met hers, but before he could answer the Lovelys themselves burst in with shining faces and an open letter.

"Oh, what do you think!" they cried. "The Howards want us to go West with them in their car!"

"A three months' trip!" shouted Doodoo.

"All as their guests, you know!"

"The letter just came, special delivery!"

"Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?"

"Only we can't be your tenants, Mrs. Sparling-darling!"

"But it will always seem like our own little home."

"And we will come back to it whenever it's empty!"

"Oh, aren't people nice?"

They had their arms about her, swaying her joyfully between them. Her eyes had a swift vision of her husband's bewildered face before they were drowned in helpless laughter. The Lovelys stayed half an hour, but when they flew back to begin packing, nothing had been said about the lost tenant. The wind was still tempered.

Mr. Sparling lit a second cigar and picked up a book.

"I guess I wouldn't worry about your lambs," he said dryly. "I have a feeling that they'll get on."

"And, someway, aren't you glad of it, T. J.?" she begged. Their eyes met, and then he smiled at her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

(BOOK IV.—Concluded)

XL

MR. LANGHOPE, tossing down a note on Mrs. Ansell's drawing-room table, commanded imperiously: "Read that!"

She set aside her tea-cup, and looked up, not at the note, but into his face, which was traversed by one of the waves of heat and tremulousness that she was beginning to dread for him. Mr. Langhope had changed greatly in the last three months; and as he stood before her in the clear light of the June afternoon it came to her that he had at last suffered the sudden collapse which is the penalty of youth preserved beyond its time.

"What is it?" she asked, still watching him as she put out her hand for the letter.

"Amherst writes to remind me of my promise to take Cicely to Hanaford next week, for her birthday."

"Well—it was a promise, wasn't it?" she rejoined, running her eyes over the page.

"A promise—yes; but made before . . . Read the note—you'll see there's no reference to his wife. For all I know, she'll be there to receive us."

"But that was a promise too."

"That neither Cicely nor I should ever set eyes on her? Yes. But why should she keep it? I was a fool that day—she fooled me as she's fooled us all! But you saw through it from the beginning—you said at once that she'd never leave him."

Mrs. Ansell reflected. "I said that before I knew all the circumstances. Now I think differently."

"You think she still means to go?"

She handed the letter back to him. "I think this is to tell you so."

"This?" He groped for his glasses, dubiously scanning the letter again.

"Yes. And what's more, if you refuse to go she'll have every right to break her side of the agreement."

Mr. Langhope sank into a chair, steadying himself painfully with his stick. "Upon my soul, I sometimes think you're on her side!" he ejaculated.

"No—but I like fair play," she returned, measuring his tea carefully into his favourite little porcelain tea-pot.

"Fair play?"

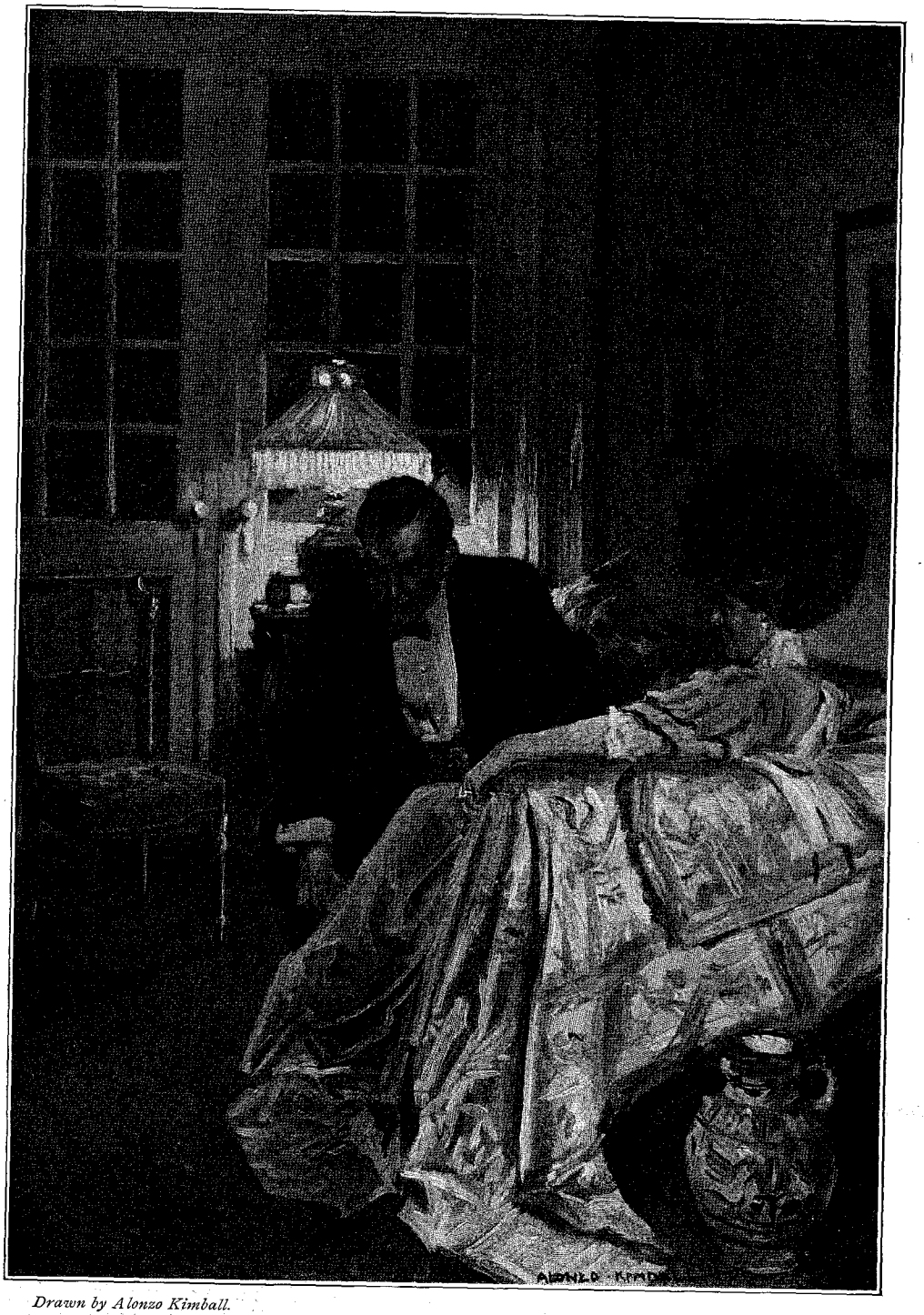
"She's offering to do her part. It's for you to do yours now—to take Cicely to Hanaford."

"If I find her there, I never cross Amherst's threshold again!"

Mrs. Ansell, without answering, rose and put his tea-cup on the slender-legged table at his elbow; then, before returning to her seat, she found the enamelled match-box and laid it by the cup. It was becoming difficult for Mr. Langhope to guide his movements about her small encumbered room; and he had always liked being waited on.

Mrs. Ansell's prognostication proved correct. When Mr. Langhope and Cicely arrived at Hanaford they found Amherst alone to receive them. He explained briefly that his wife had been unwell, and had gone to seek rest and change at the house of an old friend in the West. Mr. Langhope expressed a decent amount of regret, and the subject was dropped as if by common consent. Cicely, however, was not so easily silenced. Poor Bessy's uncertain fits of tenderness had produced more bewilderment than pleasure in her sober-minded child; but the little girl's feelings and perceptions had developed rapidly in the equable atmosphere of her step-mother's affection. Cicely had reached the age when children put their questions with as much ingenuity as persistence, and both Mr. Langhope and Amherst longed for Mrs. Ansell's aid in parrying her incessant interrogations as to the cause and length of Justine's absence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"And he asked this of my wife— . . . ?"—Page 603.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what she had said before going, and what promise she had made about coming back. But Mrs. Ansell had not come to Hanaford. Though it had become a matter of habit to include her in the family pilgrimages to the mills she had firmly maintained the plea of more urgent engagements; and the two men, with only Cicely between them, had spent the long days and longer evenings in unaccustomed and unmitigated propinquity.

Mr. Langhope, before leaving, thought it proper to touch tentatively on his promise of giving Cicely to Amherst for the summer; but to his surprise the latter, after a brief moment of hesitation, replied that he should probably go to Europe for two or three months.

"To Europe? Alone?" escaped from Mr. Langhope before he had time to weigh his words.

Amherst frowned slightly. "I have been made a delegate to the Berne conference on the housing of factory operatives," he said at length, without making a direct reply to the question; "and if there is nothing to keep me at Westmore, I shall probably go out in July." He waited a moment, and then added: "My wife has decided to spend the summer in Michigan."

Mr. Langhope's answer was a vague murmur of assent, and Amherst turned the talk to other matters.

Mr. Langhope returned to town with distinct views on the situation at Hanaford.

"Poor devil—I'm sorry for him: he can hardly speak of her," he broke out at once to Mrs. Ansell, in the course of their first confidential hour together.

"Because he cares too much—he's too unhappy?" she conjectured.

"Because he loathes her!" Mr. Langhope brought out with emphasis.

Mrs. Ansell drew a deep sigh which made him add accusingly: "I believe you're actually sorry!"

"Sorry?" She raised her eye-brows with a slight smile. "Should one not always be sorry to know there's a little less love and a little more hate in the world?"

"You'll be asking *me* not to hate her next!"

She still continued to smile on him. "It's the haters, not the hated, I'm sorry for," she said at length; and he broke out in reply: "Oh, don't let's talk of her. I sometimes feel she takes up more place in our lives than when she was with us!"

Amherst went to the Berne conference in July, and spent six weeks afterward in rapid visits to various industrial centres and model factory villages. During his previous European pilgrimages his interest had by no means been restricted to sociological questions: the appeal of an old civilization, reaching him through its innumerable forms of tradition and beauty, had roused that side of his imagination which his work at home left untouched. But upon his present state of deep moral commotion the spells of art and history were powerless to work. The foundations of his life had been shaken, and the fair exterior of the world was as vacant as a maniac's face. He could only take refuge in his special task, barricading himself against every expression of beauty and poetry as so many poignant reminders of a phase of life that he was vainly trying to cast off and forget.

Even his work had been embittered to him, thrust out of its place in the ordered scheme of things. It had cost him a hard struggle to hold fast to his main purpose, to convince himself that his real duty lay, not in renouncing the Westmore money and its obligations, but in carrying out his projected task as if nothing had occurred to affect his personal relation to it. The mere fact that such a renunciation would have been a deliberate moral suicide, a severing once for all of every artery of action, made it take on, at first, the semblance of an obligation, a sort of higher duty to the abstract conception of what he owed himself. But Justine had not erred in her forecast. Once she had passed out of his life, it was easier for him to return to a dispassionate view of his situation, to see, and boldly confess to himself that he saw, the still higher duty of sticking to his task, instead of sacrificing it to any ideal of personal disinterestedness. It was this gradual process of adjustment that saved him from the desolating scepticism which falls on the active man when the sources of his activity are tainted. Having accepted his fate, having consented to see in himself merely the necessary agent of a good to be done, he could escape from self-questioning only by shutting himself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up in the practical exigencies of his work, closing his eyes and his thoughts to everything which had formerly related it to a wider world, had given meaning and beauty to life as a whole.

The return from Europe, and the taking up of the daily routine at Hanaford, were the most difficult phases in this process of moral adaptation.

Justine's departure had at first brought relief. He had been too sincere with himself to oppose her wish to leave Hanaford for a time, since he believed that, for her as well as for himself, a temporary separation would be less painful than a continuance of their actual relation. But as the weeks passed into months he found he was no nearer to a clear view of his own case: the future was still dark and enigmatic. Justine's desire to leave him had revived his unformulated distrust of her. What could it mean, but that there were thoughts within her which could not be at rest in his presence? He had given her every proof of his wish to forget the past, and Mr. Langhope had behaved with unequalled magnanimity. Yet Justine's unhappiness was evident: she could not conceal her longing to escape from the conditions her act had created. Was it because, in reality, she was conscious of other motives than the one she acknowledged? She had insisted, almost unfeelingly as it might have seemed, on the abstract rightness of what she had done, on the fact that, ideally speaking, her act could not be made less right, less justifiable, by the special accidental consequences that had flowed from it. Because these consequences had caught her in a web of tragic fatality she would not be guilty of the weakness of tracing back the disaster to any intrinsic error in her original motive. Why, then, if this was her real, her proud attitude toward the past—and since those about her believed in her sincerity, and accepted her justification as valid from her point of view if not from theirs—why had she not been able to maintain her posture, to carry on life on the terms she had exacted from others?

A special circumstance contributed to this feeling of distrust; the fact, namely, that Justine, a week after her departure from Hanaford, had written to say that she could not, from that moment till her return, consent to accept any money from Amherst. As her manner was, she put her reasons clearly and soberly, without evasion or ambiguity.

"Since you and I," she wrote, "have always agreed in regarding the Westmore money as a kind of wage for our services at the mills, I cannot be satisfied to go on drawing that wage while I am unable to do any work in return. I am sure you must feel as I do about this; and you need have no anxiety as to the practical side of the question, since I have enough to live on in some savings from my hospital days, which were invested for me two years ago by Harry Dressel, and are beginning to bring in a small return. This being the case, I feel I can afford to interpret in any way I choose the terms of the bargain between myself and Westmore."

On reading this, Amherst's mind had gone through the strange dual process which now marked all his judgments of his wife. At first he had fancied he understood her, and had felt that he should have done as she did; then the usual reaction of distrust set in, and he asked himself why she, who had so little of the conventional attitude toward money, should now develop this unexpected susceptibility. And so the old question presented itself in another shape: if she had nothing to reproach herself for, why was it intolerable to her to live on Bessy's money? The fact that she was doing no actual service at Westmore did not account for her scruples—she would have been the last person to think that a sick servant should be docked of his pay. Her reluctance could come only from that hidden cause of compunction which had prompted her departure, and which now forced her to sever even the merely material links between herself and her past.

Amherst, on his return to Hanaford, had tried to find in these considerations a reason for his deep unrest. It was his wife's course which still cast a torturing doubt on what he had braced his will to accept and put behind him. And he now told himself that the perpetual galling sense of her absence was due to this uneasy consciousness of what it meant, of the dark secrets it enveloped and held back from him. In actual truth, every particle of his being missed her, he lacked her at every turn. She had been at once the partner of his task, and the *pays bleu* into which he escaped from it;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the vivifying thought which gave meaning to the life he had chosen, yet never let him forget that there was a larger richer life outside, to which he was rooted by deeper and more intrinsic things than any abstract ideal of altruism. His love had preserved his identity, saved him from shrinking into the mere nameless unit which the social enthusiast is in danger of becoming unless the humanitarian passion is balanced, and a little overweighed, by a merely human one. And now this equilibrium was lost forever, and his deepest pain lay in realizing that he could not regain it, even by casting off Westmore and choosing the narrower but richer individual existence that her love might once have offered. His life was in truth one indivisible organism, not two halves artificially united. Self and otherself were ingrown from the roots—whichever portion fate restricted him to would be but a bleeding half-live fragment of the mutilated whole.

Happily for him, chance made this crisis of his life coincide with a strike at Westmore. Soon after his return to Hanaford he found himself compelled to grapple with the hardest problem of his industrial career, and he was carried through the ensuing three months by that tide of swift obligatory action that sweeps the ship-wrecked spirit over so many sunken reefs of fear and despair. The knowledge that he was better able to deal with the question than any one who might conceivably have taken his place —this conviction, which was presently confirmed by the peaceable adjustment of the strike, helped to make the sense of his immediate usefulness outbalance that other, disintegrating doubt as to the final value of such efforts. And so he tried to settle down into a kind of mechanical altruism, in which the reflexes of habit should take the place of that daily renewal of faith and enthusiasm which had been fed from the springs of his own joy.

The autumn came and passed into winter; and after Mr. Langhope's re-establishment in town Amherst began to resume his usual visits to his step-daughter.

His natural affection for the little girl had been deepened by the unforeseen manner in which her fate had been entrusted to him. The thought of Bessy, softened to compunction by the discovery that her love had persisted under their apparently hopeless estrangement—this feeling, intensified to the verge of morbidness by the circumstances attending her death, now sought expression in a passionate devotion to her child. Accident had, in short, created between Bessy and himself a retrospective sympathy which the resumption of life together would have dispelled in a week—one of the exhalations from the past that depress the vitality of those who linger too near the grave of dead experiences.

Since Justine's departure Amherst had felt himself still more drawn to Cicely; but his relation to the child was complicated by the fact that she would not be satisfied as to the cause of her stepmother's absence. Whenever Amherst came to town, her first question was for Justine; and her memory had the precocious persistence sometimes developed in children too early deprived of their natural atmosphere of affection. Cicely had always been petted and adored, at odd times and by divers people; but some instinct seemed to tell her that, of all the tenderness bestowed on her, Justine's most resembled the all-pervading motherly element in which the child's heart expands without ever being conscious of its needs.

If it had been embarrassing to evade Cicely's questions in June it became doubly so as the months passed, and the pretext of Justine's ill-health grew more and more difficult to sustain. And in the following March Amherst was suddenly called from Hanaford by the news that the little girl herself was ill. Serious complications had developed from a protracted case of scarlet fever, and for two weeks the child's fate was uncertain. Then she began to recover, and in the joy of seeing life come back to her, Mr. Langhope and Amherst felt as though they must not only gratify every wish she expressed, but try to guess at those they saw floating below the surface of her clear vague eyes.

It was noticeable to Mrs. Ansell, if not to the others, that one of these unexpressed wishes was the desire to see her step-mother. Cicely no longer asked for Justine; but something in her silence, or in the gesture with which she gently put from her other offers of diversion and companionship, suddenly struck Mrs. Ansell as more poignant than speech.

"What is it the child wants?" she asked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the governess, in the course of one of their whispered consultations; and the governess, after a moment's hesitation, replied: "She said something about a letter she wrote to Mrs. Amherst just before she was taken ill—about having had no answer, I think."

"Ah—she writes to Mrs. Amherst, does she?"

The governess, evidently aware that she trod on delicate ground, tried at once to defend herself and her pupil.

"It was my fault, perhaps. I suggested once that her little compositions should take the form of letters—it usually interests a child more—and she asked if they might be written to Mrs. Amherst."

"Your fault? Why should not the child write to her step-mother?" Mrs. Ansell rejoined with studied surprise; and on the other's murmuring: "Of course—of course ——" she added haughtily: "I trust the letters were sent?"

The governess floundered. "I couldn't say—but perhaps the nurse. . ."

That evening Cicely was less well. There was a slight return of fever, and the doctor, hastily summoned, hinted at the possibility of too much excitement in the sick-room.

"Excitement? There has been no excitement," Mr. Langhope protested, quivering with the sudden renewal of fear.

"No? The child seemed nervous, uneasy. It's hard to say why, because she is unusually reserved for her age."

The medical man took his departure, and Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell faced each other in the disarray produced by a call to arms when all has seemed at peace.

"I shall lose her—I shall lose her!" the grandfather broke out, sinking into his chair with a groan.

Mrs. Ansell, gathering her furs about her for departure, turned on him abruptly from the threshold.

"It's stupid, what you're doing—stupid!" she exclaimed with unwonted vehemence.

He raised his head with a startled look. "What do you mean—what I'm doing?"

"The child misses Justine. You ought to send for her."

Mr. Langhope's hands dropped to the arms of his chair, and he straightened himself up with a pale flash of indignation. "You've had moments lately——!"

"I've had moments, yes; and so have you—when the child came back to us, and we stood there and wondered how we could keep her, tie her fast . . . and in those moments I saw . . . saw what she wanted . . . and so did you!"

Mr. Langhope turned away his head. "You're a sentimentalist!" he flung scornfully back at her.

"Oh, call me any bad names you please!"

"I won't send for that woman!"

"No." She fastened her furs slowly, with the gentle deliberate movements that no emotion ever hastened or disturbed.

"Why do you say no?" he challenged her.

"To make you contradict me, perhaps," she ventured, after looking at him again for a moment.

"Ah——" He shifted his position, one elbow supporting his bowed head, his eyes fixed on the ground. Presently he brought out: "Could one ask her to come—and see the child—and go away again—for good?"

"To break the compact at your pleasure, and enter into it again for the same reason?"

"No—no—I see." He paused, and then looked up at her suddenly. "But what if Amherst won't have her back himself?"

"Shall I ask him?"

"I tell you he can't bear to hear her name!"

"But he doesn't know why she has left him."

Mr. Langhope gathered his brows in a frown. "Why—what on earth—what possible difference would that make?"

Mrs. Ansell, from the doorway, shed a pitying glance on him. "Ah—if you don't see!" she murmured.

He sank back into his seat with a groan. "Good heavens, Maria, how you torture me! I see enough as it is—I see too much of the cursed business!"

She paused again, and then slowly moved a step or two nearer, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"There's one thing you've never seen yet, Henry: what Bessy herself would do now—for the child—if she could."

He sat motionless under her light touch, his eyes on hers, till their inmost thoughts felt for and found each other, as they still sometimes could, through the fog of years and selfishness and worldly habit; then he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dropped his face into his hands, hiding it from her with the instinctive shrinking of an aged grief.

XLI

AMHERST, Cicely's convalescence once assured, had been obliged to go back to Hanaford; but some ten days later, on hearing from Mrs. Ansell that the little girl's progress was less rapid than had been hoped, he returned to his father-in-law's for a Sunday.

He came two days after the talk recorded in the last chapter—a talk of which Mrs. Ansell's letter to him had been the direct result. She had promised Mr. Langhope that, in writing to Amherst, she would not go beyond the briefest statement of fact; and she had kept her word, trusting to circumstances to speak for her.

Mrs. Ansell, during Cicely's illness, had formed the habit of dropping in to take tea with Mr. Langhope, instead of awaiting him at five in her own drawing-room; and on the Sunday in question she found him alone. Beneath his pleasure in seeing her, which had grown more marked as his dependence on her increased, she at once discerned traces of recent disturbance; and her first question was for Cicely.

He met it with a discouraged gesture. "No great change—Amherst finds her looking less well than when he was here before."

"He's upstairs with her?"

"Yes—she seems to want him."

Mrs. Ansell seated herself in silence behind the tea-tray, of which she was now recognized as the officiating priestess. As she drew off her long gloves, and mechanically straightened the row of delicate old cups, Mr. Langhope added with an effort: "I've spoken to him—told him what you said."

She looked up quickly.

"About the child's wish," he continued to explain. "About her having written to his wife. It seems her last letters have not been answered."

He paused, and Mrs. Ansell, with her usual calm precision, proceeded to measure the tea into the fluted Georgian tea-pot. She could be as reticent in approval as in reprehension, and not for the world would she have seemed to claim any share in the turn that events appeared to be taking. She even preferred the risk of leaving her old friend to add half-reproachfully: "I told Amherst what you and the nurse thought."

"Yes?"

"That Cicely pines for his wife. I put it to him in black and white." The words came out on a deep strained breath; and Mrs. Ansell faltered: "Well?"

"Well—he doesn't know where she is himself."

"Doesn't *know?*"

"They're separated—utterly separated. It's as I told you: he could hardly name her."

Mrs. Ansell had unconsciously ceased her ministrations, letting her hands fall on her knee while she brooded in blank wonder on her companion's face.

"I wonder what reason she could have given him?" she murmured at length.

"For going? He loathes her, I tell you!"

"Yes—but *how did she make him?*"

He struck his hand violently on the arm of his chair. "Upon my soul, you seem to forget!"

"No." She shook her head with a half smile. "I simply remember more than you do."

"What more?" he began, with a flush of anger; but she raised a quieting hand.

"What does all that matter—if, now that we need her, we can't get her?"

He made no answer, and she returned to the dispensing of his tea; but as she rose to put the cup in his hand he asked, half querulously: "You think it's going to be very bad for the child, then?"

Mrs. Ansell smiled with the thin edge of her lips. "One can hardly set the police after her——!"

"No; we're powerless," he groaned in assent.

As the cup passed between them she dropped her eyes to his with a quick flash of interrogation; but he sat staring moodily before him, and she moved back to the sofa without a word.

On the way downstairs she met Amherst descending from Cicely's room.

Since the early days of his first marriage there had always been, on Amherst's side, a sense of obscure antagonism toward Mrs. Ansell. She was almost the embodied spirit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the world he dreaded and disliked: her serenity, her tolerance, her adaptability, seemed to smile away and disintegrate all the high enthusiasms, the stubborn convictions, that he had tried to plant in the shifting sands of his married life. And now that Bessy's death had given her back the attributes with which his fancy had originally invested her, he had come to regard Mrs. Ansell as the evil influence that had come between himself and his wife.

Mrs. Ansell was probably not unaware of the successive transitions of feeling which had led up to this unflattering view; but her life had been passed among petty rivalries and animosities, and she had the patience and adroitness of the spy in a hostile camp.

She and Amherst exchanged a few words about Cicely; then she exclaimed, with a glance through the glass panes of the hall door: "But I must be off—I'm on foot, and the crossings appal me after dark."

He could do no less, at that, than offer to guide her across Fifth Avenue; and still talking of Cicely, she led him down the thronged thoroughfare till her own corner was reached, and then her own door; turning there to ask, as if by an afterthought: "Won't you come up? There's one thing more I want to say."

A shade of reluctance crossed his face, which, as the vestibule light fell on it, looked hard and tired, like a face set obstinately against a winter gale; but he murmured a word of assent, and followed her into the shining steel cage of the lift.

In her little drawing-room, among the shaded lamps and bowls of spring flowers, she pushed a chair forward, settled herself in her usual corner of the sofa, and said with a directness that seemed an echo of his own tone: "I asked you to come up because I want to talk to you about Mr. Langhope."

Amherst looked at her in surprise. Though his father-in-law's health had been more or less unsatisfactory for the last year, all their concern, of late, had been for Cicely.

"You think him less well?" he enquired.

She waited to draw off and smooth her gloves, with one of the deliberate gestures that served to shade and supplement her speech.

"I think him extremely unhappy."

Amherst moved uneasily in his seat. He did not know where she meant the talk to lead them, but he guessed that it would be over painful places, and he saw no reason why he should be forced to follow her.

"You mean that he's still anxious about Cicely?"

"Partly that—yes." She paused. "The child will get well, no doubt; but she is very lonely. She needs youth, heat, light. Mr. Langhope can't give her those, or even a semblance of them; and it's an art I've lost the secret of," she added with her shadowy smile.

Amherst's brows darkened. "I realize all she has lost——"

Mrs. Ansell glanced up at him quickly. "She is twice motherless," she said.

The blood rose to his neck and temples, and he tightened his hand on the arm of his chair. But it was a part of Mrs. Ansell's expertness to know when such danger signals must be heeded and when they might be ignored, and she went on quietly: "It's the question of the future that is troubling Mr. Langhope. After such an illness, the next months of Cicely's life should be all happiness. And money won't buy the kind she needs: one can't pick out the right companion for such a child as one can match a ribbon. What she wants is spontaneous affection, not the most superlative manufactured article. She wants the sort of love that Justine gave her."

It was the first time in months that Amherst had heard his wife's name spoken outside of his own house. No one but his mother mentioned Justine to him now; and of late even his mother had dropped her enquiries and allusions, prudently acquiescing in the habit of silence which his own silence had created about him. To hear the name again—the two little syllables which had been the key of life to him, and now shook him as the turning of a rusted lock shakes a long-closed door—to hear her name spoken familiarly, affectionately, as one speaks of some one who may come into the room the next moment—gave him a shock that was half pain, and half furtive unacknowledged joy. Men whose conscious thoughts are mostly projected outward, on the world of external activities, may be more moved by such a touch on the feelings than those who are perpetually testing and tuning their emotional chords. Amherst had foreseen from the first that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Ansell might mean to speak of his wife; but though he had intended, if she did so, to cut their talk short, he now felt himself irresistibly constrained to hear her out.

Mrs. Ansell, having sped her shaft, followed its flight through lowered lashes, and saw that it had struck a vulnerable point; but she was far from assuming that the day was won.

"I believe," she continued, "that Mr. Langhope has said something of this to you already, and my only excuse for speaking is that I understood he had not been successful in his appeal."

No one but Mrs. Ansell—and perhaps she knew it—could have pushed so far beyond the conventional limits of discretion without seeming to overstep them by a hair; and she had often said, when pressed for the secret of her art, that it consisted simply in knowing the pass-word. That word once spoken, she might have added, the next secret was to give the enemy no time for resistance; and though she saw the frown reappear between Amherst's eyes, she went on, without heeding it: "I entreat you, Mr. Amherst, to let Cicely see your wife."

He reddened again, and pushed back his chair, as if to rise.

"No—don't break off like that! Let me say a word more. I know your answer to Mr. Langhope—that you and Justine are no longer together. But I thought of you as a man to sink your personal relations at such a moment as this."

"To sink them?" he repeated vaguely: and she went on: "After all, what difference does it make?"

"What difference?" He stared in unmitigated wonder, and then answered, with a touch of irony: "It might at least make the difference of my being unwilling to ask a favour of her."

Mrs. Ansell, at this, raised her eyes and let them rest full on his. "Because she has done you so great a one already?"

He stared again, sinking back automatically into his chair. "I don't understand you."

"No." She smiled a little, as if to give herself time. "But I mean that you shall. If I were a man I suppose I couldn't, because a man's code of honour is such a clumsy cast-iron thing. But a woman's, luckily, can be cut over—if she's clever—to fit any new occasion; and in this case I should be willing to reduce mine to tatters if necessary."

Amherst's look of bewilderment deepened. "What is it that I don't understand?" he asked at length, in a low voice.

"Well—first of all, why Mr. Langhope had the right to ask you to send for your wife."

"The right?"

"You don't recognize such a right on his part?"

"No—why should I?"

"Supposing she had left you by his wish?"

"His wish? *His*——?"

He was on his feet now, gazing at her blindly, while the solid world seemed to grow thin about him. Her next words reduced it to a mist.

"My poor Amherst—why else, on earth, should she have left you?"

She brought it out clearly, in her small chiming tones; and as the sound travelled toward him it seemed to gather momentum, till her words rang through his brain as if every incomprehensible incident in the past had suddenly boomed forth the question. Why else, indeed, should she have left him? He stood motionless for a while; then he approached Mrs. Ansell and said: "Tell me."

She drew farther back into her corner of the sofa, waving him to a seat beside her, as though to bring his inquisitory eyes on a level where her own could command them; but he stood where he was, unconscious of her gesture, and merely repeating: "Tell me."

She may have said to herself that a woman would have needed no farther telling; but to him she only replied, slanting her head up to his: "To spare you and himself pain—to keep everything, between himself and you, as it had been before you married her."

He dropped down beside her at that, grasping the back of the sofa as if he wanted something to clutch and throttle. The veins swelled in his temples, and as he pushed back his tossed hair Mrs. Ansell noticed for the first time how gray it had grown on the under side.

"And he asked this of my wife—he accepted it?"

"Haven't *you* accepted it?"

"I? How could I guess her reasons—how could I imagine——?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Ansell raised her brows a hair's breadth at that. "I don't know. But as a fact, he didn't ask—it was she who offered, who forced it on him, even!"

"Forced her going on him?"

"In a sense, yes; by making it appear that *you* felt as he did about—about poor Bessy's death: that the thought of what had happened at that time was as abhorrent to you as to him—that *she* was as abhorrent to you. No doubt she foresaw that, had she permitted the least doubt on that point, there would have been no need of her leaving you, since the relation between yourself and Mr. Langhope would have been altered—destroyed. . ."

"Yes. I expected that—I warned her of it. But how did she make him think——?"

"How can I tell? To begin with, I don't know your real feeling. For all I know she was telling the truth—and Mr. Langhope of course thought she was."

"That I abhorred her? Oh——" he broke out, on his feet in an instant.

"Then why——?"

"Why did I let her leave me?" He strode across the room, as his habit was in moments of agitation, turning back to her again before he answered. "Because I *didn't* know—didn't know anything! And because her insisting on going away like that, without any explanation, made me feel . . . imagine there was . . . something she didn't *want* me to know . . . something she was afraid of not being able to hide from me if we stayed together any longer."

"Well—there was: the extent to which she loved you."

Mrs. Ansell, her hands clasped on her knee, her gaze holding his with a kind of visionary fixity, seemed to reconstruct the history of his past, bit by bit, with the words she was dragging out of him.

"I see it—I see it all now," she went on, with a repressed fervour that he had never divined in her. "It was the only solution for her, as well as for the rest of you. The more she showed her love, the more it would have cast a doubt on her motive . . . the greater distance she would have put between herself and you. And so she showed it in the only way that was safe for both of you, by taking herself away and hiding it in her heart; and before going, she secured your peace of mind, your future. If she ruined anything, she rebuilt the ruin. Oh, she paid—she paid in full!"

Justine had paid, yes—paid to the utmost limit of whatever debt toward society she had contracted by overstepping its laws. And her resolve to discharge the debt had been taken in a flash, as soon as she had seen that man can commit no act alone, whether for good or evil. The extent to which Amherst's fate was involved in hers had become clear to her with his first word of reassurance, of faith in her motive. And instantly a plan for releasing him had leapt full-formed into her mind, and had been carried out with swift unflinching resolution. As he forced himself, now, to look down the suddenly illuminated past to the weeks which had elapsed between her visit to Mr. Langhope and her departure from Hanaford, he wondered not so much at her swiftness of resolve as at her firmness in carrying out her plan—and he saw, with a blinding flash of insight, that it was in her love for him that she had found her strength.

In all moments of strong mental tension he became totally unconscious of time and place, and he now remained silent so long, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes fixed on an indeterminate point in space, that Mrs. Ansell at length rose and laid a questioning touch on his arm.

"It's not true that you don't know where she is?"

His face contracted. "At this moment I don't. Lately she has preferred . . . not to write. . ."

"But surely you must know how to find her?"

He tossed back his hair with an energetic movement. "I should find her if I didn't know how!"

They stood confronted in a gaze of silent intensity, each penetrating farther into the mind of the other than would once have seemed possible to either one; then Amherst held out his hand abruptly. "Goodbye—and thank you," he said.

She detained him a moment. "We shall see you soon again—see you both?"

His face grew stern. "It's not to oblige Mr. Langhope that I am going to find my wife."

"Ah, now you are unjust to him!" she exclaimed.

"Don't let us speak of him!" he broke in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why not? When it is from him the request comes—the entreaty—that everything in the past should be forgotten?"

"Yes—when it suits his convenience!"

"Do you imagine that—even judging him in that way—it has not cost him a struggle?"

"I can think only of what it has cost her!"

Mrs. Ansell drew a deep sighing breath. "Ah—but don't you see that she has gained her point, and that nothing else matters to her?"

"Gained her point? Not if, by that, you mean that things here can ever go back to the old state—that she and I can ever remain at Westmore after this!"

Mrs. Ansell dropped her eyes for a moment; then she lifted to his her sweet impenetrable face.

"Do you know what you have to do—both you and he? Exactly what she decides," she affirmed.

XLII

JUSTINE'S answer to her husband's letter bore a New York address; and the surprise of finding her in the same town with himself, and not half an hour's walk from the room in which he sat, was so great that it seemed to demand some sudden and violent outlet of physical movement.

He thrust the letter in his pocket, took up his hat, and leaving the house, strode up Fifth Avenue toward the Park in the early spring sunlight.

The news had taken five days to reach him, for in order to reëstablish communication with his wife he had been obliged to write to Michigan, with the request that his letter should be forwarded. He had never supposed that Justine would be hard to find, or that she had purposely enveloped her movements in mystery. When she ceased to write he had simply concluded that, like himself, she felt the mockery of trying to keep up a sort of distant, semi-fraternal relation, marked by the occasional interchange of inexpressive letters. The inextricable mingling of thought and sensation which made the peculiar closeness of their union could never, to such direct and passionate natures, be replaced by the pretense of a temperate friendship. Feeling thus himself and instinctively assuming the same feeling in his wife, Amherst had respected her silence, her wish to break definitely with their former life. She had written him, in the autumn, that she intended to leave Michigan for a few months, but that, in any emergency, a letter addressed to her friend's house would reach her; and he had taken this as meaning that, unless the emergency arose, she preferred that their correspondence should cease. Acquiescence was all the easier because it accorded with his own desire. It seemed to him, as he looked back, that the love he and Justine had felt for each other was like some rare organism which could maintain life only in its special element; and that element was neither passion nor sentiment, but truth. It was only on the heights that they could breathe.

Some men, in his place, even while accepting the inevitableness of the moral rupture, would have felt concerned for the material side of the case. But it was characteristic of Amherst that this did not trouble him. He took it for granted that his wife would return to her nursing. From the first he had felt certain that it would be intolerable to her to accept aid from him, and that she would choose rather to support herself by the exercise of her regular profession; and, aside from such motives, he, who had always turned to hard work as the surest refuge from personal misery, thought it quite natural that she should seek the same means of escape.

He had therefore not been surprised, on opening her letter that morning, to learn that she had taken up her hospital work; but in the amazement of finding her so near at hand he hardly grasped her explanation of the coincidence. There was something about a Buffalo patient suddenly ordered to New York for special treatment, and refusing to go in the charge of a new nurse—but these details made no impression on his mind, which had only room for the fact that chance had brought his wife near him at the very moment when his whole being yearned for her.

She wrote that, owing to her duties, she would be unable to see him till three that afternoon; and he had still six hours to consume before their meeting. But in spirit they had met already—they were one in an intensity of communion which, as he strode northward along the bright crowded thor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oughfare, seemed to gather up the whole world into one throbbing point of life.

He had a boyish wish to keep the secret of his happiness to himself, not to let Mr. Langhope or Mrs. Ansell know of his meeting with Justine till it was over; and after twice measuring the length of the Park he turned in at one of the little wooden restaurants which were beginning to unshutter themselves in anticipation of spring custom. If only he could have seen Justine that morning! If he could have brought her there, and they could have sat opposite each other, in the bare empty room, with sparrows bustling and twittering in the lilacs against the open window! The room was ugly enough—but how she would have delighted in the delicate green of the near slopes, and the purplish haze of the woods beyond! She took a childish pleasure in such small adventures, and had the knack of giving a touch of magic to their most commonplace details. Amherst, as he finished his cold beef and indifferent eggs, found himself boyishly planning to bring her back there the next day. . .

Then, over the coffee, he re-read her letter.

The address she gave was that of a small private hospital, and she explained that she would have to receive him in the public parlour, which at that hour was open to other visitors. As the time approached, the thought that they might not be alone when they met became insufferable; and he determined, if he found any one else in possession of the parlour, to wait in the hall, and meet her as she came down the stairs.

He continued to elaborate this plan as he walked back slowly through the Park and down Fifth Avenue. He had timed himself to reach the hospital a little before three; but though it lacked five minutes to the hour when he entered the parlour, two women were already seated in one of its windows. They looked around as he came in, evidently as much annoyed by his appearance as he had been to find them there. The older of the two showed a sallow middle-aged face beneath a limp crape veil; the other was a slight tawdry creature, with nodding feathers, and innumerable chains and bracelets which she fingered ceaselessly as she talked.

They eyed Amherst resentfully, and then turned away, continuing their talk in low murmurs, while he seated himself at the marble-topped table littered with torn magazines. Now and then the younger woman's voice rose in a shrill staccato, and a phrase or two floated over to him. "She'd simply worked herself to death—the nurse told me so. . . She expects to go home in another week, though how she's going to stand the *fatigue*——" and then, after an inaudible answer: "It's all *his* fault, and if I was her I wouldn't go back to him for anything!"

"Oh, Cora, he's real sorry now," the older woman protestingly murmured; but the other, unappeased, rejoined with ominously nodding plumes: "*You* see—if they do make it up, it'll never be the same between them!"

Amherst started up nervously, and as he did so the clock struck three, and he opened the door and passed out into the hall. It was paved with black and white marble; the walls were washed in a dull yellowish tint, and the prevalent odour of antiseptics was mingled with a stale smell of cooking. At the back rose a straight staircase carpeted with brass-bound India-rubber, like a ship's companion-way; and down that staircase she would come in a moment—he fancied he heard her step now. . .

But the step was that of an elderly black-gowned woman in a cap—the matron probably.

She glanced at Amherst in surprise, and asked: "Are you waiting for some one?"

He made a motion of assent, and she opened the parlour door, saying: "Please walk in."

"May I not wait out here?" he urged.

She looked at him more attentively. "Why, no, I'm afraid not. You'll find the papers and magazines in here."

Mildly but firmly she drove him in before her, and closing the door, advanced to the two women in the window. Amherst's hopes leapt up: perhaps she had come to fetch the visitors upstairs! He strained his ears to catch what was being said, and while he was thus absorbed the door opened, and turning at the sound he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had not reflected that Justine would be in her nurse's dress; and the unexpected sight of the dark blue uniform and small

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white cap, in which he had never seen her since their first meeting in the Hope Hospital, obliterated all bitter and unhappy memories, and gave him the illusion of passing back at once into the clear air of their early friendship. Then he looked at her and remembered.

He noticed that she had grown thinner than ever; or rather that her thinness, which had formerly had a healthy reed-like strength, now suggested fatigue and languor. And her face was spent, extinguished—the very eyes were lifeless. All her vitality seemed to have withdrawn itself into the arch of dense black hair which still clasped her forehead like the noble metal of some antique bust.

The sight stirred him with a deeper pity, a more vehement compunction; but the impulse to snatch her to him, and seek his pardon on her lips, was paralyzed by the sense that the three women in the window had stopped talking and turned their heads toward the door.

He held his hand out, and Justine's touched it for a moment; then he said in a low voice: "Is there no other place where I can see you?"

She made a negative gesture. "I am afraid not today."

Ah, her deep sweet voice—how completely his ear had lost the sound of it!

She looked doubtfully about the room, and pointed to a sofa at the end farthest from the windows.

"Shall we sit there?" she said.

He followed her in silence, and they sat down side by side. The matron had drawn up a chair and resumed her whispered conference with the women in the window. Between the two groups stretched the bare length of the room, broken only by a few arm-chairs of stained wood, and the marble-topped table covered with magazines.

The impossibility of giving free rein to his feelings developed in Amherst an unwonted intensity of perception, as though a sixth sense had suddenly emerged to take the place of those he could not use. And with this new-made faculty he seemed to gather up, and absorb into himself, as he had never done in their hours of closest communion, every detail of his wife's person, of her face and hands and gestures. He noticed how her full upper lids, of the tint of yellowish ivory, had a slight bluish discolouration, and how little thread-like blue veins ran across her temples to the roots of her hair. The emaciation of her face, and the hollow shades beneath her cheek-bones, made her mouth seem redder and fuller, though a little line on each side, where it joined the cheek, gave it a tragic droop. And her hands! When her fingers met his he recalled having once picked up, in the winter woods, the little feather-light skeleton of a frozen bird—and that was what her touch was like.

And it was he who had brought her to this by his cruelty, his obtuseness, his base readiness to believe the worst of her! He did not want to pour himself out in self-accusation—that seemed too easy a way of escape. He wanted simply to take her in his arms, to ask her to give him one more chance—and then to show her! And all the while he was paralyzed by the group in the window.

"Can't we go out? I must speak to you," he began again nervously.

"Not this afternoon—the doctor is coming. Tomorrow——"

"I can't wait for tomorrow!"

She made a faint, imperceptible gesture, which read to his eyes: "You've waited a whole year."

"Yes, I know," he returned, still constrained by the necessity of muffling his voice, of perpetually measuring the distance between themselves and the window. "I know what you might say—don't you suppose I've said it to myself a million times? But I didn't know—I couldn't imagine——"

She interrupted him with a rapid movement. "What do you know now?"

"What you promised Langhope——"

She turned her startled eyes on him, and he saw the blood run flame-like under her skin. "But *he* promised not to speak!" she cried.

"He hasn't—to me. But such things make themselves known. Should you have been content to go on in that way forever?"

She raised her head and her eyes rested in his. "If you were," she answered simply.

"Justine!"

Again she checked him with a silencing motion. "Please tell me just what has happened."

"Not now—there's too much else to say.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And nothing matters except that I'm with you."

"But Mr. Langhope——"

"He asks you to come. You're to see Cicely tomorrow."

Her lower lip trembled a little, and a tear flowed over and hung on her lashes.

"But what does all that matter now? We're together after this horrible year," he insisted.

She looked at him again. "But what is really changed?"

"Everything—everything! Not changed, I mean—just gone back."

"To where . . . we were . . . before?" she whispered; and he whispered back: "To where we were before."

There was a scraping of chairs on the floor, and with a sense of release Amherst saw that the colloquy in the window was over.

The two visitors, gathering their wraps about them, moved slowly across the room, still talking to the matron in excited undertones, through which, as they neared the threshold, the younger woman's staccato again broke out.

"I tell you, if she does go back to him, it'll never be the same between them!"

"Oh, Cora, I wouldn't say that," the other ineffectually wailed; then they moved toward the door, and a moment later it had closed on them.

Amherst turned to his wife with outstretched arms. "Say you forgive me, Justine!"

She held back a little from his entreating hands, not reproachfully, but as if with a last scruple for himself.

"There's nothing left . . . of the horror?" she asked below her breath.

"To be without you—that's the only horror!"

"You're *sure*——?"

"Sure!"

"It's just the same to you . . . just as it was . . . before?"

"Just the same, Justine!"

"It's not for myself, but you."

"Then, for me—never speak of it!" he implored.

"Because it's *not* the same, then?" leapt from her.

"Because it's wiped out—because it's never been!"

"Never?"

"Never!"

He felt her yield to him at that, and under his eyes, close under his lips, was her face at last. But as they kissed they heard the handle of the door turn, and drew apart quickly, her hand lingering in his under the fold of her dress.

A nurse looked in, dressed in the white uniform and pointed cap of the hospital. Amherst fancied that she smiled a little as she saw them.

"Miss Brent—the doctor wants you to come right up and give the morphine."

The door shut again as Justine rose to her feet. Amherst remained seated—he had made no motion to retain her hand as it slipped from him.

"I'm coming," she called out to the retreating nurse; then she turned slowly and saw her husband's face.

"I must go," she said in a low tone.

Her eyes met his for a moment; but he looked away again as he stood up and reached for his hat.

"Tomorrow, then——" he said, without attempting to detain her.

"To-morrow?"

"You must come away from here—you must come home," he repeated mechanically.

She made no answer, and he held his hand out and took hers. "Tomorrow," he said, drawing her toward him; and their lips met again, but not in the same kiss.

XLIII

JUNE again at Hanaford—and Cicely's birthday.

The anniversary was to coincide, this year, with the opening of the old house at Hopewood as a kind of pleasure-palace—gymnasium, concert-hall and museum—for the recreation of the mill-hands.

The idea had first come to Amherst on the winter afternoon when Bessy Westmore had confessed her love for him under the snow-laden trees of Hopewood. Even then the sense that his personal happiness was enlarged and secured by its promise of happiness to others had made him wish that the scene associated with the first moments of his new life should be made to commemorate a corresponding change in the fortunes of Westmore. But when the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control of the mills at length passed into his hands, other and more necessary improvements pressed upon him; and it was not until now that the financial condition of the company had justified the execution of his plan.

Justine, on her return to Hanaford, had found the work already in progress, and had been told by her husband that he was carrying out a projected scheme of Bessy's. She had felt a certain surprise, but had concluded that the plan in question dated back to the early days of his first marriage, when, in his wife's eyes, his connection with the mills still invested them with interest.

Since Justine had come back to her husband, both had tacitly avoided all allusions to the past, and the recreation-house at Hopewood being, as she divined, in some sort an expiatory offering to Bessy's plaintive shade, she had purposely refrained from questioning Amherst about its progress, and had simply approved the plans he submitted to her.

Fourteen months had passed since her return, and now, as she sat beside her husband in the carriage which was conveying them to Hopewood, she said to herself that her life had at last fallen into what promised to be its final shape—that as things now were they would probably be to the end. And outwardly at least they were what she and Amherst had always dreamed of their being. Westmore prospered under the new rule. The seeds of life they had sown there were springing up in a promising growth of bodily health and mental activity, and above all in a dawning social consciousness. The mill-hands were beginning to understand the meaning of their work, in its relation to their own lives and to the larger economy. And outwardly, also, the new growth was showing itself in the humanized aspect of the place. Amherst's young maples were tall enough now to cast a shade on the grass-bordered streets; and the well-kept turf, the bright cottage gardens, the new central group of library, hospital and club-house gave to the mill-village the hopeful air of a "rising" residential suburb.

In the bright June light, behind their fresh green mantle of trees and creepers, even the factory buildings looked less stern and prison-like than formerly; and the turfing and planting of the adjoining river-banks had transformed a waste of foul mud and refuse into a little park where the operatives might refresh themselves at midday.

Yes—Westmore was alive at last: the dead city of which Justine had once spoken to Amherst had risen from its grave, and its blank face had taken on a meaning. As Justine glanced at her husband, she saw that the same thought was in his mind. However achieved, at whatever cost of personal misery and error, the work of awakening and freeing Westmore was done, and that work had justified itself.

She looked from Amherst to Cicely, who sat opposite, eager and rosy in her mourning frock—for Mr. Langhope had died some two months previously—and as intent as her step-parents upon the scene before her. Cicely was old enough now to regard her connection with Westmore as something more than a nursery game. She was beginning to learn a great deal about the mills, and to understand, in simple, friendly ways, something of her own relation to them. The work and play of the children, the interests and relaxations provided for their elders, had been gradually explained to her by Justine, and she understood that this shining tenth birthday of hers was to throw its light as far as the clouds of factory-smoke extended.

As they mounted the slope to Hopewood, the spacious white building, with its enfolding colonnades, its broad terraces and tennis-courts, shone through the trees like some bright villa adorned for its master's home-coming; and Amherst and his wife might have been driving up to the house which had been built to shelter their wedded happiness. The thought flashed across Justine as their carriage climbed the hill. She was as much absorbed as Amherst in the welfare of Westmore, it had become more and more, to both, the refuge in which their lives still met and mingled; but for a moment, as they paused before the flower-decked porch, and he turned to help her from the carriage, it occurred to her to wonder what her sensations would have been if he had been bringing her home—to a real home of their own—instead of accompanying her to another philanthropic celebration. But what need had they of a real home, when they no longer had any real life of their own? Nothing was left of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secret inner union which had so enriched and beautified their outward lives. Since Justine's return to Hanaford they had entered, tacitly, almost unconsciously, into a new relation to each other: a relation in which their personalities were more and more merged in their common work, so that, as it were, they met only by avoiding each other.

From the first, Justine had accepted this as inevitable; just as she had understood, when Amherst had sought her out in New York, that his remaining at Westmore, which had once been contingent on her leaving him, now depended on her willingness to return and take up their former life there.

She accepted the last condition as she had accepted the other, pledged to the perpetual expiation of an act for which, in the abstract, she still refused to hold herself to blame. But life is not a matter of abstract principles, but a succession of pitiful compromises with fate, of concessions to old tradition, old beliefs, old charities and frailties. That was what her act had taught her —that was the word of the gods to the mortal who had laid a hand on their bolts. And she had humbled herself to accept the lesson, seeing human relations at last as a tangled and deep-rooted growth, a dark forest through which the idealist cannot cut his straight path without hearing at each stroke the cry of the severed branch: "*Why woundest thou me?*"

The lawns leading up to the house were already sprinkled with holiday-makers, while along the avenue came the rolling of wheels, the throb of motor-cars; and Justine, with Cicely beside her, stood in the wide hall to receive the incoming throng, in which Hanaford society was indiscriminately mingled with the operatives in their Sunday best.

While his wife welcomed the new arrivals, Amherst, supported by some young Westmore cousins, was guiding them into the concert-hall, where he was to say a word on the uses of the building before declaring it open for inspection. And presently Justine and Cicely, summoned by Westy Gaines, made their way through the rows of seats to a corner near the platform. Her husband was there already, with Halford Gaines and a group of Hanaford dignitaries, and just below them sat Mrs. Gaines and her daughters, the Harry Dressels, and Amherst's radiant mother.

As Justine passed between them, she wondered how much they knew of the events which had wrought so profound and permanent change in her life. She had never known how Hanaford explained her absence or what comments it had made on her return. But she saw to-day more clearly than ever that Amherst had become a power among his townsmen, and that if they were still blind to the inner meaning of his work, its practical results were beginning to impress them profoundly. Hanaford sociological creed was largely based on commercial considerations, and Amherst had won Hanaford's esteem by the novel feat of defying its economic principles and snatching success out of his defiance.

And now he had advanced a step or two in front of the "representative" semi-circle on the platform, and was beginning to speak.

Justine did not hear his first words. She was looking up at him, trying to see him with the eyes of the crowd, and wondering what manner of man he would have seemed to her if she had known as little as they did of his inner history.

He held himself straight, the heavy locks thrown back from his forehead, one hand resting on the table beside him, the other grasping a folded blue-print which the architect of the building had just advanced to give him. As he stood there, Justine recalled her first sight of him in the Hope Hospital, five years earlier—was it only five years? They had dealt deep strokes to his face, hollowing the eye-sockets, accentuating the strong modelling of nose and chin, fixing the lines between the brows; but every touch had a meaning—it was not the languid hand of time which had remade his features, but the sharp chisel of thought and action.

She roused herself suddenly to the consciousness of what he was saying.

"For the idea of this building—of a building dedicated to the recreation of Westmore—is not new in my mind; but while it remained there as a mere idea, it had already without my knowledge, taken definite shape in the thoughts of the owner of Westmore."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a slight drop in his voice as he designated Bessy, and he waited a moment before continuing: "It was not till after the death of my first wife that I learned of her intention—that I found by accident, among her papers, this carefully-studied plan for a pleasure-house at Hopewood."

He paused again, and unrolling the blueprint, held it up before his audience.

"You cannot, at this distance," he went on, "see all the admirable details of her plan; see how beautifully they were imagined, how carefully and intelligently elaborated. She who conceived them longed to see beauty everywhere—it was her dearest wish to bestow it on her people here. And her ardent imagination outran the bounds of practical possibility. We cannot give you, in its completeness, the beautiful thing she had imagined—the great terraces, the marble porches, the fountains, lily-tanks, and cloisters. But you will see that, wherever it was possible—though in humbler materials, and on a smaller scale—we have faithfully followed her design; and when presently you go through this building, and when, hereafter, you find health and refreshment and diversion here, I ask you to remember the beauty she dreamed of giving you, and to let the thought of it make her memory beautiful among you and among your children. . . ."

Justine had listened with deepening amazement. She was seated so close to her husband that she had recognized the blueprint the moment he unrolled it. There was no mistaking its origin—it was simply the plan of the gymnasium which Bessy had intended to build at Lynbrook, and which she had been constrained to abandon owing to her husband's increased expenditure at the mills. But how was it possible that Amherst knew nothing of the original purpose of the plans, and by what mocking turn of events had a project devised in deliberate defiance of his wishes, and intended to declare his wife's open contempt of them, been transformed into a Utopian vision for the betterment of the Westmore operatives?

A wave of anger swept over Justine at this last derisive stroke of fate. It was grotesque and pitiable that a man like Amherst should create out of his morbid regrets a being who had never existed, and then ascribe to her feelings and actions of which the real woman had again and again proved herself incapable!

Ah, no, Justine had suffered enough—but to have this imaginary Bessy called from the grave, dressed in a semblance of self-devotion and idealism, to see her petty impulses of vindictiveness disguised as the motions of a lofty spirit—it was as though her small malicious ghost had devised this way of punishing the wife who had taken her place!

Justine had suffered enough—suffered deliberately and unstintingly, paying the full price of her error, not seeking to evade its least consequence. But no sane judgment could ask her to sit quiet under this last hallucination. What! This unreal woman, this phantom that Amherst's uneasy imagination had evoked, was to come between himself and her, to supplant her first as his wife, and then as his fellow-worker? Why should she not cry out the truth to him, defend herself against the dead who came back to rob her of such wedded peace as was hers? She had only to tell the true story of the plans to lay poor Bessy's ghost forever!

The confused throbbing impulses within her were stifled under a long burst of applause—then she saw Westy Gaines at her side again, and understood that he had come to lead Cicely to the platform. For a moment she clung jealously to the child's hand, hardly aware of what she did, feeling only that she was being thrust farther and farther into the background of the life she had helped to call out of chaos. Then a contrary impulse moved her. She released Cicely with a tremulous smile, and a moment later, as she sat with bent head and throbbing breast, she heard the child's treble piping out above her:

"In my mother's name, I give this house to Westmore."

Applause again—and then Justine found herself enveloped in a general murmur of compliment and congratulation. Mr. Amherst had spoken admirably—a "beautiful tribute—" ah, he had done poor Bessy justice! And to think that till now Hanaford had never fully realized how she had the welfare of the mills at heart—how it was really only *her* work that he was carrying on there! Well, he had made that perfectly clear—and no doubt Cicely was being taught to follow in her mother's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

footsteps: everyone had noticed how her step-father was associating her with the work at the mills. And his little speech would, as it were, consecrate the child's relation to that work, make it appear to her as the continuance of a beautiful, a sacred tradition. . .

And now it was over. The building had been inspected, the operatives had dispersed, the Hanaford company, Cicely among them, had been sent back, tired and happy, in Mrs. Dressel's victoria (which was to be replaced by a motor next year), and Amherst and his wife were alone.

Amherst, after bidding good-bye to his last guests, had gone back to the empty concert-room, where he had left the blue-print lying on the platform. He came back with it, between the uneven rows of empty chairs, and joined Justine, who stood waiting in the hall. His face was slightly flushed, and his eyes had the light which, in moments of happy emotion, burned through their veil of thought.

He laid his hand on his wife's arm and drawing her toward a table near the doorway, spread out the blue-print before her.

"You haven't seen this, have you?" he said eagerly.

She looked down at the plan without answering, reading in the left-hand corner the architect's conventional inscription: "Swimming-tank and gymnasium designed for Mrs. John Amherst."

Amherst looked up, perhaps struck by her silence.

"But perhaps you *have* seen it—at Lynbrook? It must have been done while you were there."

The quickened throb of her blood rushed to her brain like a signal. "Speak—speak now!" the signal commanded.

Justine continued to look fixedly at the plan. "Yes, I have seen it," she said at length.

"At Lynbrook?"

"At Lynbrook."

"*She* showed it to you, I suppose—while I was away?"

Justine hesitated again. "Yes, while you were away."

"And did she tell you anything about it, go into detail about her wishes, her intentions?"

Now was the moment—now! As her lips parted she looked up at her husband. The illumination still lingered on his face—and it was the face she loved. He was waiting eagerly for her next word.

"No, I heard no details. I merely saw the plan lying there."

She saw his look of disappointment. "She never told you about it?"

"No—she never told me."

It was best so, after all. She understood that now. It was now at last that she was paying her full price.

Amherst rolled up the plan with a sigh and pushed it into the drawer of the table. It struck her that he too had the look of one who has laid a ghost. He turned to her and drew her hand through his arm.

"You're tired, dear. You ought to have driven back with the others," he said.

"No, I would rather stay with you."

"You want to drain this good day to the dregs, as I do?"

"Yes," she murmured, drawing her hand away.

"It *is* a good day, isn't it?" he continued, looking about him at the white-panelled walls, the vista of large, bright rooms seen through the folding doors. "I feel as if we had reached a height, somehow—a height where one might pause and draw breath for the next climb. Don't you feel that too, Justine?"

"Yes—I feel it."

"Do you remember once, long ago—one day when you and I and Cicely went on a picnic to hunt orchids—how we got talking of the one best moment in life—the moment when one wanted most to stop the clock?"

The colour rose in her face while he spoke. It was a long time since he referred to the early days of their friendship—the days *before*. . .

"Yes, I remember," she said.

"And do you remember how we said that it was with most of us as it was with Faust? That the moment one wanted to hold fast to was not, in most lives, the moment of keenest personal happiness, but the other kind—the kind that would have seemed grey and colourless at first: the moment when the meaning of life began to come out from the mists—when one could look out at last over the marsh one had drained?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A tremor ran through the inmost chords of Justine's being. "It was you who said that," she said, half-smiling.

"But didn't you feel it with me? Don't you now?"

"Yes—I do now," she murmured.

He came close to her, and taking her hands in his, kissed them, one after the other.

"Dear," he said, "let us go out and look at the marsh we have drained."

He turned and led her through the open doorway to the wide porch above the river. The sun was setting behind the wooded slopes of Hopewood, and the trees about the house stretched long blue shadows across the lawn. Beyond them rose the smoke of Westmore.

THE END.

THE DARK OF THE MOON

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

CASSIOPŒIA'S silver throne,
So crystal-clear to-night it is,
Across my orchard, blossom-strown,
I turn to watch how bright it is.

Gone is the twisted apple-bough
That framed the self-same stars of old,
No moon beyond the poplars now
Bedecks the grass with bars of gold.

Yet this grave, moonless night that folds
The silent orchard-close in gloom,
How many a fragrant promise holds,
Though there is scarce a rose in bloom.

How bright to-night, how dear the dream,
The dream of summer days to be;
The thought of wood and field and stream
New songs to know, new ways to see.

How dark those other days to come,
When happy seasons pass anew,
And find me mute and blind and numb,
No more to dream 'twixt grass and dew.

And yet—when this fair lease is run,
'Tis fresh green grass shall cover me;
My mound shall take the wind and sun,
The starry sky be over me.

. . . . . .

Dear is the dream, O flowers and trees,
To share the stars and sun with you,
And good to think, when God shall please,
At last I shall be one with you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CALL OF THE WEST:

AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

IV—THE PATH TO JAMESTOWN

I

NEARLY eleven decades intervened between the first permanent settlement of Spaniards on the mainland of America and the first permanent settlement of Englishmen. The sixteenth century, with all its wealth of incident and idea, began and ended in the interval. The space of time was as large as that which divided the death of Washington from the first installation of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States. Very tardily did England join Spain and France in competition for the glory of peopling the New World.

It is common knowledge that in the spring of 1606 the English King and Government, overcoming obstinate scruples of the past, frankly proclaimed responsibility for colonial endeavor in America. Very familiar is the fact that a year later there were laid, under the auspices of King James I, the foundation of that colonial plantation of Englishmen—the first to survive infancy—of which the tercentenary was lately celebrated. The royal name of James distinguished that primal settlement as well as the river leading to it from the sea. Jamestown on James River, despite vicissitudes which threatened premature ruin, was the acorn whence sprang the mighty oak of an English North America. From the first Stuart monarch descends the American Republic. The line, if devious, is uninterrupted. Romance alone associates any genuine share of such parental honours with the more glorious name of Queen Elizabeth.

Uncertain and wayward were the processes which prepared the land for the sowing of the fruitful seed. Failure and disappointment darkened the colonial experiments of Queen Elizabeth's subjects in the New World. The patches of light are few and shifting. Tragic gloom shrouded those paths to Jamestown which the Elizabethans sought to tread. The strength of the barriers have often been underrated. Yet a fuller understanding of the Elizabethan repulse enhances the credit and interest of the Jacobean triumph. In these pages an endeavor will be made to set in the perspective of contemporary sentiment, the long series of skirmishes which failed to bring Elizabethan Englishmen to the goal of their colonial ambition, and left the guerdon to be won by their Jacobean successors.

II

WITH miraculous ease did Spain absorb the Latin notion of a colonial empire across the seas, which should, despite the strain of distance, be securely welded to the mother country. Such a notion was assimilated with difficulty by the average Elizabethan mind. In the early days of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when the American empire of Spain was near half a century old, the English sovereign herself confessed a strangely complete ignorance of the colonial conception. In 1563 rumors of stirring adventures, which befell Spanish and French explorers in the newly discovered paradise of Florida, caused fluttering of heart among some English seamen. Thomas Stukeley, a bombastic buccaneer of Devonshire, organized, by permission of the English crown, an expedition to the seductive territory. Three ships were commissioned for the service, and before they sailed their blunt-spoken leader Stukeley had an interview with his sovereign. With engaging frankness he informed Queen Elizabeth that his aim was independent sovereignty in America. The Queen showed no surprise nor did she raise objection. "Would he remember

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her," she inquired, "when he had settled in his kingdom?" "Yes," he replied, "and write unto you also." "And what style wilt thou use?" continued the ruler of England. "To my loving sister, as one prince writes to another," was the answer. The adventurer left the royal presence with felicitations and without rebuke. Not yet had it dawned on the Queen that she was able to wield a sceptre over subjects who should fix their domicile on the further shore of the Atlantic Ocean.

Stukeley did not push his declared design far; piratical raids on shipping in the high seas were more in his sphere than an experiment in empire. Yet his unrebuked avowal of a resolve to create an English kingdom in America not for his Queen and country, but for himself, carries a significant moral—a moral, too, which may not be palatable to those of little faith in the beneficence of active monarchical interposition in the world's affairs. Events were to prove that genuine fruition could not come of the colonial idea in England until the English crown plainly acknowledged a title and an obligation to govern and control subjects who left their homes for new and distant lands. Queen Elizabeth's views of kingship never developed in that direction; the attitude which she assumed to Stukeley she maintained to the end. She rarely withheld approval from colonial effort of private persons, but she declined official responsibility for its conduct or maintenance. Hakluyt, the literary champion of the colonial idea, vainly pointed to the examples of the sovereigns of Spain and France and appealed to her to accept the leadership of a colonial movement. Her ears were closed to his "soul-animating strains." The problem of linking oversea colonies with a mother country fell outside her political horizon. Her successor's notion of colonial sovereignty in America was foreign to her political ambitions.

The average home-keeping Elizabethan was as slow as his sovereign to perceive advantage in a sustained attempt to colonize America. It was not as a colonizing field that the New World swam into his ken. News of guerilla assaults by Hawkins or Drake on Spanish shipping and Spanish trade warmed his blood. Spoil of gold and pearl exerted on him its allurement. But geographical discovery with the practical view to colonization had for him a visionary savor. It was the Utopian fancy of romantic idealists. Long before and long after Queen Elizabeth reached the throne, the typical Englishman's desultory hope of discovering in the new hemisphere unknown lands and seas was confined within narrow bounds. His trading instinct limited his American aspiration to "increase of traffic," to the finding of new markets for home manufactures, or of new reservoirs of precious metal and other raw material for home consumption. Little notion of settlement in distant America colored the normal mercantile aspiration of Tudor England. A representative Elizabethan merchant-captain frankly deprecated colonial designs, and warned the men in his employ that should they attempt to settle in any new country which they visited with a view to trade, they would, if captured, be treated as deserters, and suffer condign punishment. The argument that the ranks of labor at home were overful and that some outlet was needed for the surplus population made small appeal to Elizabethan capitalists. Not till the next century was opening did the dominant trading spirit of the nation countenance a national policy of oversea colonization. Then only did the colonial plea, which men of letters and knight-errants had already urged with imaginative enthusiasm, begin to sway the rank and file of men of business and politicians.

III

The conservative temper of the average Elizabethan merchant was reinforced by the reluctance of the average Elizabethan mariner to sail in latitudes which were not clearly traced on the charts. There was, too, the natural tendency of average public opinion to contrast with some declamatory vehemence, the insecurity of life in unknown countries with the certain safety of one's own hearthstone. But apart from these discouragements, there was a substantial political obstacle to the early colonial ambition of the Elizabethan. The niceties of diplomacy checked English advance on America and even descents on the islands off the coast. From the outset of the Spanish Discovery in the fifteenth century and through most part of the century that followed, Spain stiffly held by the doctrine that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

international law practically closed America —islands and mainland alike—to English colonial effort. That churlish doctrine was only formally challenged in England after much delay.

Despite the impatience of papal doctrine, which conquered the English mind during the sixteenth century, there attached to papal authority a specious sanction of which Tudor England never wholly rid herself. Englishmen, while chafing against the contention, hesitated to deny point-blank the validity of Rome's formal gift at the end of the fifteenth century to Spain or Portugal of all land in the new hemisphere which lay south of the 44th degree of latitude. Probably none in England knew at the outset what territory was situated either north or south of that line. There existed an impression that it marked (as was doubtless intended) the furthermost northern limit of habitable land in the New World. Very gradually was that misapprehension dissipated. Very slowly the conception dawned on England of an habitable area to the north of the pretended sphere of Spanish and Portuguese influence. Only by very gradual degrees did Englishmen realize that, even if the papal decree had binding force, there lay beyond Spanish dominion, the spacious regions of Canada with its ample northern and western provinces as well as that broad band of the earth's surface, which ultimately harbored six expansive northerly states of the American Union. Ultimately it was recognized that the papal donation to Spain overlooked a generous half of the northern continent and that, save for the great empire of Mexico in the extreme south, and some sparse outlying settlements in mid-Florida and California, the Spanish hold on North America lacked substance. But it cost England near a century to take this all-important lesson to heart. Meanwhile the English Government was fertile in warnings against encroachment on the Spanish claims. Even, when colonial hopes were acquiring more or less formal shape in the later days of Elizabethan England, the Government admonished adventurers that "only remote heathen and barbarous lands, countries and territories *not actually possessed of any Christian prince or people*" were open to their incursions. On their first expeditions to the New World, Englishmen as a consequence ventured mainly to the inhospitable extremities of the North so as to avoid the possible menace of Spanish pretensions. Yet even through these desolate regions, which lent colonial aspiration small encouragement, it was sometimes feared that Spain might question the right of way. When a scheme for an English expedition to the fabled empire of Cathay on the other side of the Arctic regions temporarily attracted in the middle of the century some mercantile and maritime enterprise of London, it was deemed safer, in view of the papal donation, to seek a north-east rather than a north-west passage through the Arctic Ocean.

It was no conscious pressure of colonial zeal which led Elizabethans to demand of Spain some abatement of her extravagant claim. On another ground was objection based. The maritime adventurers who raided Spanish ships and ports with an eye to plundering Spanish trade, found the risks of their activity greatly multiplied by Spain's grotesque theory that the entrance of any foreign ship within the western hemisphere amounted to a trespass if not to an act of war. The Elizabethan sea-rover, despite his indifference to colonizing ambition, resented Spain's pretension to exclude altogether his semi-piratical energy from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. At the urgent entreaty of Sir Francis Drake, the boldest of Elizabethan seamen, Queen Elizabeth's Government took a diplomatic step, which, although it fell short of disputing the validity of Spain's title, usefully limited its application. English lawyers were induced by the buccaneers to enunciate the axiomatic but new principle that occupation was a condition of possession, and that occupation was something more than "descents on the coasts and the building of cottages and the giving of names to the country." The law of nations offered no hindrance to "foreign princes from freely navigating those seas" and even visiting and occupying, if they so wished it, "those parts *where the Spaniards did not inhabit.*"

Thus in 1580 was evolved the legal maxim: "Prescription without possession availeth nothing." It was a two-edged weapon, for it left all sparsely settled territory at the mercy of every fresh invader. But as a specific challenge in legal terminology of Spain's claim to the whole continent of America, it swept out of the road

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a real preliminary obstacle to England's imperial advance. So long as the papal division of the New World's surface went unquestioned, those who were neither Spanish nor Portuguese were presumably guilty of a breach of international comity by engaging in maritime, mercantile or colonial enterprise within the American area. The territory of Virginia, where the colonial flag of England was first unfurled to any purpose, fell well within the prohibited bounds of Spain. It had been traversed by Spanish pilgrims; nearly eighty years before Englishmen arrived there, the Christian faith had been preached on the site of Jamestown by Spanish monks; Elizabethans first learned of Chesapeake Bay from the maps of contemporary explorers of Spain. Though no Spaniard had made a permanent home in Virginia, the English title was incapable of legal definition, until virtual occupation by the Spaniard became an acknowledged condition of his legal possession, and his mere prescriptive right was repudiated.

IV

Out of the way of Spain, in the extreme north, far above the Spanish papal border, Elizabethans made their first poor colonial experiment in the New World. By slow gradations and at substantial intervals of time the questionable limit of Spanish dominion was approached from the north and then was crossed by the colonial pioneers. The opening chapter of English colonial effort is the story of a descent by intermittent stages from the Arctic to the temperate zone.

Shadows of the papal donation darkened the horizon of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the earliest prophet of North American colonization. He never ventured actively to dispute Spain's monopoly of southerly latitudes. His attention was absorbed by regions of the north. It was by a somewhat circuitous process of thought that Sir Humphrey came to recommend speeches and writings in a first English settlement on the American continent. At the outset he confined his energies to preaching discovery of the fabulous treasury of Cathay, by way of a northwest passage through the Arctic Ocean. It was a second and subsidiary thought of his to plant an English colony on that north-west road of snow. The main condition of Gilbert's original plan was that England should command the Arctic approaches to the gold and pearl of Cathay. The scheme gives its framer no small title to fame, although it was traced on melting ice.

The hopeless design was pursued in all seriousness. Three expeditions at Gilbert's instance set out for untracked latitudes of the Arctic Sea. The command was borne by Gilbert's disciple, Martin Frobisher, whose colonial failure was fully atoned by his heroic invasion of unknown Arctic regions. With equal earnestness he sought to discover the North-West waterway to the East, and to plant an English colony on the land bordering the ice-bound passage. The revelation of the frozen shores and seas of Labrabor was the main reward of his energy. Appropriately he named the new country Meta Incognita.

It was on Frobisher's second voyage that the colonial hope for the first time challenged active support in England. A hundred Englishmen, "well minded and forward young gentlemen," volunteered to go out and test for twelve months life on American earth. Forty were soldiers, thirty were "bakers, carpenters and necessary persons," and thirty were men willing to work if opportunity arose, in mines. With ignorant complacence they talked of the cold climate and hostile natives that awaited them, and of the sure protection that would be afforded them by "a strong fort or house of timber," which was a chief part of their empirical equipment. But the rigors of the Arctic sky quickly froze the adventurers' blood, and after a few weeks' suffering they acknowledged defeat and sailed home. The colonial design had gone altogether astray; it had involved itself in ridicule. It is a curious comment on this first misconceived plan of Englishmen to inhabit American territory that, in spite of all the exploring activity of the intervening period, the site of Frobisher's colony was not revisited by men of European blood for two hundred and eighty-four years. Then in 1862 Captain C. F. Hall, an American searcher after the North Pole, discovered remains of Frobisher's settlement. Frobisher's experiment made plain that a colonial home must be sought further south, if colonial hope of America were to live.

In the second act of the Elizabethan co-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lonial drama, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Frobisher's patron, played the master-rôle in person. His colonial ideas developed in the light of the warnings of Frobisher's experience. The old tradition of Cathay was shedding a false light on the colonial path. Colonial aspiration asked a freer area of exercise. And something more was required. Gilbert foresaw that, if colonial projects were to win respect and were to promise results of substance instead of shadows, the English Government must lend openly its help and prestige. Spain and France had treated colonial experiments as imperial undertakings. Was England to do less?

The future was on Gilbert's side, but for the present Queen Elizabeth and her advisers hesitated. Not yet would the rulers of England identify themselves with the design of a colonial occupation of America. But Gilbert was at the moment strongly backed. His importunity admitted of no unqualfied negative. But he had to rest content with an innocent formula, in the shape of letters-patent, authorizing him to discover and occupy unknown lands. The document had ancient warrant, and committed the authorities to little or nothing. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was granted "free liberty and license from time to time and at all times for ever hereafter, to discover, find, search out and view such remote heathen and barbarous lands, countries and territories not actually possessed of any Christian prince or people, as to him, his heirs and assigns, and to every or any of them shall seem good, and the same to have, hold, occupy, and enjoy." As far as the official instrument went, Gilbert was free to discover and occupy any unclaimed part of Europe, Asia or Africa. No mention of America figured in his letters-patent. Spanish susceptibilities were not to be ruffled. The English Government declined to avow responsibility for what its subjects might be minded to do across the Atlantic. The existence of the New World was officially ignored.

Embarrassing contradictions weakened the framework of Gilbert's vague charter. In the preamble Gilbert's rights were declared to be perpetual, but the main clauses of the document limited the grant to a period of six years, and nothing was said of a renewal. Although the topic was lightly indicated in shadowy outline, none of the crucial questions touching the constitutional relation of a colony to a mother-country received attention. Gilbert's colonists, in whatever quarter of the unoccupied globe they might plant themselves, were to enjoy the privileges of free denizens and natives of England, and were to maintain allegiance to the crown of England and to the established Church. The Queen and her Government claimed of them no other services or duties than the payment into the royal exchequer of a fifth part of all gold and silver ore which might be discovered in the new country. This was a tentative assertion of the feudal right over mines of precious metal, which was claimed by monarchs of their subjects all the world over, and had been of late loudly asserted in the New World by the kings of Spain and Portugal. For the rest, independent sovereignty was made over to Gilbert. For six years at any rate he was authorized to make his own statutes, laws and ordinances; save with his permission none might approach within two hundred leagues of his settlement. If an English colony were to come into being across the ocean, Queen Elizabeth wished it made clear that she was indisposed to accept the active anxieties of rule.

It was not until that term of six years, which was stipulated in the helpless formula, was nearly ended that Gilbert found serious opportunity of making the colonial experiment on which he had set his heart. An earlier preliminary effort brought him no nearer North America than the Cape Verde Islands. Five years intervened before any genuine advance was essayed. Then Gilbert sailed for the "New Found Land," by which was vaguely meant a territory somewhere to the south of Frobisher's Meta Incognita, and somewhere to the north of any known Spanish settlement.

V

Honest enthusiasm was Gilbert's strongest credential. Of the shape and extent of North America he, like his contemporaries, had learned little, and he cherished many misconceptions. Of the French explorations in the Canadian region, which was already christened Nova Francia, he knew much less than he might. Reports had reached him of a flourishing semi-civilized native kingdom off the north Atlantic, called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norumbega, but that realm was a geographical fiction. French, Spanish and English fleets had long fished for cod in the summer months off Greenland and the Newfoundland banks. But whether the adjoining shores belonged to scattered islands of the Atlantic or to the American mainland was mere food for conjecture among Elizabethan sailors. Spanish and French reports had revealed, on the continent further south, the smiling territory of Florida, the coast of which had been lightly surveyed by Drake and Hawkins. Of the precise relations of Florida to the northern country no study had yet been made.

Small heed was paid to the story of the men who, abandoned in 1568 by Sir John Hawkins on the Mexican coast, claimed to have measured on foot some 2,000 miles before they reached the confines of Nova Francia, where they took passage for England in a French vessel. Useful hints lurked in the neglected allegation, which may well have been true.

Gilbert had endeavored with as much pertinacity as any Elizabethan to ascertain the geography of North America. But the truth for the most part eluded him. He had devised a map of the world, but his strange sketch of North America presented Labrador and Canada as islands adjoining the extreme north of a shapeless continent, on which he set two labels, the upper one bearing the words "New France," and the lower one the word "Florida." Nor did greater success attend another English effort in North American cartography which, just before Gilbert set sail, was published under the auspices of so ardent a seeker after knowledge as Sir Philip Sidney. There North America figures as two crude rectangles with the lower corner of one intruding into a top corner of the other. The upper irregular rectangle, which is small, is called Canada and the lower rectangle, which is large, is designated Florida, while the northern boundary of sea is thickly studded with islands large and small. It was by the aid of the vaguest guesswork and of the untutored imagination that Gilbert proceeded to fulfil his great design of a North American colony.

On all sides ignorance encompassed Gilbert. That manual labor was a first essential to the success of colonial effort was ill-appreciated by those who offered him their company. It was a lesson their English successors were slow to learn. The result of Gilbert's venture is sufficiently familiar. His companions deemed their task completed, when with some pomp and pageantry they had planted the standard of England in the harbor of St. John on the east coast of the island of Newfoundland—the nearest point to England in the New World.

Ignorance finally claimed the toll of Gilbert's life on the voyage homewards. Conservative English mariners still adhered to the mediæval habit of hugging the land as far as was practicable even in ocean travel. Neither on the outward nor on the homeward journey was Gilbert suffered to keep a direct course across the waters of the North Atlantic. Confidence was sought by endeavors to coast round the islands of the South Atlantic. On a shoal near the Azores the ship that was bearing Gilbert to England foundered. Thus was the earliest colonial ambition of an Elizabethan prematurely quenched. The recently devised maxim "prescription without possession availeth nothing" rendered it doubtful whether Gilbert had conveyed to English ownership any rood of American land. At best he had asserted a claim to an island. The mainland was still untouched.

VI

Without alteration of its helpless terms, Gilbert's passport to unknown coasts was transferred on his death to his half-brother and fellow-enthusiast, Sir Walter Raleigh. With the transference of the passport the scene of ineptitude shifts.

Before Gilbert reached Newfoundland some better-informed Englishmen suggested that Spain had so sparsely settled the spacious territory of Florida as to leave room for newcomers. In view of Gilbert's and Frobisher's fruitless ventures in the northern region of North America, it was prudent for Gilbert's heir to canvass the colonial possibilities of the South. Raleigh, on succeeding to Gilbert's privileges, set to work to test the suggestion. The resolve marked an important advance in colonizing effort. Yet the new chapter in its main drift merely played, after a misleadingly auspicious prelude, variation on the old note of tragic ignorance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Within little more than six months of the tragic ending of Gilbert's career, two small ships sailed at Raleigh's expense for North America. They followed the customary route of the Canaries and West Indies. After thirteen weeks they landed on what was judged to be the northerly limit of Florida. It was the island of Roanoke, off what is now North Carolina. It is on that island, not yet on the mainland, that the next act in the colonial drama was played. The sailors returned to spread exultant impressions of their brief experience of life in America. Raleigh and his friends were blindly confident that their hour had struck, and, in their first enthusiasm, they sought to invest their scheme with an imposing sanction. Raleigh improved on Gilbert's appeal for the sovereign's support. He requested the legislature to confirm and define Gilbert's intangible privileges, which had been made over to himself. He invited the nation assembled in Parliament to lend its countenance to a definite plan for the Elizabethan colonization of America.

As a result, nearly ninety years after the discovery of America, the English Parliament took cognizance of the New World's existence. A Bill was quickly passed through the House of Commons to purge Gilbert's letters-patent of a part of their incertitude. A region of Florida was to be granted by statute to Sir Walter. Following the reports of Raleigh's first agents, the House of Commons called the land by the unfamiliar appellation of Wyngandacoia, after its alleged native owner. The English nation soon rechristened the territory Virginia, after their virgin Queen, but the parliamentary journals ignore that familiar appellation. Only a bare official note survives of the first, second and third readings of the American Bill in the Commons and of the first reading in the Lords. A full report of these earliest colonial debates in the English Parliament is wanting, but there is no doubt that the Bill became law, and that, in spite of much prejudice against pledging the nation's credit to unknown risks, Parliament blessed a limited enterprise of "Wyngandacoian" colonization. Parliament only forbade prisoners for debt, persons under arrest, married women, wards and apprentices from enlisting in this colonial service. The more important question of how the Home Government should exert authority over the distant colonial settlements lay as yet outside official consideration. But it was something, although less than might appear, that for the first time with the sanction of Parliament a colonial experiment was set on foot.

The Parliament's benediction dates from December, 1584. Four months later as many as sixscore Englishmen eagerly emigrated to the Virginian region which lay near the indeterminate bounds of Florida. The island of Roanoke off the North Carolina coast, which had already been surveyed, was reoccupied. But victory was still far off. Elizabethan gentlemen viewed with impatience the humble toil of colonial pioneers. Supplies failed; labor was scarce; quarrels multiplied; home-sickness wore out energy. A year dragged its tedious length, without communications from the old country. Then Sir Francis Drake, while bent on maritime raiding, by chance descried from the sea the settlement of despair. He carried the whole company back to their native land. With no compunction did Drake cut short the colonial adventure. The seaman only recognized the colonists' impotence and helplessness. For him the New World meant opportunity of naval war and a treasury to be despoiled. No conception of a possible home attached to America in the restless and aspiring minds of the men whose ambition lay in gathering Spanish spoil, and in wounding Spanish pride.

But Drake was justified on more material ground in scorning the proferred aspirations of Queen Elizabeth's first Virginian colonists. They were merest sciolists in colonial lore. In the smiling plains and fruitful forests of the Virginian solitude many of them had yearned for "fair houses and dainty food or soft beds of down and feathers," and they avenged their foolish misapprehensions by speaking ill at home of the new country. Yet the truth did not elude all. One of the experimental settlers, Thomas Hariot, then a youth of twenty-five, who in maturer years was to acquire world-wide fame as mathematician and free-thinking man of science, sought, in a practical treatise on the natural products of Virginia, to stem the tide of ignorance and prejudice which was threatening colonial zeal. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work chiefly relieves the first invasion of Virginia from the reproach of barrenness.

Blind chance was for twenty years yet to govern the tide of England's colonial effort. Wanton challenges of disaster were now to be requited by the death of English colonists not at sea alone, but on American soil. An ominous incident which followed Drake's rescue of Hariot and his friends preludes the most dismal of historic tragedies. A relief expedition arrived just after the colonists' departure, and fifteen men were left behind to solve the mystery of the temporary disappearance of their fellow-countrymen whom Drake was conveying home. The fifteen lives were flung away in the tangle of cross-purposes.

Within two years Virginia was to take eight times as large a toll of English flesh and blood. When for a second time the Virginian trail was deliberately pursued by Elizabethan pioneers, there was design of abandoning the island site, and of gaining at length the mainland of the new continent. It was a departure of significance. The Spaniards had lately explored Chesapeake Bay, and had marked it for the first time on maps. Hopeful reports of the neighboring country were wandering through Europe. There were warnings in the air that the English project would not go uncontested by other nations of the Old World. Raleigh's agents undertook to anticipate rivalry by hoisting the English flag on the inner shore of the far-spreading bay, of founding there a city to be known by their master's surname. But a careless or treacherous pilot, of foreign race, annulled the English hope of reaching the main territory. He carried the new settlers to the old island of doubtful omen. The mainland still lay outside the colonial sphere of Elizabethan England.

In one regard, organization of Elizabethan colonial venture now underwent a change, which seemed of fresh and fertile promise. English women and English children were to accompany husbands, brothers and sons. Virginia was to become a veritable English home. The second Virginian colony, which was led by the artist-explorer, John White, one of the settlers of Hariot's year, comprised ten married couples along with eighty-four men, seven spinsters and nine boys. There were 120 souls in all. It was the first time that English women trod American ground. But it was to be the only time in Elizabethan or even in early Jacobean days. Yet all was at present delusive. The women's presence, so far from bringing any turn of colonial luck to Elizabethan England, carried a worse fate than any that marked preceding colonial endeavors. Hardly was the foundation of Raleigh's second Virginian colony laid than doubts arose and Governor White was sent home for counsel and supplies. Calamity straightway struck down the men, women and children to whom he bade farewell. There is small ground for imagining that any survived his departure beyond a few weeks. For nearly twenty years after, Queen Elizabeth's subjects, when they turned their gaze towards North America were lost in tearful surmise as to the fate of their lost kindred in Virginia.

VII

THIS catastrophe of 1587 damped the ardor of Elizabethan advocates of colonization for nearly two decades. Virginia fell in English eyes into ominous disrepute, from which recovery could only be gradual. Raleigh and White recognized it to be a point of honor to relieve any colonist who might perchance survive. But it was a futile search in the way of which perverse fortune interposed delay. The ill-starred devious course across the Atlantic by way of the Azores, the Canaries and the West Indies often wasted on the passage fifteen or twenty precious weeks. Spanish gunships, too, were never far from this circuitous path. The year of the Armada followed that of the Virginian tragedy. Spain and England were at open war, and the avenue to Virginia was well nigh closed.

Three years passed before the fatal soil of Virginia was retrodden by English feet. At length, in 1590, a relief expedition under White's command spent five weary months on the outward voyage, and a disproportionately brief fortnight on the spot where leave was taken of the colonists. Nothing was revealed beyond some footprints on a sandy bank, and a carving on a tree-trunk of three capital letters, which gave no certain sign. Plans of further inquiry were discussed in despair.

The grim disaster of 1587 drove Virginia beyond immediate range of colonial hope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was elsewhere that colonial champions thought to make experiment, if their aspirations were to live. Raleigh accepted the situation and turned to the southern continent. He set out in person to find Eldorado in Guiana—in that part of Guiana which is now known as Venezuela. Half-heartedly he promised to divert his course to the Virginian shore when either going or returning. But he never steered for the fatal settlement, and came home with his resolution confirmed to persuade his fellow-countrymen to acknowledge failure in their northern quest and to concentrate all energy on richer regions nearer the equator.

In the Northern continent, too, there were regions forbidden, outside the range of Virginia, which absorbed some thought and energy of champions of colonization. Colonial aspiration was not large enough to be distributed widely with impunity, and was now to be imperilled by diversity of aim. Very soon after Raleigh's venture to Guiana, three London merchants, two of whom, of Dutch nationality, were filled with their countrymen's growing zeal for maritime exploration, revived Gilbert's design on Newfoundland. A small expedition under Charles Leigh's guidance, was despatched to test the possibility of colonizing an island in "the great river of Canada," the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But Gilbert's failure was not retrieved, and the effort swelled the volume of deluded hopes

Only in the very last year of Elizabeth's reign were there slender signs of returning zeal for the Virginian quest. Samuel Mace of Weymouth, "a very sufficient mariner, and an honest sober man," crossed thither in a small barque, once more under Raleigh's wavering auspices, and he wandered for a month about the scene of the forsaken settlement. Of the puny endeavor a modest cargo of sassafras was the only fruit. But the fallen Virginian breezes were rising. Within a month of Mace's return, a mariner cast in a larger mould, Bartholomew Gosnold, thought to repeat his experiment. His design was on a slightly larger scale and even included a vague notion of planting a Virginian colony anew. The venture linked itself very closely with one heroic episode of the past; for among Gosnold's colleagues was Bartholomew, son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The issue differed from aught that was intended. By significant accident Gosnold missed his route, and his miscalculation shed unintentionally a gleam of light prophetic on the dark close of Elizabethan colonial endeavor in North America. After touching the Azores Gosnold sailed for the west and landed on what he took to be a northern stretch of the Virginian coast. Neither he nor his companions clearly realized that they had reached a country which maps hitherto ignored or misapprehended. The point of debarkation was midway between the old Virginian settlement and the scene of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's achievement. It proved to be Cape Cod on the Massachusetts coast. In that neighborhood the last of the Elizabethan colonial adventurers lingered for a month, christening new headlands and islands, and bestowing on one the name of Queen Elizabeth, whose days were now numbered. On his setting out choice had been made of a score of his two-and-thirty companions to make a new colonial trial of Virginia. But when the moment came for farewell, the chosen crew proved recalcitrant and this colonial project, which had been involuntarily diverted to the district of Massachusetts, ended before it began.

Gosnold crudely named his newly discovered territory North Virginia. The time was at hand when North Virginia, under its more lasting cognomen of New England, was to prove a formidable competitor with "South" Virginia for colonial honors. But Gosnold was himself an inheritor of unfulfilled renown. Returning to England with his mind set on revisiting the region of Cape Cod, he was denied the opportunity of which others availed themselves. Circumstances led him to resume the quest of the older Virginia of the South. There he proved a foremost contriver of the permanent settlement in 1607, but he was cut off by death as soon as the foundation-stone was laid. The fruit of all his labors escaped his hand. A better fate was merited by the only Elizabethans who brought to Queen Elizabeth's subjects the knowledge, bare though it was, that the land which was to become New England existed on the world's surface.

VIII

THE most sanguine of Englishmen, who advocated the colonial advance on America, could not resist a sense of depression when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the date of Queen Elizabeth's death he surveyed the results of his fellow-countrymen's efforts to settle in America. With more or less confident hope there had been planned in the last quarter of a century, English colonial settlements in five different regions of America, regions for the most part distant from one another, and amply representative of the varied natural capacities of the New World. In the northern continent, Labrador, Newfoundland, North Carolina, Massachusetts,—in the southern continent, Venezuela (to give the places their modern names), had all been more or less tested from the colonizing point of view. But from all the same helpless response of negation had come back in monotonous sequence. No living English colonist occupied a foot of land in America when Queen Elizabeth died.

Sea-power had failed to minister to the realization of the colonial ideal. The maritime adventures of Elizabeth's reign had singed the beard of the King of Spain but had done little in the process to cherish the colonial hope. The exploits of Drake and Cavendish were fertile in exhilarating romance, and made the name of Englishman a word of fear on the Spanish main. But they had not diminished by conquest the area of Spanish dominion in America. Nor had the wide range of their sea travel revealed for certain any hitherto unknown habitable land which was open to English colonists and was free from the active menace of Spain. It was only in the inhospitable Arctic zone that Elizabethan mariners had made geographical discoveries for which the credit goes unquestioned. In Southern latitudes Drake came nearer the Pacific shores of Cape Horn than any before him, and he invaded a region of California into which it is doubtful if the Spaniard had penetrated. John Davis, the Elizabethan seaman, whose fame was made in Arctic seas, was probably the first European to catch a glimpse of the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic. But neither Drake nor Davis widened the practicable outlook of the Elizabethan seeker after colonizing fields.

These Elizabethan buccaneers sought their abiding place on sea rather than on land, and little of their experience encouraged the conception of America as a home of safety for Englishmen. Tragic was the penalty too often paid by the heroic sea-rovers for the spoil of Spanish treasure and of Spanish prestige in the waters of the New World. Elizabethan fighting ships, which were usually of the tonnage of small yachts, wandered in the track of Spanish fleets for weeks or even months together. Very far from friendly ports, they could reckon on no peaceful refuge from the tempests of Mid or South Atlantic. If they weathered the storm they were driven out of their course, and their stores were in danger of exhaustion. Many times it happened that the greater part of the crew, who escaped drowning, died of hunger or thirst, and that the poor remnant reached a haven with hardly strength enough left "to take in or heave a sail." In the last years of the great Queen's reign death was especially active among Elizabethan adventurers in American seas, and their tragic fate deepened the gloom which hung over the colonial prospect. Cavendish had perished in the South Atlantic while making for "the South Sea and the Philippines and the coast of China." Drake himself died of dysentery off the coast of Panama, on which he had made an attack that failed. His body, enclosed in its leaded coffin, was laid to rest off the Isthmus, and with his ocean's funeral the hearts of colonial aspirants, who had dimly foretold England's sway of America, sank low.

IX

UNPROMISING as was the colonial outlook when James I ascended the English throne, yet forces which had lacked effective voice were at work to convert with strange celerity the failures of the past into triumphs of the future. No help came from a quarter in which it might presumably have been looked for. Of small moment was the turn of the political wheel which brought about peace between England and Spain in 1604. Whether the King of Spain was at peace or at war with the King of England, it was no intention of his to admit Englishmen to share with him the glories of American empire. The peace of 1604 stipulated for the exclusion of Englishmen from the Spanish Indies, and Spain's back was stiffened. With greater sternness than amid the distractions of war did she assert her ancient papal claim to North as well as to South America. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole of Florida, in her view, spread northward beyond known limits, and it embraced the North and the South Virginia of English interlopers. Those regions no less than Mexico, Peru and Brazil were to be protected from the invasion of English colonists. When the attempt on Virginia was renewed by the subjects of James I, protests from Madrid fell on London statesmen's ears with greater fury and frequency than at any earlier epoch. It was after Spain had become England's nominal ally in the Old World that England pressed onward to her colonial destiny in the New in the teeth of Spain's sharpened opposition.

It was religious and social problems rather than political questions or greed of treasure or love of adventure which finally gave the colonial aspirations of England the impetus required for a lasting issue. Religious and economic considerations had provided fuel for the Elizabethan champions. But their pleas had been heard with impatience or indifference by men of practical bent. The conception of the New World as a refuge for the surplus population of the Old remained unconvincing until on the one hand an industrial crisis was plainly reached in England and on the other American soil gave clear proof of the capacity to yield familiar necessaries of life. The Elizabethan advocate had confined the religious justification of colonial settlements in America to the hope of spreading the Christian faith among the Pagan aborigines, a pious aspiration which has always looked visionary to the hard-headed. But when James I was firmly settled on the throne, both religious and economic diseases developed acuter phases than in the old century. In the seasons of crisis, anxious men began to look in earnest to America for means of cure.

In the middle of the sixteenth century French Huguenots first suggested to Protestant reformers of Europe that the solitudes of America might offer them that liberty and repose which Catholic rulers denied them at home. In England the religious conditions of France were reversed. After the Reformation of Henry VIII, Protestantism was the dominant power, and Catholics by sure stages fell into the position of the persecuted minority. The coercive enforcement of uniformity in religion was the life-blood of Queen Elizabeth's ecclesiastical policy. But in the later years of the sixteenth century the situation assumed a new complexity. The Protestant majority took to warfare within its own ranks, and the government of the country, while it continued to pursue with increasing vigor recusant Papists, extended the policy of persecution to aggressive Puritans. In the closing decade of the Queen's reign, the difficulties of reducing dissentient Protestants to obedience defied solution, and the views of the ecclesiastical governors of England underwent a corresponding qualification. They reached the conclusion that the banishment of non-conformists was a surer means than penal legislation of promoting religious unity. On this point the dissentients, although their affection for their country was strong, were not disposed to quarrel with their oppressors. The teaching of the Huguenots enjoyed authority amongst them. Through the closing years of the sixteenth century and the opening years of the seventeenth, Puritans, following the example set by their French brethren, were earnestly considering emigration to a country which should offer them religious freedom and peace.

The decision in favor of America was not taken hastily, but it was entertained at an early stage. The Calvinistic martyr, John Penry, before his execution in 1593, recommended his followers to settle in a new country, but he mentioned no place. Holland, where Protestantism prevailed, was nearer England than the New World and lay within the sphere of European civilization. There the first foreign refuge was sought by English nonconformists. But, before and after they migrated thither, their gaze turned to America. In 1597 four Puritan leaders sailed with official approval in Charles Leigh's disastrous expedition to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which Dutch merchants, in London, in part financed. The misfortunes of that venture had the effect of darkening the American outlook, but it failed to extinguish it. The English Puritans, who emigrated to Holland, were unwilling to surrender their nationality, or their language. Their hold on both was imperilled by life under foreign rule. A settlement in hitherto unoccupied territory, where the English flag might yet fly above religious institutions of their own devising, was the ideal to which their hearts were wedded. It was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the development of such a sentiment which helped to invest the American aspirations of Jacobean England with irresistible force.

The conception of America as an asylum from religious persecution was not only cherished by Puritan minds. The spread of the notion among Englishmen is curiously illustrated by proposals, secretly made in the first year of James I's reign, to form in the New World an English settlement of oppressed Catholics, to whom the Anglican establishment was repugnant from quite other than Puritan points of view. Catholic victims of the penal legislation of Elizabethan England were, when under the obligation of seeking a foreign refuge, more happily placed than their Puritan compatriots. All Europe, save Holland and parts of Germany, was open to them. The Pope and the Catholic kings of Spain and France encouraged the settlement within their dominions of English Romanists, for whom life in their own country was unendurable. But even among English Catholics, who found a welcome on the Continent, the sense of nationality was powerful enough to suggest the advantage of colonizing unpeopled solitudes where the English language and English modes of life might flourish at the side of their religious ceremonies. To Father Parsons, then rector of the English College at Rome, the strenuous leader of the English Catholics throughout Europe, there was submitted, in the first year of James I's reign, a scheme for a Catholic colony in the New World. The scale was far larger than had characterized any earlier colonial plan. Rich and poor were to join together in unprecedented numbers. Skilled craftsmen and agricultural laborers were to reach a total of four figures. Land-owners were to sell their property to provide substantial capital. Father Parsons detected difficulties in fulfilment of the design. But he did not reject it hastily. He believed in the mission of English Catholics to share in the work of bringing North America under the sway of Catholic orthodoxy, but he deemed the moment inopportune, on political and social grounds, for a vast migration of English Catholics from Europe. Yet this Catholic project remains a beacon of the times; it marked progress in the growth of the idea that the quest of religious liberty gave colonial enterprise its surest warrant.

The pressure on England of economic problems during the opening years of James I's reign contributed hardly less than the religious problem to the colonial advance. The Poor Law legislation of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which bore witness to the urgency of industrial difficulties, had not lessened the evils of unemployment. Industrial distress soon threatened rebellion in the Midland counties of Jacobean England. The population seemed to be growing out of proportion to the means of sustenance. The limits of industrial endurance appeared to be well-nigh reached. The argument that those who had been driven by want into beggary and crime might find profitable labor in the New World, acquired for the first time a driving power. All, it was widely urged, would be well, if it were generally acknowledged that there was a spacious land, the way to which was through the sea, where everybody might find work and adequate reward.

With such sentiments abroad, interest in the colonial schemes renewed itself with unexampled strength. Men of influence in all walks of life—statesmen, courtiers, judges, clergymen, merchants—soon vied with each other in discussing colonial schemes and in offering contributions to the expenses of exploring expeditions. That colonial settlements were justifiable was no longer in dispute. That they were practicable it was an imperative duty to prove. It remained to determine where the first experiment was to be made and whether or no private enterprise stood in need of State control. Such complicated questions required time for answer, but it was of good omen that they should be asked.

X

Gosnold's discovery of Massachusetts gave the leading cue to the maritime enterprise of the early years of James I's reign. But the Elizabethan tide of failure was not to turn immediately. Disaster was still to alternate with success. Much energy was still to be dissipated by lack of a single purpose or a single guide.

The earliest Jacobean venture carried on in full measure the tragic tradition of Elizabethan disaster. Gosnold's companion, Captain Bartholomew Gilbert, Sir Humphrey's son, ventured on a trading expedition in the West Indies, whence a gener-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous impulse carried him to the Virginian Coast in a last despairing hope of renewing the search for the lost Virginian colony. The fate of those victims of colonial effort had never ceased to depress the spirit of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's son. Like Gosnold he went further north than he intended, but not quite so far as that noteworthy commander. Bartholomew Gilbert landed off Chesapeake Bay, at which Elizabethan ambition had vainly glanced, well to the north of the old Virginian settlement. But, falling in with a tribe of hostile natives, he was fatally wounded by their arrows. Four companions forfeited their lives with him, and unwillingly rejoined the lost colony in death. The first year of the new reign had lengthened the roll of American martyrs, and the cloud that hung over Elizabethan Virginia looked darker than of old.

Happily the gloom of this tragedy was relieved by the success of a Devonshire seaman, Martin Pring. With the aid of Bristol merchants he sailed of set purpose in Gosnold's tracks. For the second time an English ship surveyed the Massachusetts coast line, and the birth of New England was brought a stage nearer. But the rising colonial enthusiasm was still menaced by divided counsels. The claim of South America on Englishmen's colonial energy was not yet rejected altogether. It was still possible to question the fitness of the North American continent for England's colonial expansion. Pring, who followed Gosnold northward, did not commit himself to the northern trail hastily. In the year following his return from Massachusetts he lent his influence and his maritime skill to a revived endeavor to settle Englishmen in the rival South. The moving spirit of this unblessed digression was Captain Leigh, whose misfortunes in a late Elizabethan assault on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, had alienated his sympathies from northern enterprise. Now, resolved to establish the superiority of a golden haven in the Southern continent, he sailed for Raleigh's Eldorado in Guiana, and founded a settlement there. But despair and disaffection spread rapidly among his followers, and death adversely decided the issue for him and most of his companions. In all directions tragedy assailed the unlucky experiment. The narrative of an attempt to relieve Leigh sounded a very ghastly note. The crew of the relief ship, dissatisfied with her equipment, landed on the outward voyage off the West Indian island of Santa Lucia; there nearly all were slain by savages in the cruellest massacre that had yet marked the path of English visitors to the western hemisphere. Pring escaped before the fatal close of this southern venture, and returned to England to prepare for more searching study of northern possibilities. The South had not advanced its title to preferential consideration.

Accident and miscalculation of the kind that gave Gosnold his chief title of honour were still crucial factors in the solution of the colonial problem. A momentous advance northwards in 1605 was another fortuitous outcome of a design to revisit Elizabethan Virginia. Untrustworthy charts led a new actor in the drama, one George Weymouth, to make on the Virginian voyage so liberal a bend to the north as to bring the State of Maine well within the colonial range. He clung to the fancy that he was surveying a new expanse of old Virginia while he was really exploring the northern river Kennebec. Weymouth's voyage is notable for something beyond an extended view of New England. One of its financial supporters was Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton who was quickly to play a leading part on the colonial stage. The Earl first comes on the American scene as promoter of Weymouth's expedition, which sensibly widened the Northern horizon.

Weymouth's reports of the fertility of these northern stretches of so-called Virginia redoubled in James I's subjects the interest which Gosnold and Pring had inaugurated. New stimulus came from a foiled effort at fresh progress. An adventurous gentleman of Plymouth, Henry Challons, soon engaged Weymouth's pilot in order to trace with him Weymouth's promising steps. In a ship of twenty-five tons burden, manned by one and twenty men, Challons resolved on "a farther discovery of these coasts." But fickle fortune decided otherwise. The little vessel, which sailed the traditional West Indian route, was captured off Porto Rico by a galleon of Spain. Despite the peace, Challons and most of his companions were carried prisoners to Seville. Ultimately they escaped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to England, but for the time they were given up for lost. Now that colonial zeal was alert in circles of influence, anxiety respecting the fate of Challons and his men grew acute. The Lord Chief Justice of England (Sir John Popham) was fired to engage in an effort at rescue. At his bidding Pring, just home from Guiana, voyaged to North Virginia to ascertain Challons' fortune. Details of Pring's experience are wanting. But it is plain that he brought back descriptions more alluring than any who had preceded him of "coasts, havens and harbours" about Maine and Massachusetts. The Northern curtain was lifted higher than before.

Thus, through the three opening years of the new reign, was the hope of colonizing North Virginia steadily nearing fulfilment. The burden of an ill-starred history had stemmed the advance of Elizabethan Virginia in public favour. North Virginia had inherited from the old reign none of the discouraging memories of the South. The experiences of that trio of New England pioneers, Gosnold, Pring and Weymouth, whose names have received smaller meed of fame than is their due, seemed in the third year of James I's reign to have substituted the Northern region for the Southern as the chief magnet of colonial aspiration. At any rate, before Anglo-American history well began, North and South on the northern continent had each its English champions. But it was only for the moment that the balance swayed in the direction of the North. In the fifth year of the new reign the scale slightly turned. By a hair's breadth the advocates of the southern region prevailed and Virginia of the South was endowed with the honors of a narrow priority in the permanent settlement of America by Englishmen.

XI

Even in 1605, when victory was unexpectedly at hand, the colonial situation seemed to crave in vain a unifying or centralizing impulse. Enterprise, which was born of merely private spasmodic and isolated effort, was clearly unequal to the task it had set itself. A typical agreement, which Weymouth drafted with a private capitalist after his triumph in North Virginia, illustrates the narrow conception which continued to blight the outlook. Weymouth accepted a private capitalist's offer to finance a second voyage to the district of Maine in order to secure independent possession of the country. Two tracts of land of unlimited area were to be mapped out, of which one was to be seized in perpetual and unconditional ownership by the capitalist, and the other by the exploring captain. The English Crown's proprietorship of American soil seemed still an undiscovered principle.

But no sooner was Weymouth's agreement drawn up than the national conception of colonial endeavor suddenly took concrete shape. James I intervened to claim as his own the whole of the vaguely defined territory of Virginia whether in northern or southern latitudes. Abstract right had no obvious place in the royal declaration, and those who study it in solely the light of after-events may denounce it. But a close survey of contemporary conditions and experience justifies no adverse criticism. Not otherwise could the need of the time be met.

In the year 1606 the course which English colonial enterprise had hitherto pursued was justly summed up in these matter-of-fact contemporary words:—"Private purses are cold comforts to adventurers and have ever been found fatal to all enterprises hitherto undertaken, by reason of delays, jealousies and unwillingness to back that project which succeeded not at the first attempt." Unless in reasonable conditions public authority pledged public credit, the colonial future looked in 1606 no brighter than in the old century. Without change of method the Atlantic voyagers were likely to labor on bootless errands till the day of doom. By royal intervention the path to Jamestown was finally won, and as a corollary the future of New England was assured. National responsibility was proclaimed for colonial endeavour, which, for lack of such nourishment had well-nigh perished.

James I's assertion of sovereignty over North America was not made precipitately. The first suggestion of practical definition and reform of colonizing method came to Jacobean England from Holland, which now after long delay was cherishing to effective purpose colonial ambitions. The Dutch Government had created a stock or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fund to be applied to colonial experiments. The English Parliament was petitioned to institute, after the Dutch model, a guaranteed American stock. The proposal was coldly received; it did not go far enough. Steady supplies of capital were one essential to colonial expansion. But it was not the only, nor indeed the primary, need. A central control under authoritative influences was the more imperative requirement. No mere manipulations of finance could build a road to salvation.

Financial devices other than a Government stock were, too, more familiar to English merchants, aimed at the same ends, and had a better chance of adoption. The system of private joint-stock companies for purposes of foreign trade was already known to England. Joint-stock experiments had been made for the promotion of private trade with Russia and various populous regions of the East. But in spite of the recent growth of colonial aspirations among men of wealth and position in London and the chief centres of southern England, the joint-stock principle of trade seemed in the shifting light of past experience inapplicable on any adequate scale to unsettled America. Definite security for a permanent occupation and colonization of unpeopled lands in America under English law must be forthcoming first. Two associations of knights, gentlemen, merchants and others, one at London and the other at Plymouth, examined the possibilities of the situation, and were willing to face risks in the American cause, provided that the state identified itself with their effort, and assumed supreme control of and responsibility for American colonization.

The problem was solved on April 10, 1606, by James I's formal announcement that the King of England had annexed a tract of territory six hundred and sixty miles long and one hundred miles broad, stretching along the American coast, with all adjacent islands, between the latitudes of 34 and 45 degrees. The sea-board of America from the bay of Fundy off the State of Maine to a southern point of the State of North Carolina was declared to be an English province under the perpetual rule of the English monarch. There was irony in the declaration as well as something like lawless usurpation. A long expanse of the stated line of coast was still veiled from English vision. English seamen had hitherto evaded the barrier-strip between "south" and "north" Virginia, the heart of which was pierced by the Hudson river. The land destined by history for the empire State of the American Republic fell within the boundaries of James I's asserted sovereignty when the king formally attached mid-North-America to the dominions of England and Scotland; but no Englishman was yet conscious that such territory existed. Some years later Robert Hudson, an Englishman in the Dutch service, first brought to the knowledge of his fellow-countrymen that their Virginian realm was cut asunder by an unsuspected central region. Fate reserved that intervening land for dominion by Dutch colonial competitors through more than half a century.

James I's royal scheme, which owed much to the example of Spain, at once came into operation. A central body, vested with supreme authority over all American affairs, was instituted in London under the title of the King's Council of Virginia. It was a pale reflexion of the Council of the Indies at Madrid.

The main obstacle to the application of joint-stock enterprise to American affairs was now removed, and that mercantile machinery was tentatively applied to the royal colonial scheme. Under the royal council's auspices, two joint-stock companies, formed respectively of London and Plymouth capitalists, were brought to birth, and definite colonial functions were devised for them. To each company was allotted the duty of planting at its own expense a separate colony in the New World. The two settlements were to be cut off from one another by a border measuring 100 miles. The London company was to plant its colony in the southern region of Virginia, which so many clouds had darkened. The Plymouth company was appointed for the northern region, where the sky of late looked bright.

Far as the colonial idea had progressed, it was unequal to the task of contriving an organization that would work easily. The fortuitous methods of the past were replaced by new codes of cut-and-dried instruction. The regulations formed a blended mosaic of both home and foreign experience, but the pattern was lacking in adaptability to cir-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cumstance. The central council of London was to appoint in each colony a local council to fulfil its instructions and orders. No strokes of the royal pen could prevent friction among the wheels within the new engine. The local council was free to elect and depose its own president, to coin money, to repel intruders and to administer criminal law. But safeguards abounded against any assertion of independence of the dictates of London. Orders from home left little to the discretion of the men on the spot. Directions were framed how to choose sites for settlements and on what plan to raise buildings. For five years colonists were to hold all property and produce, not individually, but in common. The introduction of a principle of communism, however novel and suggestive, was a sure invitation to embittered controversy.

The relations of the colony to the outside world were also over-elaborately defined. High tariffs were imposed to discourage attempts of foreigners to trade with the new settlements. For seven years necessaries might be imported from the home country free of duty. In his claim to personal profit from the colony the King kept well within the bounds of legal tradition. He merely asserted conventional royal rights to a proportional produce of mines. To him were due one-fifth of all the gold and silver ore and one-fifteenth of all the copper ore that might be discovered.

The immediate sequel to King James's pompous entry on the American stage is more exhilarating when surveyed from a distance than when examined close at hand. The London Company, to whom old or South Virginia had been assigned for colonial experiment, was first in the field to make trial of the new system.

The slate had been cleaned, and there was a prejudice against raising the English flag anew on the site of the old Elizabethan settlement. Many miles to the north of that island scene of tragedy, were the Jacobean foundations of Jamestown laid on the mainland. The spirit of disaster was not at once exorcised. At the outset most of the old difficulties revived. Insubordination and antipathy to hard work exposed the new settlement to the ancient perils. Notes of despair were sounded, and within a year plans of abandonment were entertained. But there were now protecting bulwarks which proved equal to the strain of impatience and discontent. The home communication was no longer uncertain. Intercourse with England was maintained with regularity. Both in London and in Jamestown there were men who constituted themselves champions of the nation's colonial prestige, and they preached to the colonists the doctrine of endurance and the gospel of hard work. Among the first Jamestown settlers none worked harder in the colonial cause than the invincible Captain John Smith. Under such inspiration the early storms were weathered, and Virginia passed permanently from the dark Elizabethan shadows of blighted hopes into the sunshine of strength and prosperity.

Progress of the new system in the North faced, despite recent prohibitous portents, a greater initial peril. In North Virginia the first step in the Jacobean advance proved false. A year after the London Company initiated its work at Jamestown, the Plymouth company set out to fulfil its task in the North. A settlement was formed at Sagahadoc on the river Kennebec in Maine, the scene of Gosnold's and of Pring's exploits. The trials of winter, which tried to the uttermost the Jamestown planters, wholly conquered the energies of Sagahadoc. That colony reënacted the Elizabethan story of failure. Four years later Captain John Smith, who had infected Jamestown in its first days with his self-assertive confidence, once more sailed to North Virginia and resurveyed colonial chances. A great triumph was scored when he formally christened the region New England. By word and pen he taught the obligation of giving as full effect to James I's proclamation of American sovereignty in New England as in the land that centred in Jamestown. The two spheres of occupation were lawfully knit together, and the great scheme of 1606 was shapeless without a northern colony as equipoise to a southern settlement.

It was the yearning for religious freedom that put into Smith's plea for the North the breath of life. The Puritan exiles in Holland, while resolute to safeguard liberty of conscience, longed to renew their allegiance to their king and country. Many of them had from of old believed America to be the fated goal of their wanderings, but the precise region was long in question. Some of them had debated whether scope for their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideals might not be found in untenanted districts of the South American continent, in spite of the proximity to Spain. It was only after much deliberation and hesitation that they chose migration to New England. They were conscious there of the risk to their faith from the dominant religious establishment in England. But patriotic sentiment turned the scale in favor of a land that the English King now formally claimed as his own. The patriotic Puritan's surest hope in 1620 of the untried solitudes of North Virginia or New England came from the knowledge that the tangled path to Jamestown in South Virginia had been won in 1607 in spite of all the disquieting Elizabethan memories, and was at length open and secure.

ENGLISH WEATHER

By Louise Imogen Guiney

AS a small child once remarked, philosophizing, "Weather is what happens, and climate is what goes on all the time." It would be hard to name any country where both are objects of such contempt as they are in England. The sweetest behavior of weather elicits no praise; the least fallings from grace of climate are visited with wholesale objurgation. The arch-grumbler among nations cannot but grumble at her own most gentle and harmless and long-suffering atmospheric conditions. Wherever dwells an Englishman, abroad or at home, there, to his dying day, is his barometer, an instrument worthy of a better fate, but dedicated, willy-nilly, to the promotion of pessimism. The substructure of all his conversation, especially from Christmas to Easter, is meteorological complaint. From shore to shore the murmur is antiphonal: "So raw!" "So nasty!" "So close!" "So trying!" "So dull!" "So awkward!" News of the latest murder has to butt its way as best it can into the streets of cities thus obsessed with the dialectics of pressure, humidity, and precipitation. It amazes Jap and Yankee, Turk and Pole, to find a kingdom where a little extra heat or cold is of the profoundest interest in railway stations and shops; where, as often as the clock brings tea time again, the self-same too pathetic topic is trotted out in perfect good faith, and without one burst of laughter on the part of the assembled protestants!

English folk have been known to say that their weather, by its fickleness and variety, forces itself upon public attention and invites censure. But their weather is not in the least dynamic, not really changeable at all: violent contrasts are unknown to it. Cool June is the echo, if not the mirror, of cool January. Any morning or afternoon indifferently, the year around, may have the same "wavering arras" of vapor, the same faint affable tricksy sunlight coming and going. The normal range of temperature in the most southern counties is only about thirty degrees; in the north, it is hardly more than twice that, in its most errant moods. Why should such constancy be misconstrued? In short, Nature, being browbeaten, hardly knows how to act. At the first lift of her eyebrow toward trying an experiment or letting loose an idea on British ground, the British Mind swoops upon her and uses language. If weather changes, she is a flighty fool; if she never changes, a sodden knave. Meanwhile, the local goings-on would be called reasonable, and even delightful, by any fair international jury. May not those who fail to relish them stand convicted of some flaw in spirits, body, or brain? "I thereby disallow thee," as dear Father Izaak says, "to be a competent judge."

No Italian raptures are there to overwhelm you, as with beauty too poignant to be borne. Not at all. The best of England's winning indecisive sylvan charm is that it convinces you how callously you could live forever on conventions, muffins, and a manorial revenue; live, if needs be, away from the strenuous morality amassed through a cisatlantic Roundhead career! Their national fiction of a harsh climate is our American stuff of laughter. For the sake of poetic license (that precious asset of a commercial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planet!) let Jacques keep his song of hardships in Arden, and the stormy winds blow all before them, in a ballad much older than Campbell's. It may be that the English believe such things. Certainly, they whistle on their nails at Candlemas, and groan at August, who is, for all her flare of poppies, kind and retiring. They have no tender passion for the four long pensive months which attend to the sweet transitions of springtide and unfold a result such as with us is secured by a driving business application of some thirteen days. They are heedless of the miraculous circumstance that storm has no foothold in the winter heavens, that every night is "a beautiful clear night of stars," a lyric and heroic note confidently struck, after the passive and abstracted day. Eventide itself may be sullen, but the motherly moon always slips in when she is due, and puts the house to rights. It is the prettiest of anomalies, this bold maintained paradoxical splendor of the abused sky, while all its critics are at supper or the play, intent only upon terrene things.

It is for us, the victims for generations of a truly unfeeling latitude, to get some ironic entertainment out of these insular notions of thermometric tyranny. Patience, compromise, and delay characterize English air, and they breed their like in their human constituency: they promote flower-like skin and muted voices, restrained emotion, and slow and sure mental processes. But, as we know too well, battle, murder, and sudden death inhabit our domestic elements, and taint us with our social unrest. How else? Are we not flooded in St. Louis, earthquaked in Charleston, blizzarded in New York, thundered at in Florida, ice-bound in Maine, and water-spouted in Colorado? Our heritage of excitement and din may well supply to the supersensitive who have Cunard tickets in mind or in pocket, a sigh torn from its classical context: "*O præclarum diem . . . cum ex hac turba et colluvione discedam!* Suavity, quiet, even dulness—what a blessed prospect for the few "phonophobiacs" left in the Republic! A month at a stretch of windlessness is always to be had in England. Such opportunities for recollection are not common in this troubled cosmos. Every tint, too, is touched with sleep: earth, air, sea, and sky have not one between them which makes the eye ache. From the southern surf to the northern moors, whatever is most glowing is somehow implicated with pearl-grey, the most subtle and the least appreciated of lovely hues. Gray, indeed, is the aboriginal English mystic. Kissed with gray, and never quite forgetful of it, like a child who has run forward the full length of its own arm and its mother's, stands all the beauty of the country.

Some of us will agree that the best months in England are February and March, with their white lights, their wine-like waters, their tingling breath, their shy, quick hoar-frost, their early primroses and primrose-colored sunsets. But the winter to which they are an appendix is full of charm throughout, and never hateworthy, except in the murkiness of great cities. Ah, London fogs! What of them? Well, let a "particular" be looked upon as a mere periodic action of libel brought by the poor elements against a nation of slanderers, an action in which slanderers very properly pay costs. Fog, in other words, is purely rhetorical or strategic, and not to be accounted as weather! The real things, the divine things, are mist and cloud: these are always exquisite in any island heaven, and not least so in the darker months. Our literature, at least, has always loved them. Hear the report, ancient and modern, of poets:

> Vast plains, and lowly cottages forlorn
> Rounded about with a low wavering sky.

And

> —lights
> . . . whose tears keep green
> The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth;
> This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
> Is bastioned by the sea.
> —How sad
> Above us, the far-pulsing eventide,
> Wan wings of all the roses that have died!

Tints born of cloud-shadows are not sacred to some favorite season. One salutes at all times, in England,

> That green light that lingers in the west,

and

> Distance, a pageant through an amethyst.

One remembers and anticipates

> How the grasses glimmer palest blue.

Best of all, the absence of primary colors in their vigor implies ever a presence of colors so tender and illusory that they last almost as a spiritual conception, through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phases of weather which, with us, would blacken the day. Without affectation, you may quote old Henry More, Shelley, Meredith, etc., as above, from under your umbrella!

It is only a weak concession to popular prejudice to mention that weapon, considered useful by the civilian. The solid English character is embroidered with a few superstitions: Tea is one, royalty is one, and the umbrella is another. Is it possible not to observe that, in the length and breadth of the Midlands, at least, umbrellas invariably and ingloriously wear out upon the stick, for sheer lack of exercise? They are carried to and fro, hundreds of miles, along the skirmish-lines of an imaginary war, and end, each and all, by dying in their beds, dying furled. An umbrella is to ward off rain; but the initial difficulty is that the rain to be warded off does not show up! Certes, it does seem very, very frequently to have been raining, or to be about to rain. But what of that? Must mighty ammunition of silk and whalebone be employed against an hypothesis, a hint of spun dew? The only worthy foe for the umbrella is a downpour, and in that scrimmage, the world over, the umbrella gets beaten, chiefly by underhand clips on the jaw. Now downpours are notably "un-English." They generally come to pass in—May! the May of the poets, the champion hoodwinker and impostor, the most raw, acrid, freakish, heartless, hypocritical, maddening wastrel in the calendar: May, whose *ilia dura ferro* go uncursed, because she heaps on every mortal so many bewildering flowers for hush-money.

No: rain, in the concrete, is, for the most part, sheer myth. But its work is done by a great artist who refuses to live in America: namely, moisture; and hence are the meadows immortal; and the roads all the year pure of dust; and fair the boles of old trees, with inlaid jade, bronze, ebony, beryl, and malachite; and fairest of all those soft Saxon roses of the cheek which bud forth, like the others, in April, and are fain to survive November. When the firmament can in no wise be induced to souse you, surely mere mud is a negligible matter. Philosophy leads you to look upon your fluid fate with the acquiescent mind of a naiad, and go about in accoutrements exceeding stout and shoddy. You consider the mannerly vertical showerlets, even as they consider yourself, and welcome them as a not unprofitable daily portion. They whisk not, neither howl, nor pounce upon hats at an angle, making them wish, for the moment, that they had never been born; but they fall, sudden and silent, like unbidden tears. Always at your side is this gentle fickle, sun-shot honeyed thing, distilling itself out of an undarkened sky. Very appealing becomes that phrase of Bishop Jeremy Taylor: "A soft slap of affectionate rain." It is the agrarian law-giver, the improvisatore, and chief ghost of the isles. Wherever it descends, abide perpetual freshness and peace. It makes rills and cowslips and delicious pastures, and the tall gold fountain-jets of laburnum, and (which is most staggering!) it has been known again and again to heal not only jangled nerves, but rheumatic bones and unserviceable throats from oversea. Truly, the romantic pilgrim may quote verse at this so-called rain, and yet escape censure.

> All its April to the world thou mayst
> Give back, and half my April back to me!

A Stuart king, a person of great acumen, was once pleased to say the lasting good word on behalf of his own fatherland of no extremes (condemned even then by its graceless generations). "Ours is the most perfect climate," he announced, after circumstances had led him to test many, "for it giveth the greatest number of out-of-door days." His opinion was against that of a predecessor, Charles of Orleans, who long before had arraigned that same climate, from the standpoint of its unwilling guest, as "at all times prejudicial to the human frame." But the allegation brought forward will stand its own, because it is the pith of the whole matter. English weather, whatever else it may be, is never for a moment a prison-house. Practically without heat, without mosquitoes, without dust (save dust motor-made), without drifts or slush, and with voices of birds and well-kept roads all the year, it ceaselessly invites one to set forth upon mild adventures. Some good vision is always at the end of the hedgerow, or beyond the horizon brink. Perfidious Albion is herein a born compensator. Its incidental vexatiousness is that it gets you boot-dirty; its perdurable excellence is that it leaves you foot-free. As Mr. Birrell once said so neatly of the law: "It is an ass; but it is also a gentleman."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

TO one doomed to live in the presence of many admirable women—as who in Massachusetts is not?—it becomes an open question as to whether the Seven Deadly Virtues may not constitute for this sex a snare as beguiling as that set for the other by the Seven Deadly Sins. Pride, Avarice, Wrath, Gluttony, Luxury, Envy, Sloth have worked havoc with man, if literature be true; but who has set forth the effect on womankind of Tact, Industry, Thoughtfulness, Conscientiousness and the sister virtues, whose number is not literally seven but seventy times seven?

The Seven Deadly Virtues

From time immemorial, in languages which make their distinctions of gender clear, the virtues, nay, virtue itself, have been persistently feminine, and the constant possession and relentless practice thereof have been the chief privilege of womankind undisputed by man. The deference of ages has conceded to woman the right to stand upon an elevated plane: from this, perhaps, has come her air of stepping down a bit in speaking of her fellows; of mild reproof; of spiritual patronage in the invitation to rise to her point of view. We all remember the picture of little Elsie, in the series of books which bears her name, sitting upon the piano stool and looking with gentle condemnation at wicked papa, who wished her to play for him on Sunday; but perhaps we do not realize how hopelessly the picture symbolizes the hereditary attitude of the sex.

Song and story have told much of the conscious goodness of womankind, but who has recounted the cost to others? Women wear their virtues as ornaments, as their barbaric ancestresses wore the jewels which were the spoils of war, and, like the jewels, they cut upon close contact. Who has not waited until Aunt Maria's insatiable generosity has glutted itself upon the entire household? Perhaps there were not chocolates enough to go around, and we, painfully aware of her sweet tooth, have had to partake that she might have the conscious joy of going without; perhaps it was a case of staying at home from a lecture with little John, and Aunt Maria, who loves lectures, has sent forth us who do not, but who are willing to humor her higher mood. Who has not felt the sting of cousin Minerva's patience? Upon whose shoulders has not sister Emma's industry fallen like a biting lash? I was once guilty of a real offence toward an estimable woman. Now, if before the inexorable fire of forgiveness by which the poor waxen image of me is forever set in her heart, I slowly melt, surely I know the doom deserved, yet I sometimes wonder if magnanimity with intent to kill should not be numbered among the punishable crimes.

It would be idle, perhaps, to discuss origins, or to try to discover by what early allotment of opportunity woman was given goodness as her province. Certainly the attitude of superiority antedates the piano stool, and primitive woman must have assumed, probably at the invitation of primitive man, some point of vantage quite as effective for looking down. One can dimly imagine her occupying it while hastily donning the bracelets and nose-rings that were the spoils of war, rebuking her gory mate the while for killing the poor enemy; or, as now, arraying herself in skins and feathers with anger in her heart against him who had not spared beast and bird; and it is safe to assume that her attitude then, no less than in these days, commanded masculine admiration. However obscure the ages of unrecorded experience, early literature gives us hints of that which was expected of womankind, and of the measure of fulfilment. King Solomon foots up an estimate of virtuous woman as a valuable asset upon at least eighteen counts, and his arithmetic may be partially responsible for feminine rivalry in regard to number and variety of admirable qualities. Surely, counting them is the chiefest joy of the sex: miserliness has ever associated itself with the accumulation, not of base but of precious metals. Why should I not enumerate the virtues of woman: she does! The list includes an Avarice in hoarding good qualities, a Covetousness in attaining them, a Spiritual Pride in contemplating them, which claims that, no matter who has erred, its possessor has nothing wherewith to reproach herself. Whoever watches may see Lovely Woman waiting through long conversations for some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opportunity to suggest, oh, ever so gently, a higher thought, partly for the pleasure of condemning that which has been said; and again, her face will darken with wistful disappointment when some one else voices a higher thought than her own.

The majority of people fall into expected attitudes; life hands down the masks that we are to wear, and perhaps only confusion would arise from a refusal to put them on. The latest type of womankind conforms in essentials to the most primitive. The world has been greatly troubled lest, in the new freedom, the old charm of feminine character should disappear. No one need fear! The lines are too deeply graven for any superficial changes to affect it. Professional work and scientific study have made as yet little difference with the old automatic habit of superiority; beneath all disguises of short skirts and mannish ties woman is still the same, and from under the soft felt work-a-day hat as from under nodding plumes and aigrettes her voice comes tinged with reproof.

The most recent as the earliest literature reflects the immemorial attitude of the sex, which is perhaps but an answer to the immemorial demand of man that woman shall stand aside. No great dramatist, no great novelist, except Meredith, has ventured to take her off her pedestal. Even Shakespeare himself, so daring in presenting the varied aspects of life, is as timid as Tennyson in face of the possibility that woman, too, may have her share in endless spiritual struggle. That there is something in her experience more real than has yet made its way into literature is incontestable, but she may not say it, and no poet may sing it.

So long as she is doomed to it by the high court of art, and the rough court of market and of street, man has little cause to fear lest woman shall fall from her high point of vantage, but has she not grave cause to fear lest she stay on? The world can bear her virtues: it is not so much because of their injury to others as because of a deeper injury to herself that a plea might be made. Nothing so militates against the growth of real goodness as the possession of too many estimable qualities, and the topmost round of perfection is the only place in the world where it is impossible to win genuine worth. The loneliness of the piano stool is most unfair! Does it not rob womankind of the sense, surely at the basis of all human achievement, of standing shoulder to shoulder with her peers? Does it not cut her off from the source of all spiritual vitality in asking her to assume the expression of one being, not of one becoming, good? How much it is due to her own vanity, how much to the choice of man that she has taken the false position of one persistently in the right I do not know, nor do I see the way of helping her down gracefully; yet I know that it is a poor person nowadays who cannot both set forth a social wrong and devise a scheme for its betterment.

I only yearn for the day when woman shall be allowed that deeper experience which comes from contact with the actual; from taking hard knocks; from blundering, failing, even, and from owning up. Must ages pass before she can learn the larger sense possessed by men, shown in unconscious generosity, in quick, instinctive forgiving and condoning offence? Women might well envy men their genial vices —the geniality, I mean; not the vices, for these do not attract the more finely-strung natures. Ah, I see that in this hint of moral superiority the secret I had hoped to conceal is out; and I am obliged to confess that which my lofty attitude throughout has doubtless betrayed, that I too am a woman. Confusion seizes me, and I close with this brief plea. Man has made of woman the Little Sister of the Universe to watch, reprove, and lead him to a higher life; has it ever occurred to him to think how hard this is on Little Sister?

An Apology for the Irritable.

IN an age when everyone has an inalienable right to nerves, most of us have had reason to notice and to deplore the relentlessness with which irritability is punished. Other more fundamental failings come off better. Untidiness is recognized as the fault of romanticists, poets, and the whole crew of vague, lovable idealists. Who has not loved a pleasant large-souled liar? Even selfishness may warm a relation, and give it a tenderer scope. But against irritability, friendship, family affection, and even love have hard work to bear up.

This state of things is particularly unfortunate, for the casual stranger does not play upon this weakness as much as our own nearest and dearest, and our own nearest and dearest are precisely the people who find it hardest to forgive. For under its different guises—the patiently overstrained, the carefully explanatory, and of course the simply explosive—the same suggestion of hostility and criticism is evident, a suggestion particularly trying to those who love us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet anyone who has had to do with irritability must recognize that hostile and aggressive and critical as it seems, it has in it, like a child's tantrum, an element of weakness and impotence. It appears like an attack; it is really a confession.

"How pale you are," says a mother to her son, and is surprised at the antagonism her solicitude rouses. She explains it to herself as an example of the robust, masculine spirit. It is nothing of the kind. The young man, recognizing in himself an unlimited capacity for worrying over his health, offers, under the guise of anger, a prayer to his mother not to play into the hands of the enemy.

The victims of irritability should be more merciful in knowing that, when not purely physical, it has its rise in a sense of our own shortcomings. No one flies out at a demand upon his strength, but at a call upon his already recognized weakness. Irritability belongs to people conscious of their own mental processes, consciously struggling to be something different, whether better or worse, than what they are. It is specially characteristic of that phase of youth when we are all trying to make ourselves over.

Strangers do not irritate us, because they seldom reach the new road-bed of our characters. They stay on well-worn tracks. It is our own people who push out to the rail head. It is only those we love who make us pay the penalty of our faults. The closeness of our relation, the very love they bear us, is like a searchlight turned on our natures. Our anger is not against the light, but against that which the light reveals.

WHEN Mr. Hichens, at the very beginning of his latest novel, "The Call of the Blood," lays stress on the Sicilian grandmother of Maurice Delarey, the experienced reader of English fiction understands at once that the call comes from the abyss, that the last state of this young man will be worse than his first. To be sure, he is three-quarters English, of "a very ordinary family, well off, but not what is called specially well-born" (which ought to be in his favor, considering the morals of the well-born in most of Mr. Hichens's novels), yet that one-fourth of Sicilian blood has strength enough to drag him down. Of course, he would have been saved if his plain, rich bride, several years his senior, had kept him in their virtuous home environment, but, in her adoration of the graceful foreign touch in his appearance and character, she must needs carry him off for their honeymoon to the island of his distaff ancestry, and thus awaken in him slumbering racial tendencies. The southern sun intoxicates him, southern beauty tempts him, and tragedy results. The foreign taint proves too strong for honest English blood.

The Literary Uses of Foreigners—An Anglo-American Contrast

The great English novel-reading public has but one faith stronger than in its own national virtues, and that is its deep-rooted conviction of the wickedness of foreigners. Its novelists know this peculiarity, and cater to it, but it is curious to find so serious an artist as Mr. Hichens, usually so indifferent to the prejudices of his countrymen, following the well-trodden path. That he has done so purposely, the course of the story, and the questionable logic of its psychology, make plain beyond a doubt. He, too, has bowed to the convention that requires the black sheep of British fiction to be foreigners, or at least natives cursed with a foreign taint, in explanation of their wickedness, and in justification of insular self-sufficiency and conviction of moral superiority over all the rest of the world. The convention has its manifest national uses, whatever one may think of its artistic primitiveness.

There are exceptions to the rule, of course, from Tom Jones (who, however, belongs to a franker age, now past) to the Marquis of Steyne, from him to the wicked baronets of Mudie's circulating library; but *they* are useful in making a popular appeal to still another British prejudice,—the great Nonconformist conscience's stern disapproval of the ways of its aristocracy, tempered by its innate love of a lord. The general rule remains that the only really popular villain in English fiction is the foreigner. This strange rule, or anything resembling it, is found in no other literature, least of all in our own, though this country contains foreigners enough, goodness knows, to supply all the villains in all its novels, with a monopoly of all the virtues secured to their native characters.

The foreigner, that dread object of dark suspicion to the Englishman, and especially to his womenkind, fed since the mid-Victorian era on this kind of fiction, undergoes a sea-change when he crosses the ocean and lands on these shores. Perhaps the Atlantic does for him what the Channel fails to achieve, and washes him white, which would be but natural, there is so much more of it. Whatever the cause,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is a fact that the foreigner does not supply the villains of American fiction. Nay, more, he has not yet succeeded in making his way into its pages at all in any but the most insignificant of rôles, except as an ancestor, the more remote the better, in which case he is not made to serve as an explanation of native atavism, however,—quite the reverse. His occasional employment as a more or less disreputable fortune hunter, with a title more or less genuine, has apparently come to an end; it rarely required him to be very much of a villain. And yet, what a serviceable villain the foreigner might have proved to the American novelist in the past, what service may he not render in the present and the future! In historical fiction alone he might be made to "pay his way," as the traitor, the spy, the vengeful scorned lover of patriot maid, the despicable rival of native hero. His service might be extended to the Civil War, to the clash with Spain over Cuba, when Washington, New York and Tampa swarmed with suspicious, though unsuspected aliens. The poor foreigner could not help himself if such use were made of him, but instead he has been left in the ranks, serving faithfully and obscurely the country of his adoption, appearing in the pages of its historical fiction generally only *en masse*, as military "supers," so to speak.

In other fields of American fiction the same neglect of the foreigner as literary material will be found. In the strenuous stories of the Far West, the "bad men" have all been natives, like its heroes, even its villains of blackest dye being sons of the soil,—Indians and "greasers." Our social fiction, again, is poor in really wicked foreigners, beyond the few impecunious noblemen, mostly British, already referred to. It is doubtful if even a single alien murderer, bigamist, seducer, card-sharper, swindler, or criminal of any kind can be found in all our fiction that can claim connection with literature, however slight. In our current stories of corrupt politics, again, the foreign-born boss plays but a minor, a local part, as ruler of an inarticulate foreign vote; while finally, in the numerous recent tales of "frenzied finance" it is exclusively native genius that applies itself to the amassing of colossal fortunes by worse than questionable means. In Mr. Sinclair's "Jungle" the immigrant protagonist dwindles into insignificance as the story is unfolded. Here, indeed, is found the exact opposite of the British rule: all the villains are natives, all the innocent victims, foreigners. Jack London's "Sea Wolf" alone stands out sharp and distinct as a case of the foreign villain in American fiction, but he is a foreigner from the distant future, a Superman rather than a Scandinavian, an apparent, not a real exception. In American fiction the sins as well as the virtues are credited to the native, and patiently shouldered by him. His British cousin would protest against such treatment.

The truth of the matter is that the native American has not yet had occasion to become thoroughly acquainted with the immigrant as an individual. He knows him in the mass, as an economic and social factor of the national life, to which at some time or other in the near future he will have to devote some serious attention; he thinks about him, when at all (which is not often), not in units, but in the tens of thousands of the statistics of the immigration bureau. The foreigner means to him the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, the digger of trenches, the peasant bound for the Northwest, the "middleman" of the clothing trade, perhaps,—the camp followers and the privates of the nation's industrial army, not its commissioned officers. There is no intermediate stage for the immigrant so far as the native is concerned; he never emerges socially, but lives in colonies, whence his children come forth fully Americanized. It would be difficult to discover a "call" of the alien blood in the second generation.

When the American comes to know the immigrant as an individual, it is not with the Englishman's feeling of suspicion and superiority, but with an open mind tinged by the ever alert native sense of humor. And here we come at last upon the real employment that has been found for the foreigner by the American author. The comic Irish soldier rises from his grave in many a forgotten revolutionary romance, and salutes across the years his German comrade of 1861. The British tenderfoot and the solemn English butler harken to the cry of the camp cook of many nationalities of the cowboy story. The Norsk Nightingale calls to the dialect singer of Little Italy; Hans Breitmann emerges for a moment from the oblivion that has already begun to overtake his temporary immortality, to shake hands with Mr. Dooley of the Archie Road. And over them all hovers the shade of their patron saint, Mr. Diederich Knickerbocker. It is a humble rôle to play in a nation's literature, perhaps, but at least its lines are written without malice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

AMERICAN PAINTINGS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

THIRD ARTICLE

THE two articles which have recently appeared in "The Field of Art" (July and August, 1907) were necessarily too condensed to include the complete list of worthy American paintings which may be considered the nucleus of the future gallery of national art in the Metropolitan Museum, and some important additions have been made since these articles were written. Mr. Fowler's prophecy that the number of Gilbert Stuart's works would probably be enlarged in time was destined to speedy fulfillment; only two or three months later the Museum acquired by purchase that portrait of Washington by this painter which is identified (from its successive owners) as the Gibbs-Channing-Avery portrait, and which Mr. Isham, in the Museum's bulletin for July, conjectures may be the first one he painted of the Father of His Country. "It is generally admitted to be the best of the heads of its type—the ones showing the right of the face—and its pedigree is as good as any . . . its artistic merits are very great. It is Gilbert Stuart at his best." The picture was purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund, and the Museum may well congratulate itself upon this acquisition of one of the most important of American paintings. (See illustration on page 638.)

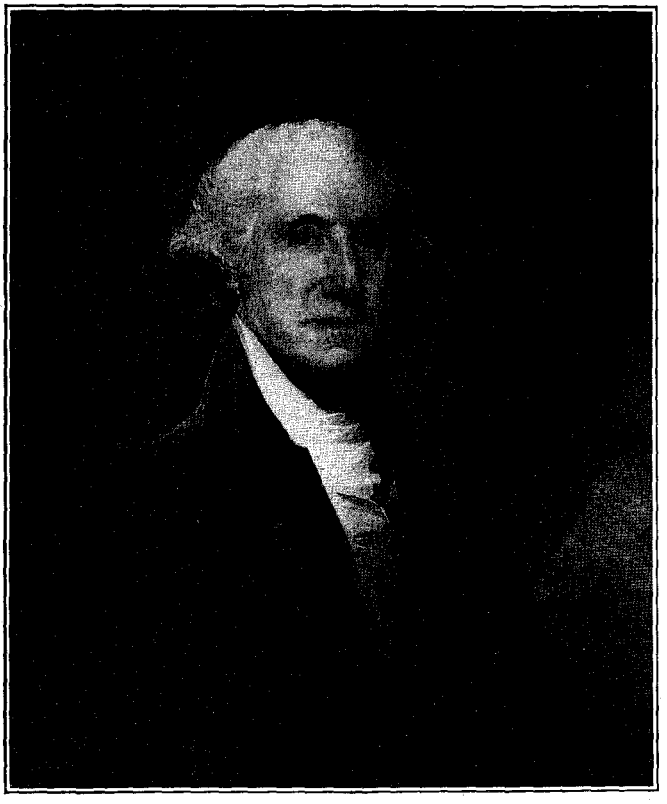
Of portrait painters of the second rank—perhaps of the third—there are a few of historical importance omitted in Mr. Fowler's summary. The very large, full-length, life-size portrait of Washington with his broad blue sash of Commander-in-Chief, leaning on a cannon, by Charles Willson* Peale, has the air of being *not* one of the fourteen canvases on which this painter portrayed his illustrious sitter from life. At least, the small and ignoble head, none too clean in color, surmounting the exceedingly long body, has but little in common with the three portraits by Stuart on the opposite wall. This canvas, formerly in the possession of an English family, was presented to the Museum by Mr. C. P. Huntington in 1897. Rembrandt Peale, the son, is represented by one portrait, that of Mr. John Finley; John Vanderlyn, he of the "Ariadne," by two, one of himself, which he presented to Aaron Burr. This, unfortunately, is only loaned to the Museum, by Miss Ann S. Stevens. The head, intelligent, but lacking in character (and much in keeping, it might be thought, with the artist's own work), is nearly effaced by the voluminous white neck-cloth and the great coat collar. Nearly under this hangs a small and very careful copy of the "Ariadne," made by A. B. Durand. One of the most notable of the Museum's recent acquisitions, purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund in 1906, is the large portrait group, life size, of Lady Williams and her child, by Ralph Earl, the first example of this comparatively little known artist on its walls. Though somewhat flat and gray as a piece of painting, there is style in the presentation of the handsome mother and the admirable baby, both in white, with stately coiffures, sitting erect, challenging the spectator's approval with their dark eyes. The infant has blue ribbons in its cap and a blue sash, a centre is made by the three hands grasping a letter, and the mother's elbow rests on a writing table. At present this hangs over the new Stuart, the Spanish Minister in uniform, concerning the authenticity of which doubts have been raised.

Of the later men, but not the moderns, there is an "Ideal Head of Shakespeare," the artist's third attempt to render this curious vagary, by William Page, signed and dated 1873, and presented by his daughter, Mrs. Shaw, just thirty years afterward. It is in some of these smaller convases—the Museum, owing to its comparatively recent founding, not being endowed with any of the great panoramic, allegorical, academic compositions which fill the historical galleries of older institutions—it is in some of these minor paintings that a curious visitor, interested in things other than technique, would find evidences, not infrequently pathetic, of artistic dissatisfaction with environment, of searching for expression of an ideal,

* The Museum authorities have announced that the name Willson should be spelled as above.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which might appeal to him strongly. It is these artists who offer a peculiarly human interest in a picture gallery; and they are very apt to be dismissed by the modern historian as endeavoring to express in painting matters which are reserved for literature. Whereas, the lives of great men oft remind us that very subtle things may be suggested in painting and sculpture; that appeals may be made that are quite wordless, and none the less searching and illuminating. We may have no sympathy with Washington Allston's immense and unreasonable "Belshazzar's Feast," but when these artists of another period abandon their grandiose and come down to their portable ideals they are frequently more interesting to the layman than your ordinary first-class painter. Even the artists, however, may find charm in Allston's "Spanish Girl," one of his minor pictures, with its very un-modern conception and its curious, warm color-scheme. This is probably the painting mentioned by Tuckerman—with less exaggeration than usual—as "kindled into beauty by the simple genuineness of its feeling." As an example of national art, a document, it is of more importance than many of its big neighbors.



George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

The painters also will find something to interest them, whether they admire or not, in Charles Cromwell Ingham's "Flower Girl," half length, life size, and finished to the finger-nails. It would seem difficult to push carefulness of detail farther than in this laborious painting with its brilliant color. Its perfect preservation is a testimony to the soundness of the artist's technical methods and the excellence of his pigments; that all care for texture disappears is inevitable, and with it all those things that seem to depend upon texture (fancy a world all porcelain, or all leather!) On the handle of the basket is the signature and the date, 1846. Of the academic and somewhat bloodless art of Henry Peters Gray there are three examples, the "Wages of War," "Greek Lovers," and "Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl," all presented to the Museum at different periods; the "Magdalen" of Edward H. May, more virile, as befits a pupil of Couture, is one of a type which he occasionally repeated but which, also, seems to reflect the timidity in art of the artist's period. It is not with the painter concerned with the proprieties, no matter what his theme, that our curious visitor will occupy himself. Of the less ambitious work of Henry A. Loop there is a single example, a nude child crowning its mother with a wreath, on the banks of a stream. And of the German-American historical school there is Emanuel Leutze's celebrated "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and also his portrait of his fellow student Whittredge, in a Spanish costume, painted at Düs-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seldorf in 1856. This latter was presented to the Museum by several gentlemen in 1903; the "Washington," by Mr. John S. Kennedy in 1897.

From the work of the veteran, Daniel Huntington, who died in New York last year, at the age of ninety, the Museum has had selected for it four portraits, all given or bequeathed—those of David Lorillard Wolfe, presented by his daughter, Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, in 1887; of William C. Prime, first Vice-President of the Museum, given by the trustees in 1892, the year of its execution; of Cyrus W. Field, presented by the sitter in the same year, and of Mrs. Elizabeth U. Coles, bequeathed by the sitter, also in 1892. It is fitting that in this national collection the dignified and serious work of this honorable artist, who so long held a leading position in the contemporary school, should be well represented. Of his imaginative compositions, the "Mercy's Dream," from the "Pilgrim's Progress," probably the best known and most popular, was presented to the Museum by himself in 1897.

Portrait of the artist's wife, by Alfred Q. Collins.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

The vicissitudes of the reputations of landscape painters may be considered to be exemplified by the nineteen canvases of J. F. Kensett, all presented by Mr. Thomas Kensett in 1874, and now hung disrespectfully in corridors and at heads of stairways, and all in much need of cleaning and varnishing. Still another, the gift of Mr. H. D. Babcock, in memory of S. D. Babcock, has very recently been received, but not yet (August, 1907) placed on exhibition. Of the most recent purchases of paintings, the largest is a view in the Rocky Mountains by Albert Bierstadt, the first example of this representative artist, also not yet unveiled to the public. A smaller and more modern work is the "Autumn Afternoon," by George H. Smillie, presented by Mr. Chas. F. Smillie, and just placed in the Room of Recent Accessions. Of the brothers William and James Hart, Casilear, Cropsey, Kruseman Van Elten and David Johnson, the Museum possesses one or two canvases each, generally good representative examples, and even an "Ideal Landscape," by Joseph Jefferson, presented by the comedian himself in 1897. In this hasty chronological survey, with its inevitable falling into generalities, it is something of a comfort to the scribe to find his thesis sustained by such an apparent demonstration as the difference in the art of the two Giffords, corresponding with the comparatively slight difference in their dates; of the more placid, academic art of the elder, Sanford R., the Museum has at present only two examples, both loans, a view near Palermo and one on Lake George; of the more troubled, colorful, con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temporary work of R. Swain Gifford it possesses an excellent example, the "Near the Coast," one of the four prize pictures of the Competitive Exhibition of the American Art Association in 1885. This was donated by a number of gentlemen in that year. There is but little concern for composition in this level warm landscape under a gray sky, and much for the charm of atmosphere, tone and broken color.

Homer Martin is represented by three pictures, and A. H. Wyant by four—so satisfactorily that this chapter might be considered as closed until some of the more crying vacancies are filled. The admirable "View on the Seine" of 1895 (see illustration on page 560), with its constant surprise of luminousness and truthfulness in which nothing is sacrificed, hangs near the new Whistlers and Eastman Johnson's "Two Men"; in other galleries are the larger "Lake Ontario Sand Dunes," more elegiac, and the portraits of the two White Mountains, Madison and Jefferson. This last was presented by Mr. William T. Evans in 1891; the "View on the Seine," by several gentlemen six years later, and the "Sand Dunes," so long loaned to the Museum by Mr. George A. Hearn, has recently been included in his "New Gift" of twenty-four canvases. Three of these are the Wyants, also of the former loan, "A Glimpse of the Sea," "Landscape in the Adirondacks," and "Broad Silent Valley"; the fourth is the quite different "View in County Kerry," remarkable among his woodland scenes. This was the gift of Mr. George I. Seney, in 1887. The small landscape of William Morris Hunt, purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund in 1906, is much more interesting than his "Bather," a study of "values"—before this quaint, carefully wrought out little composition, full of light and air and color, glazed, scraped, varnished, till it almost seems painted in enamel, suggestive of the old Dutchmen and yet with a charm that is of the native soil, his despairing cry: "In another country I might have been a painter," seems incongruous. For other landscapes by artists deceased, worthy of enumeration, our space fails.

Of the very few historical compositions the most valuable is Thomas Hovenden's "Last Moments of John Brown," recording the incident of the embrace bestowed upon the negro baby on his way to the scaffold. Very different in everything but size is Edwin Lord Weeks's "Last Voyage on the Ganges"; in one of the long galleries Theodore Robinson's semi-impressionistic "Girl with Cow" makes pendant with Eastman Johnson's "Two Men," formerly well known as "The Funding Bill." The "Girl and Cow" and Robinson's small winter landscape are practically the only representatives of the modern revolutionary methods of brush work, the absence of which in the Museum's collections has already been referred to. A very good example of the old methods, even of the familiar warm browns, may be found in one of Eastman Johnson's versions of his "Corn Husking," purchased from the Rogers Fund in the spring of 1907, and he is also represented by two small portraits, one, owned by the Museum, of Sanford R. Gifford. A new note, one so forceful and vivid that the result is somewhat disturbing, as though it were life itself, breathing and conscious, and not painted simulacrum, is struck in the portrait of his wife by Alfred Q. Collins—a remarkable piece of painting, but one not unusual in the production of this artist whose great powers were dominated by a most exacting artistic conscientiousness. (See illustration on page 639.) The three Whistlers are hung at the end of one of the long galleries, the two Nocturnes side by side, in fine burnished gold frames which, however, while they contrive to make the framed pictures two of the very handsomest things in the whole Museum, are scarcely calculated to aid these varnished blacks in expressing the hollow and tremulous dark which the artist sought. The "Lady in Grey," a very skilful little water-color, not much more than a study, was purchased from the income of the Rogers Fund in 1906; the "Nocturne in Green and Gold" was presented by Mr. Harris C. Fahnestock in the same year, and that in Black and Gold, otherwise known as "The Falling Rocket," is a recent loan. Of Mr. Hearn's donation, the two very latest pictures are hung one over the other—a square canvas by Robert Reid, a girl crouching in a bed of tall iris flowers, rendered in the cold blues for which he is noted, and an exceedingly mellow and golden stretch of meadows with an old barn, by Francis Murphy. And in another gallery, loaned by Mr. August F. Jaccaci, is one of Mr. La Farge's South Sea idyls which the Museum should certainly acquire—"Our House at Vaiala," set in a shady palm grove, in eternal greenery, and in the foreground, in luminous reds and browns, a tall young girl weeding, stretched "all her fair length" upon the shining greensward.

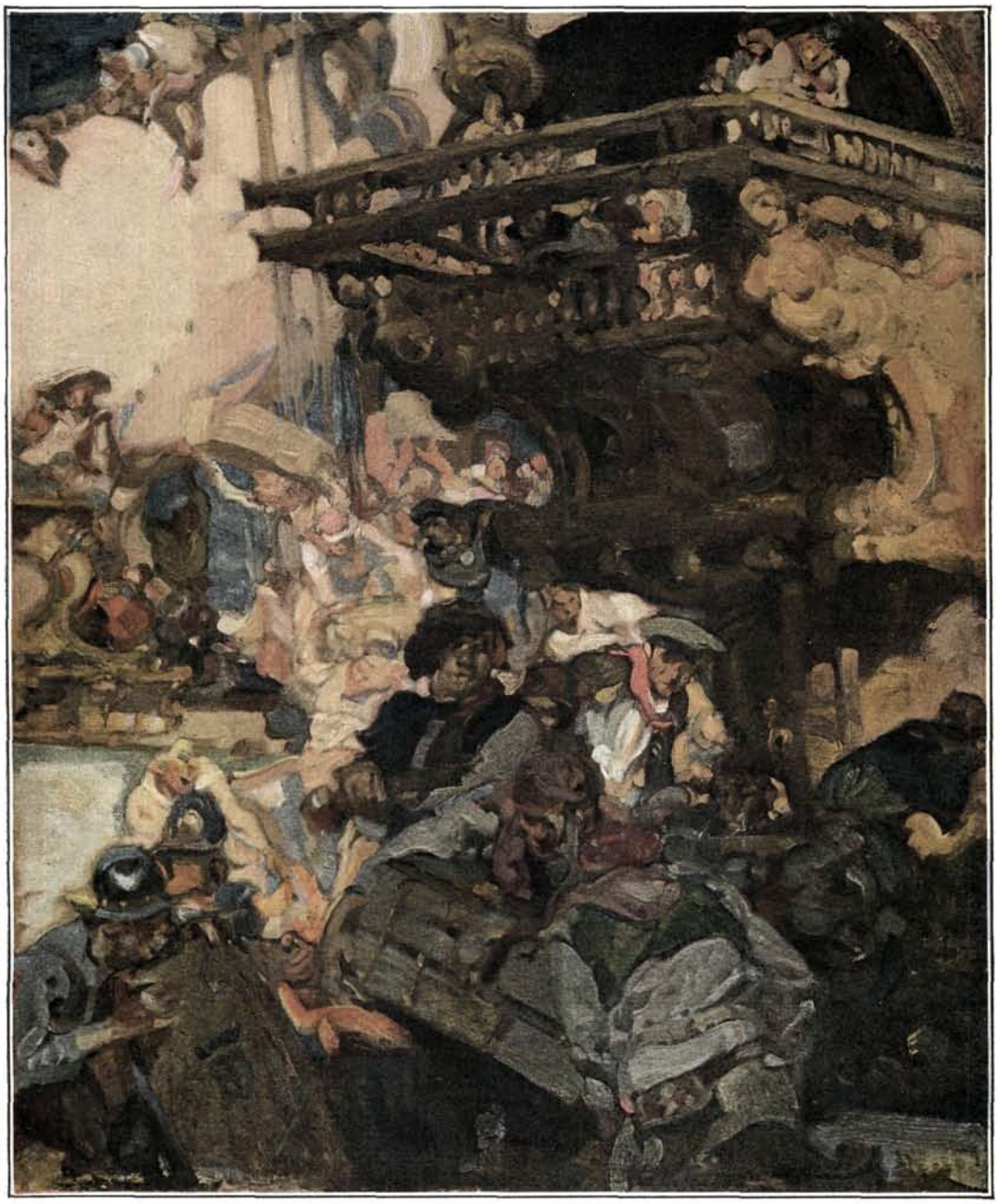
William Walton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The great Galleon Fair.—Page 516.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

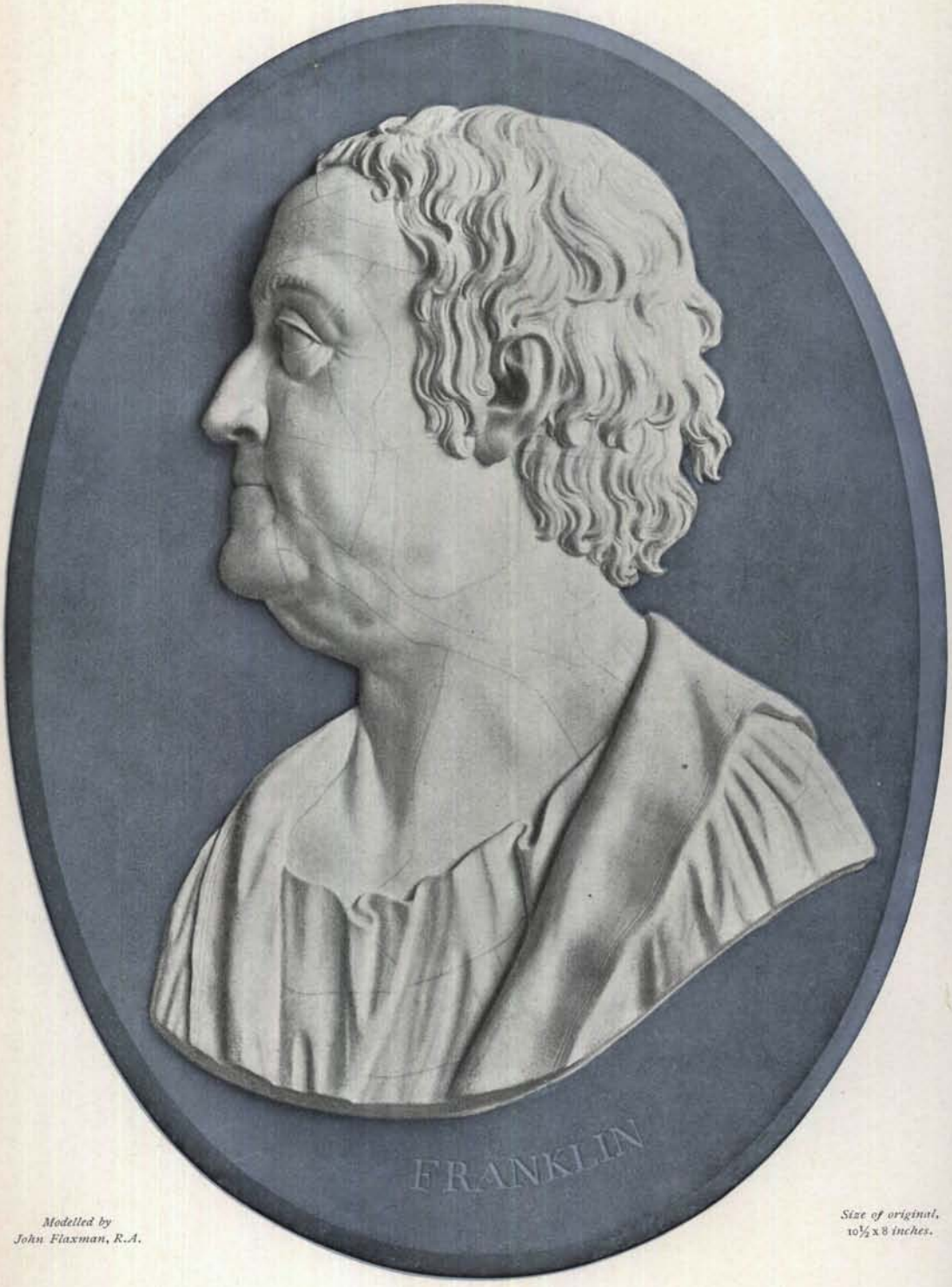
The loading of a galleon.—Page 515.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

The first galleons sailed from Cadiz in January of each year.—Page 515.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Modelled by
John Flaxman, R.A.

Size of original,
10½ x 8 inches.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
1706–1790.

—"Josiah Wedgwood, American Sympathizer and Portrait Maker," page 682.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED